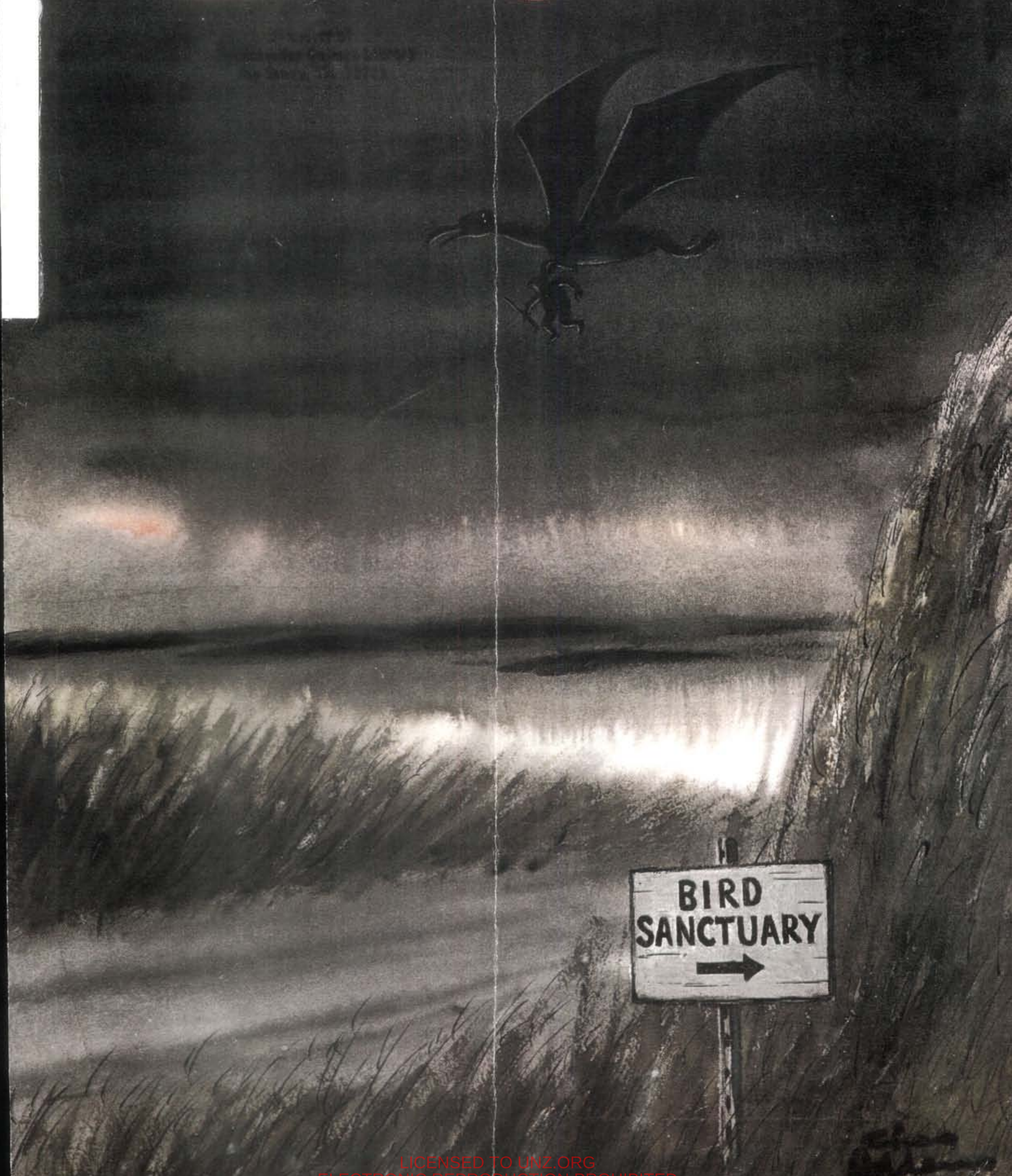
Nov. 11, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

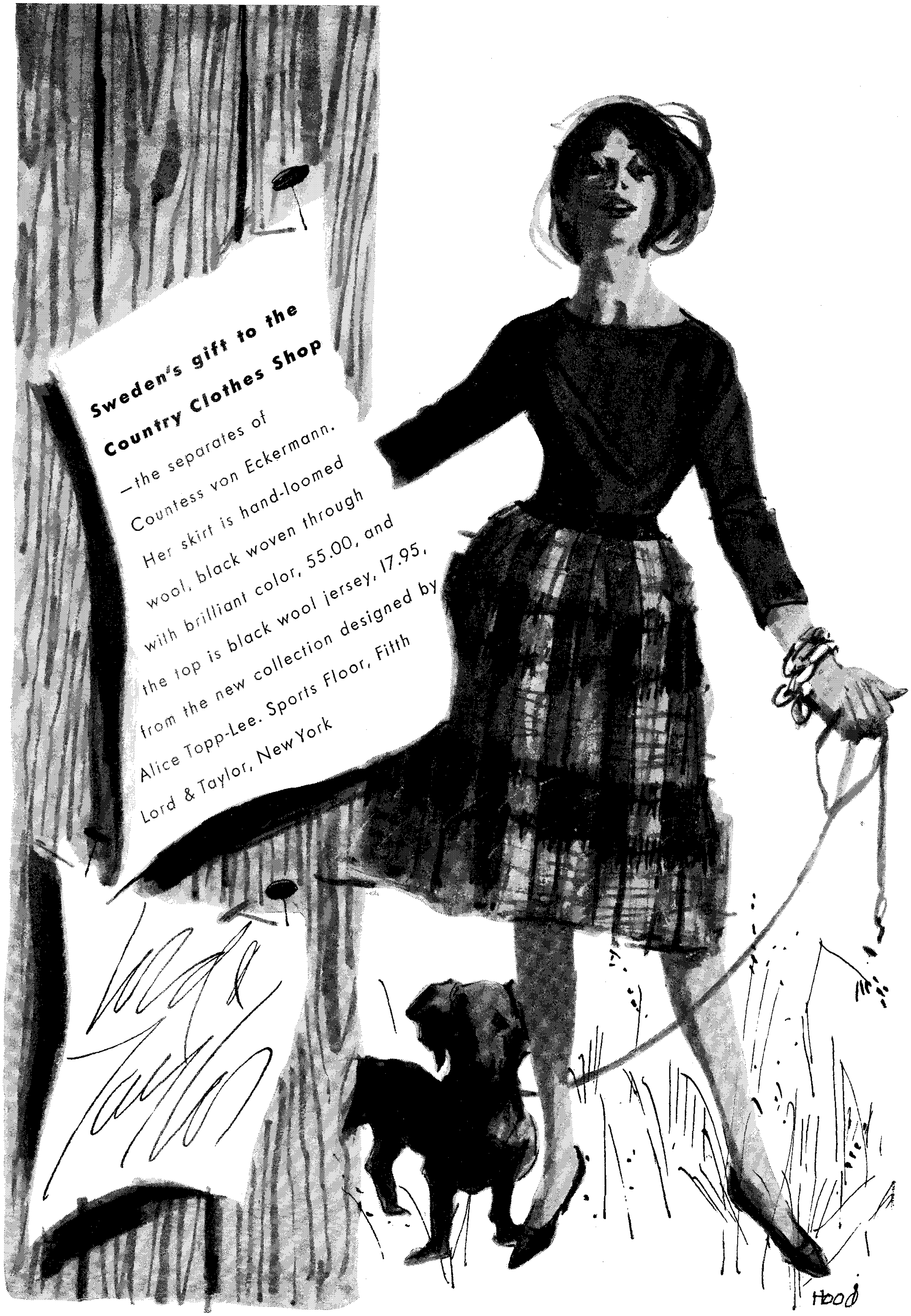

BIRD
SANCTUARY

MOMBASA · AMSTERDAM · SUEZ · BUENOS AIRES · SOUTHAMPTON
COPENHAGEN · MONTEVIDEO · LENINGRAD · EIDFJORD · BARBADOS
BERGEN · ALEXANDRIA · ANTWERP · ZANZIBAR · NASSAU · ADEN
HELSINKI · RIO DE JANEIRO · GDYNIA · BERMUDA · SAN JUAN
OSLO · CAPE TOWN · LOURENCO MARQUES · MESSINA · REYKJAVIK

M Much More with Moore-McCormack *Lines*

TWO BROADWAY • NEW YORK 4, NEW YORK • DEPT. N-4

This is the way to take off for faraway places and take the best of American living with you. Moore-McCormack's ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL are America's newest liners. True *cruise* liners, built to cater to world-wide cruise vacationers. All first class. All staterooms outside. Whether you have 6 or 63 days, there's a Moore-McCormack cruise for you. *See your Travel Agent.*



Sweden's gift to the Country Clothes Shop

—the separates of Countess von Eckermann. Her skirt is hand-loomed wool, black woven through with brilliant color, 55.00, and the top is black wool jersey, 17.95, from the new collection designed by Alice Topp-Lee. Sports Floor, Fifth

Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole—In his first Broadway role, Peter Fonda, as a private who teaches a class of master sergeants how to pass exams, not only promises but delivers. The play is a farce, sometimes funny but more often just active. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caretaker—Donald Pleasence, Alex Davion, and Robert Shaw are the entire remarkable cast of Harold Pinter's London hit about a bum and two young brothers. The play, by turns mysterious, frightening, and funny, is altogether remarkable, too. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Joel Grey are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Complaisant Lover—Graham Greene's attempt to give a Gallic twist to the cuckolding of an upstanding English dentist isn't always as buoyant as it might be, but he has invented a very hilarious scene in a hotel room where the dentist, his erring wife, and her boy friend all foregather at a most awkward moment. Michael Redgrave, as the dentist, is possibly too formidable to be completely convincing as the cuckold, and Richard Johnson, as the cuckolder, isn't entirely persuasive, either, but Googie Withers, as the wife, is just right. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Cook for Mr. General—In a dishevelled rehabilitation center in the South Pacific, populated by all kinds of wonderfully distraught types, a general makes a chum of a Greek G.I. and has a hell of a time demonstrating that all men are brothers, even in the U.S. Army. Roland Winters, as the general; Bill Travers, as the G. I.; and John McGiver, as yet another general, are most ingratiating. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. While there isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley and Steven Hill, in the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 25.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in supporting roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama (adapted by Harry Kurnitz from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard) in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Write Me a Murder—This homicidal exercise by Frederick Knott may not be as tense as his "Dial 'M' for Murder," but it is full of the tantalizing complications so dear to the hearts of mystery-drama fanciers. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies do well by Mr. Knott in the leading roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Carnival—A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole brisk affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Yves Montand—The French minstrel singing assorted ballads with his usual manly charm. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

From the Second City—Each of the sketches in this revue was originally improvised by one or another of the bright young Chicagoans who appear in it. A few of the entries are a little dated, but there are no other signs of strain and many signs of wit and high spirits. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it finally hits its stride, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, and Ruth Kobart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kean—A big, shapeless enterprise in which Alfred Drake leaps about frantically and sings rather weak songs by Robert Wright and George Forrest. The cast is large, and the dances, arranged by Jack Cole, are vehement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Kwamina—A young African doctor, fresh from a ten-year stay in England, returns to the old country to find that many of his schemes for ameliorating the lot of his fellow-natives are frowned upon by traditionalists. The book, by Robert Alan Aurthur, is arresting; the songs, by Richard Adler (and capably sung by Sally Ann Howes, Brock Peters, Ethel Ayler, and Robert Guillaume, among others) are lilting, and the dances, staged by Agnes de Mille, are lively. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Let It Ride!—A tired attempt to revive with music the galloping 1935 comedy "Three Men on a Horse." George Gobel tries to portray Erwin Trowbridge, the celebrated greeting-card writer and selector of winning horses, but winds up being nobody but his TV self. However, Sam Levene, who was in the original company, does well as a gambler desperate for a win, and Barbara Nichols is most amiable as his doxy. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote

* * *

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	196
BOOKS	231
THE CURRENT CINEMA	130
FOOTBALL	122
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	201
MUSICAL EVENTS	126
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	176
THE RACE TRACK	207
A REPORTER AT LARGE	137
THE THEATRE	117

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

* * *

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 39. November 11, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

Tiffany Sterling

Tiffany has manufactured quality sterling for over 100 years. Shown are three of our twenty nine current silver patterns. Tiffany sterling—from tea sets to baby spoons — is available at the fine stores listed below. Visit the one nearest you for your Tiffany sterling and Vermeil.

COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., *New Orleans*
H. M. BAILEY, INC., *Cleveland*
BALLANTINES, *Red Bank, N. J.*
BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., INC., *Boston*
BOHM ALLEN JEWELRY CO., *Denver*
BONWIT TELLER, *Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, Short Hills, N. J.*
ALFRED BOURGEOIS SR. JEWELER, *Jackson, Miss.*
J. E. CALDWELL & CO., *Philadelphia, Haverford, Wilmington*
CARLTON HOUSE, *Houston*
CARROLL'S JEWELERS, *Coral Gables-Miami, Fort Lauderdale*
WM. H. DILLER, *West Reading, Pa.*
A. H. FETTING CO., *Baltimore, Towson*
FOSTER'S, *Westwood, Los Angeles*
P. A. FREEMAN, INC., *Allentown, Pa.*
FRIEDLANDER & SONS, *Seattle*
GARIBALDI & BRUNS, INC., *Charlotte*
GEARY'S, *Beverly Hills, Calif.*
M. B. GRAUBART & SONS, *Schenectady, N. Y.*
M. A. GREEN, *Waterbury*
J. HERBERT HALL, *Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Ana*
HALTOM'S, *Fort Worth*
THE HARDY & HAYES CO., *Pittsburgh*
HENKE'S, INC., *Montclair, N. J.*
HIGHTOWER ASSOCIATES, *Oklahoma City*
B. D. HOWES AND SON, *Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara*
LEBAR JEWELERS, *Sarasota*
LINZ, *Dallas*
THOMAS LONG COMPANY, *Boston, Chestnut Hill, North Shore, South Shore*
MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, *St. Louis, Clayton, Crestwood*
C. D. PEACOCK, INC., *Chicago, Hubbard Woods, La Grange, Skokie*
E. J. SCHEER, INC., *Rochester*
CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, *Washington, D. C., Silver Spring*
SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, INC., *Richmond*
SCOTT JEWELERS, *Plainfield, N. J.*
SHREVE & CO., *San Francisco*
THE SIDE DOOR, *Englewood, N. J.*
SIEGEL JEWELRY CO., *Grand Rapids*
SMITHWICK JEWELERS, *Greenville, S. C.*
TIFFANY & CO., *New York City*
TILDEN-THURBER, *Providence, Newport, Watch Hill*
CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., *Detroit*
BRUCE WATTERS, INC., *St. Petersburg, Fla.*
GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., *Milwaukee*
W. D. WEBB, *Greenwich, Stamford*
WETHERED-RICE CO., *Flint, Michigan*
CHARLES WILLIS, INC., *Atlanta, Sea Island*
WILSONS LEADING JEWELERS, *Syracuse*
ZIMMER BROTHERS, *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

Left to right: Flemish, 57.50, Faneuil 41.75, Shell and Thread, 59.50. Prices for six piece place settings, including federal tax.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—Noël Coward's musical about a bunch of Americans aboard a cruise ship is not as buoyant as one would expect of the Master, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are some sprightly songs and dances, and the comic performance of Alice Pearce as a lady novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** William Squire, Julie Andrews, John Cullum, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **do re mi:** Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. With Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **irma la douce:** All about a trollop and the company that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the girl, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the unsinkable molly brown:** The ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Gideon—Paddy Chayefsky's new play, starring Fredric March and Douglas Campbell. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie and presented by Fred Coe and Arthur Cantor. Opens Thursday, Nov. 9. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Gay Life—A musical with a book by Fay and Michael Kanin, lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, and a cast that includes Walter Chiari, Barbara Cook, and Jules Munshin. The producer is Kermit Bloomgarden, the director Gerald Freedman. Opens Saturday, Nov. 18. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. Preview Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—"Utopia, Limited." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursdays, except Nov. 9, through Sundays at 8:40; Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Sunday, Nov. 19.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as reflected in the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Clandestine on the Morning Line—A slight and touching comedy, brightly performed by an all-Negro cast. The action takes place in a restaurant in an unnamed city, and is chiefly, though not entirely, concerned with the efforts of a young and pregnant girl to find the father of her child. Josh Greenfeld is the playwright. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

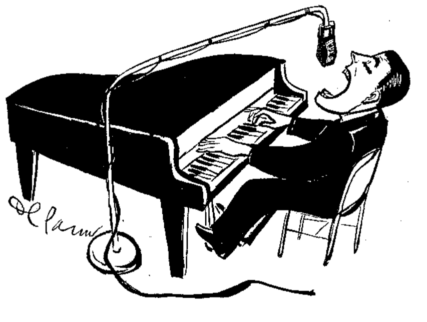
The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Diff'rent—Marian Seldes in the Eugene O'Neill drama. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's lively production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)



Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

Misalliance—A breezy revival of Shaw's comedy about a busy weekend at the country house of Mr. Tarleton, the underwear mogul. Among the actors who best respond to Philip Minor's nimble direction are Donald Moffat, Emery Battis, and Lidia Prochnicka. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

O Marry Me!—Robert Kessler's tuneful score for this musical version of "She Stoops to Conquer" is pleasant to listen to, and the settings, by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, are delightful to look at. Elly Stone and Leonard Drum are the most entertaining members of a rather uneven cast. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Sap of Life—A musical with book and lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr., and a score by David Shire. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Sharon's Grave—Helena Carroll and Dermot McNamara in a new play by John B. Keane, presented by the Irish Players. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—And where it will stop, nobody knows. In the cast are Marion Brash and Mitchel Jayson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

2 by Saroyan—An admirable production of "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" (playwright merry) and "Talking to You" (playwright broody). Arthur Storch is the director, and Milt Kamen, James Broderick, and Nicholas Colasanto are the principal actors. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

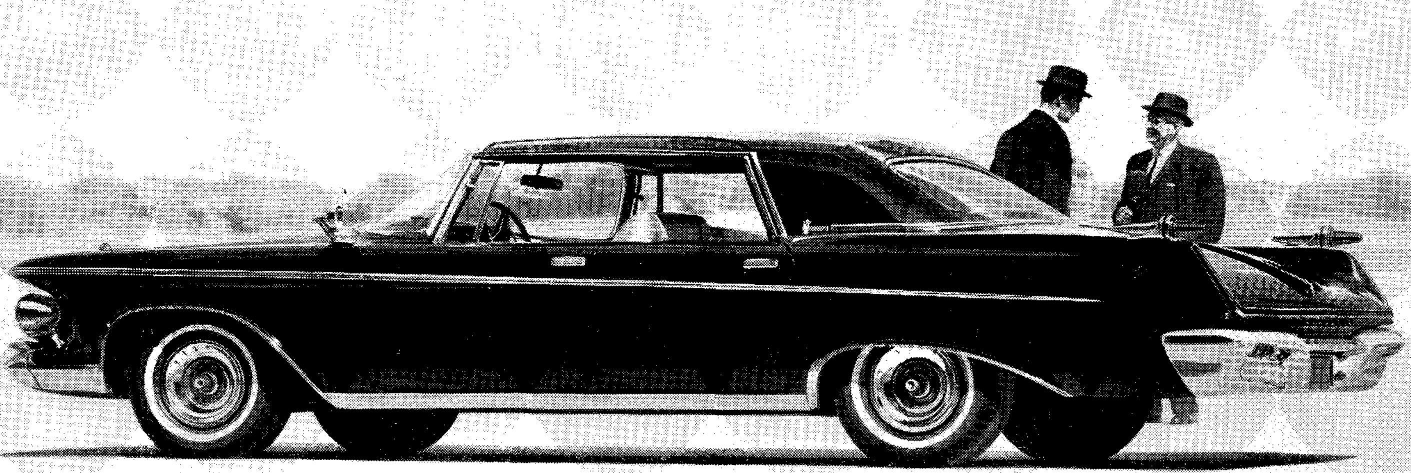
DANCE PROGRAMS

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra, appearing here for the first time. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Nov. 15, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 3. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Mime Theatre of Etienne Decroux—The classic French pantomimist, with an American troupe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Anta Program—Songs, readings, poems, and a short play ("The Jewish Wife") by or about Bertolt Brecht make up a program in which, among others, Viveca Lindfors and Eli Wal-



IMPERIAL LEBARON FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

A forthright challenge to everyone who plans to buy a luxury car this year

In a few days, you will receive a personal invitation to drive a 1962 Imperial.

Not the usual vague "see your dealer" . . . but a specific challenge to compare your own car with the best Imperial we've ever built.

At your convenience, a dealer in your area will deliver a new 1962 Imperial to you . . . for a thorough comparison-tour that you conduct all by yourself.

We believe that anyone planning to invest from five to seven thousand dollars in an automobile is entitled to the unembroidered facts right from the car itself.

Naturally, our dealers will gladly *explain* the advantages of torsion-bar suspension . . . *tell* you how the alternator supplies electricity even while the engine idles . . . *quote* engineering data on the superior performance of our new transmission . . . *show* you the most luxurious fabrics and leathers ever put into a car . . . and answer any other question you ask about Imperial.

But you can find out only so much about Imperial by mere *listening*. To give the facts substance and meaning you must *drive* and *compare*.

So, when our invitation arrives, take us up on it. It obligates you not at all. And whether you eventually buy an Imperial or not, you'll never forget that once you drove a car which handled and cornered and comforted and accelerated and thrilled as a great car is supposed to.

IMPERIAL

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

IMPERIAL — A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

R.S.V.P. Even though our invitation may somehow miss you, an Imperial comparison-tour may easily be arranged by writing on your letterhead to: General Manager, Imperial Division, 12200 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

A flattering focus

for the activities of a full agenda ...our rich yarn-dyed worsted wool with that certain air of success, stemming from at-ease lines, nonchalant details. From the Arkins. Blue, taupe or gray. Sizes 10 to 20. *(N-2)* **60.00**

Mail and phone orders filled. PLaza 9-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lach will appear. Presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the first in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The last kingdom on earth that hasn't been troubled by the gold-export problem. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room is a mélange called "Steppin' in Society" (*nom d'un nom!*), in which such amusers as Pat Bright, Jack Haskell, and Patricia Marand appear twice a night. Some of it is spirit-of-mockery; the rest is just *de rigueur*, or even rigor mortis. For dancing, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio take the usual turns. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are visitations at dinner and supper by Katyna Ranieri, a singer in whose manner a high priestess lurks. Her last night is Tuesday, Nov. 14; next evening, Diahann Carroll, who always seems to arrive direct from a minx ranch, will set to on a sheaf of ballads. Betweentimes, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte keep on rolling out an endless carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a glissando sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Charles Holden's and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra, that old social gadabout, is nesting in the Maisonette, along with Chiquito's trio of rumba chaps. At dinner and supper, Colette Renard, the compassionate witch of the original and Parisian "Irma la Douce," raises her voice in song. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Once in a blue moon turns out to be every evening but Sunday in the Columns, where, bathed in a pale lunar glow, the town's merrymakers may listen to Gunnar Hansen's orchestra from seven to eight-thirty and prance to it from then on. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. Closed Sundays.

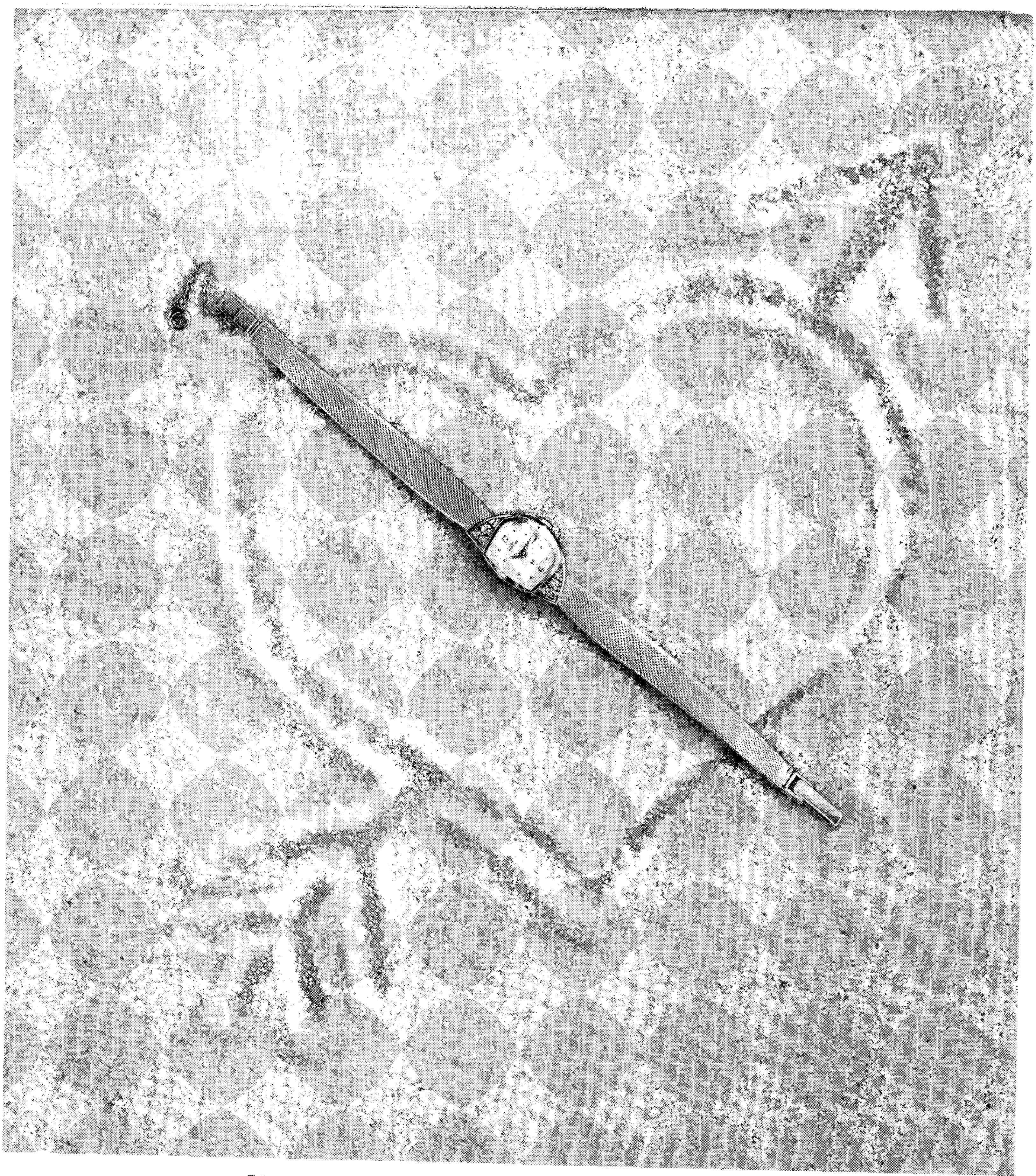
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to Lazaro Quintero's orchestra and a trio from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Wednesday, Nov. 15, is closing night at the Empire Room for Lisa Kirk, whose songs (often supplemented by her footwork) make dinner and supper a pretty lively business. Next evening brings in Sophie Tucker, and possibly the end of all peace and quiet. There's dancing, too, whenever Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's crews take the stand. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Budd Gregg. After ten-thirty, the neat little Plush Room, which hides itself to the rear, gets the songs and piano of Gwen Bari, a mild sedative. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The night is always young here, and often the cast is, too. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a real rumpus-room team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Arrivederci, Roma*, done to the *con-brio* tunes of Herman Honigsberg's covey of mobile violinists; i.e., no place to do homework. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, goes from table to table during his evening constitutional. No sound on Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out to some extent by the chef, the sommelier, and the zither of Hermann Primus (twanging away from six until ten), but it is crystallized by Greta Keller, who—serene, regal, and yet offhand—arrives soon after ten for a few goes at Kurt Weill and other worthy authors of lieder. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Stampede time along *las ramblas* of Seville, with flamenco by the ton. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's piano, which interferes with nothing, cruises aimlessly along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the former are a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He operates from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men strum along in the main room; Jorge Rios, a singer who accompanies himself on guitar and piano, is also on hand every night but Sunday in the bar. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Until ten, the jokes are slyly concealed in the pictures on the wall; thereafter the joke is the demented approach of Danny Apolinar to his lyrics and piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The serene landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano



This beautiful Lady Hamilton is Allure "L", $350. At Hamilton Jewelers in the U.S. and Canada. Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa.

You shouldn't...and so you do! You go all out. You give her not just a watch but a Hamilton—set in diamonds! It hardly matters that you can't afford it, or that she needs a good watch, or that this one is registered to protect your investment. Logic really has little to do with your choosing such a gift—only love.

HAMILTON

BONWIT TELLER

THE FROSTED CONE FOR

Miss Bonwit Petite

She sails for the sun wearing our rayon crepe dress printed with frosty white flowers. Crisp and cool in lemon sherbet or blueberry frappé. Designed by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. 6 to 16 sizes, 55.00

Miss Bonwit Petite
At all Bonwit stores.

between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Some of the vocalizing is Viennese, some of it is catch-as-catch-can, and all of it is urgent. Monica Boyár's is the one familiar face. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the song that sighs, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days (and especially nights) in Mittel-europa. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The night was made for love—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voice, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a flamenco quartet called the Alegrias de España suddenly goes up in flames a couple of times every night but Sunday. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence, in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns makes his baby grand give a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A refresher (and refreshing) course for anyone who doesn't think that girls grow on trees. Six-foot, seven-foot, and eight-foot specimens are interwoven with a vast flamenco carnival by Rafael de Cordova's busy young troupe and such honorable turn-of-the-century variety acts as the Arnaut Brothers and the aerial Wallendas. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole, one of the few purists in the ranks of pop singers, utters his parting grace notes on Wednesday, Nov. 15. Ford and Reynolds, a brace of humorists who have nothing to say and exhaust twenty minutes in saying it, slope off the same night. Next evening's arrivals are Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, whose domestic comedy is liberally laced with song and dance. There is also a gaggle of delightful young ladies on probation from their *école de ballet.* Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

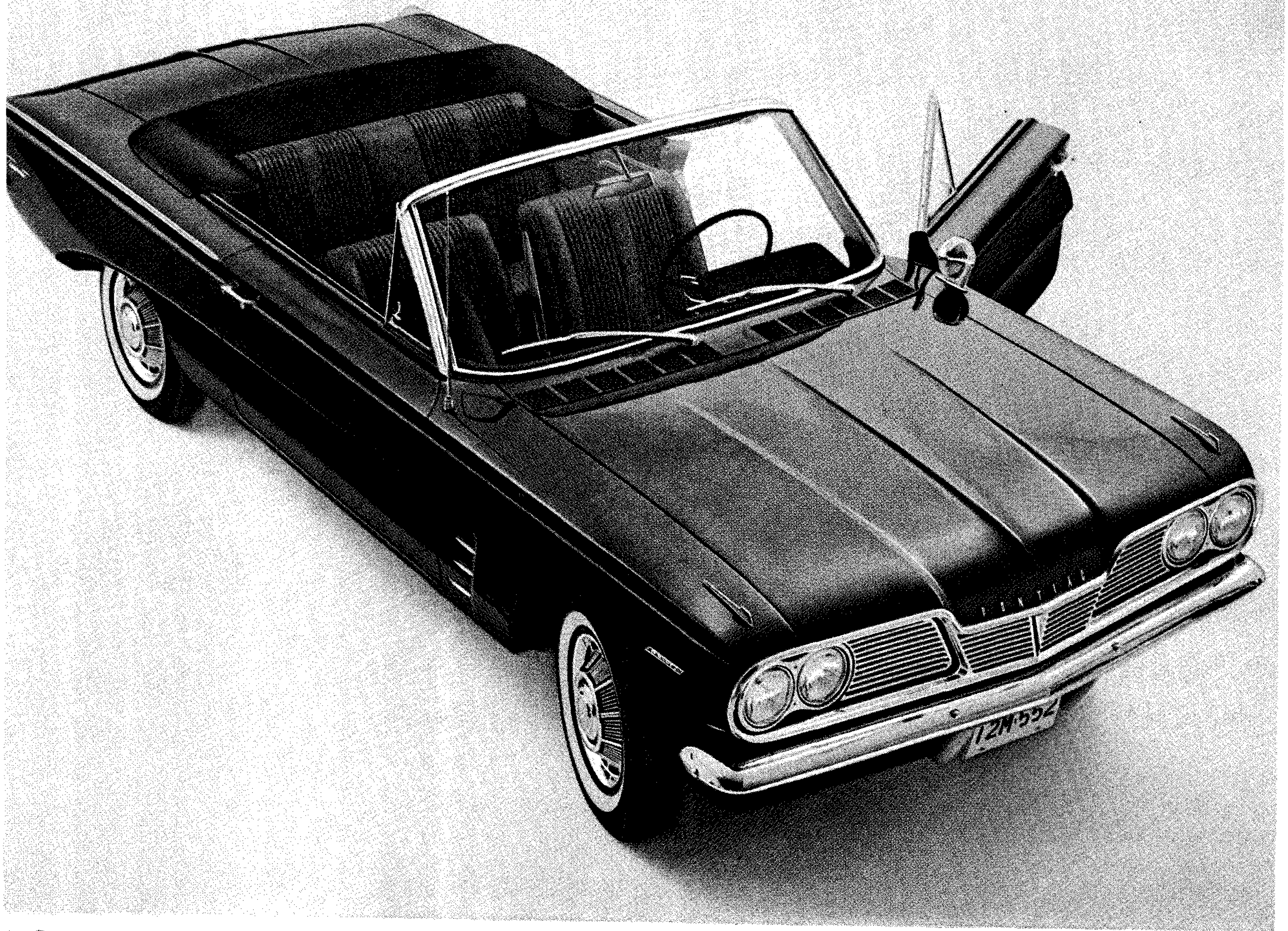
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The Blue Angel's course designated Philosophy 401 is administered nowadays by a new crop of educators, who have travelled abroad—to Broadway and the Catskills. One of the very best of these is Jackie Mason, the incumbent lecturer. The Travellers Three, whose journeys have taken them along our folkways, do the singing; Gérard Sety, whose voyagings bring him from France, does helter-skelter pantomime. On Thursday, Nov. 16, a new crew, such as Pat Harrington, Jr., another important inhabitant of the Jackie Mason country, and Barbara Heller, who deals in sassy words and music. Otis Clements plays piano in between. . . . ¶ The lounge, where Alex Fogarty produces expressive and impressionistic piano from six to eight-thirty, will additionally acquire, on Tuesday, Nov. 14, the piano and pranks of Bobby Short, who will arrive at 10:30 and stay as late as the law allows. He'll skip Saturdays, but will do a late Sunday matinée. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's new winter revue, "Seven Come Eleven," is an acidulous biography of New York and Western civilization in their dotage. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, who can cast an aspersion with fearsome accuracy, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, Philip Bruns, and Donna Sanders. William Roy and Carl Norman bring the two-piano orchestra thoroughly to life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): One more perfect example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The *dramatis personae* are a lissome lady named Lovey Powell, a girl firecracker named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): "Too Good for the Average Man," a reverent but perky bow to Rodgers and Hart, is all song and no dialogue. The wise and witty Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van are the major interpreters in a cast of six, and two pianos are the pit band. On Thursday, Nov. 16, a new experiment will begin—a trimmed-down version of "Two on the Aisle," the Broadway revue by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, also with a cast of six. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and two. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): A handsome new *mise-en-scène*—bar, restaurant, and stage—for "Time, Gentlemen Please!," a potpourri of Victorian music-hall turns by ten pleasurable members of London's Players Theatre. They show up at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, and seven and ten on Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spain's crack regiment, Los Chavales de España, is again doing its close-order drill, which involves enough singing, dancing, and whatnot for an entire army. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): A newly discovered grotto in which Felicia Sanders flexes the muscles of a lyric voice almost with abandon, and Phil Leeds, a lifelong orphan of the storm, is as funny as can be about his predicament. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky's band, steeped in tradition, is engaged in what could be called restoration comedy. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The eminent Thelonious Monk has just returned to town from a series of personal disappearances, possibly to stage one or two here. His piano, though, is too, too solid flesh to melt away, even under his persuasive fingers. His quartet alternates with the quintet of Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer, idea men who are something to hear. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The songs are done by Peggy Lee, the most glittery mermaid of the season, and whether she's a maiden bereft of love, a witty commentator on the beans of Boston, or a full-fledged dragon, you simply have to believe all her transformations. Quincy Jones' whopping band is quite a help. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, a girl who definitely knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are visible and audible, are the anvil chorus. Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Danger—demolition squads at work. The quintet topped by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins, as well as Cozy Cole's foursome, will be leaving on Thursday, Nov. 16, but the work will be carried on thereafter by Gene

LE MANS

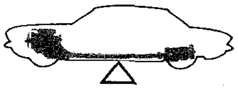


Call it the Tempest LeMans! (Luh-mahnz)

Pontiac's new package of punch...posh...and low price! Convertible or Coupe! A couple of fancy, frisky newcomers. Pull the trigger on a fired-up "4". (Standard power: 110, 115, 120 or 140 h.p. Optional at extra cost: 166-horse "4"; 185 h.p. aluminum V-8; four-speed, floor mounted stick shift.) Plush, sports-type bucket seats and full carpeting are part of the package. Plenty more. Front engine balanced by rear transmission. Independent suspension at all four wheels. Big 15-inch wheels and tires (at no extra cost). Get the good word from your Pontiac dealer. He's very high on the car and very low on the price.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Drive America's only front-engine rear-transmission car . . . it's balanced like none of the others!



100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BLENDED, 86.8 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C.

THE
WHITE HORSE
CELLAR
Estab. 1742
does a dry Scotch taste better?
try White Horse and see.

With your first sip, you will notice a refreshing difference. This Scotch is *dry.* White Horse has crisp, crackling dryness — the tang of clear Highland air. Ask for White Horse, the dry Scotch.

The BLENDED Scotch Whisky
White Horse
Cellar

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers

SET OF FOUR CRYSTAL GLASSES, EMBLAZONED WITH OLD-WORLD TAVERN SIGNS. SEND $3 TO ISM, DEPT. NY-1118, BOX 2180, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Krupa's quadrangle and other noisemakers. Jazz concerts Sundays by visiting musicians. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet, which can give as good as it gets from the audience, owns a full quota of braggadocio; Harold Quinn's trio is also in attendance. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missioners of on-with-the-new in their farthest-south settlement. A quartet headed by two alumni—Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz—will wind up its current visit on Sunday, Nov. 12. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, the quartet run by Toshiko and Charlie Mariano will resume its efforts to make modern music comprehensible and amusing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The reed instrument of Stan Getz is thinking beautiful thoughts, which are properly amplified by his quartet. A five-man squad presided over by Eddie Davis and Johnny Griffin also takes turns. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor's ultrasonic birdcalls (from birds that never were) are on tap for anyone who wants to get out of this world; Herbie Mann's sextet represents the West Indies in glorious Technicolor and insistent rhythm. Mondays are relegated to drop-in musicians. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Cecil Taylor's quintet has news for you, and you'd better be all ears, for it's phrased in a dialect that will mean nothing to those who run as they read. The Taylors are off Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, should be Charlie Shavers, Jo Jones, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Russ Bowman's Finger Lake Five.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

EDWARD BETTS—Oils, gouaches, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER—Abstract paintings by a contemporary German artist; through Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

AARON BOHROD—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

NICOLAS CARONE—Paintings by an artist of the New York School; through Dec. 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARMEN CICERO—Abstract drawings; through Nov. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Two exhibitions by a contemporary British painter allied with the Abstract Expressionist School; both through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Jackson and Anderson, both at 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX ERNST—Paintings, collages, and other works, from 1919 to 1960; through Nov. 25. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Fluent, colorful Abstract Impressionist paintings; through Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

ELISABETH FRINK—Semi-abstract sculptures of figures and animals by a young English artist; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

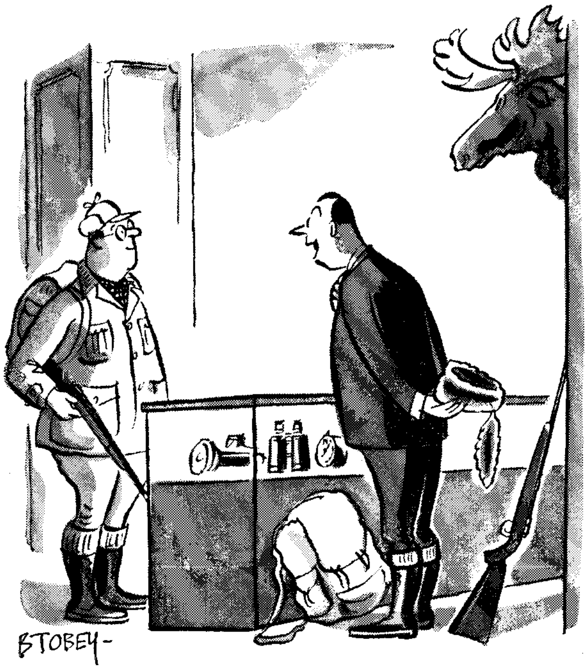
JULIO GONZÁLEZ—Welded-metal sculptures by one of the pioneer Spanish constructivists, who died in 1942; through Dec. 2. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

SIDNEY GORDIN—Abstract steel sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MILTON HEBALD—Bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

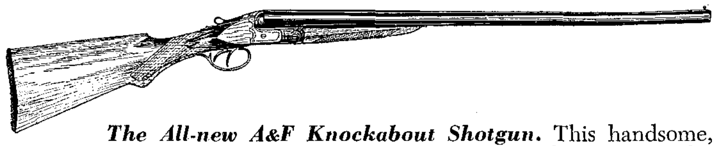
ROBERT KABAK—Paintings; through Saturday,

A&F THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

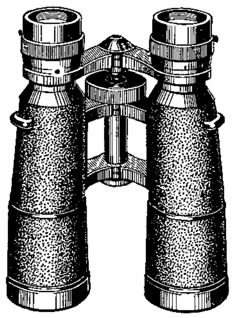


"Now, may Abercrombie suggest a good guide?"

Service above and beyond the call of duty is one of the little "extras" that has kept sportsmen returning to A&F, season after season.



The All-new A&F Knockabout Shotgun. This handsome, double gun was made abroad to our special order and hand-fitted by skilled Italian gunsmiths. Detail by detail, in action, stock and engraving, it follows A&F's rigid quality specifications. A superior weapon you'll be proud to own and shoot. 12, 20 and 28 gauge. **150.00**



Safari® Hunting Coat. Soft, hard-wearing sueded cotton. Game pocket and 2 shell pockets. Double construction, corduroy collar and cuffs. Natural sand. Sizes 36-48. . . . . . . **39.50**
Lined Safari Canuck Cap. **3.95**

Hensoldt Dialyt Binoculars. Light and compact, these German-made glasses hang flat under your jacket. Coated lenses and unique roof prisms afford unusual clarity. Leather case. 8 x 32. . **172.70***

*Federal tax included

Order by mail or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D.C. • Hartford • Providence

Peck and Peck

Total Black

...as you like it, in a coatshape of rich, worsted petit point wool. Snug idea: windbreaker inner sleeves. Our famous collar-within-a-collar is satin trimmed; satin loop buttons, too. 8 to 16, 79^{95}

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 11. (Angeleski, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kenneth Kilstrom—Paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Michael Lekakis—Abstract wood sculptures, large in scale; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Linehan—Collages and paintings; through Nov. 23. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Jacques Lipchitz—A fifty-year retrospective of sculptures (predominantly bronze), ranging from early Cubist works to later pieces on mythological, musical, and religious themes; through Dec. 9. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—A three-panel mural, plus a dozen collages, all abstract; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Frank Montgomery—Abstract oils; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Brata, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Carl Morris—Oils and sumi-ink drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Pachner—Semi-abstract canvases; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Piper—Landscapes, mostly, in oil, water color, and gouache, by a well-known British artist; through Nov. 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—More of his concoctions in paint, construction, and collage; through Dec. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Reder—A retrospective of drawings and prints; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Kay Sage—Collages and other works; through Nov. 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Abe Satoru—Abstract sculptures, based on landscape suggestions, by a Hawaiian-born artist; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Alfred Sisley—A loan exhibition of paintings (1866-94) by the French Impressionist; through Nov. 25. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstractions by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Abstractions; through Nov. 25. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Polychrome sculptures; through Nov. 24. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jo Warner and Art Brenner—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 23. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Cincinnati Collects—Seventy paintings, drawings, and sculptures by American and European twentieth-century masters, ranging from Afro to Zorach, collected during the last three decades by Cincinnatians. For the benefit of the Endowment Fund of the Cincinnati Contemporary Arts Center. Through Nov. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their twenty-first annual, containing about seventy pieces (by Jane Wasey, Nathaniel Kaz, Helena Simkhovitch, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Sunday, Nov. 12. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Thursday and Friday, 9 to 5; Saturday and Sunday, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Recent paintings by Richard Florsheim, George Ratkai, Sol Wilson, and others of the gallery group; through Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-eighth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America. The prize-winners include Umberto Romano, Ivan Olinsky, and Anthony de Francisci. Through Nov. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **TERRAIN**, 20 W. 16th St.: Nell Blaine, Charles Cajori, and Richard Stankiewicz are among the participants in a showing of paintings and sculptures called "Art As Gaiety;" through Dec. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: "Representational Italian Art Today," an exhibition chiefly of paintings, by (for instance) Renato Guttuso, Bruno Caruso, and Ausonio Tanda; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by French masters—Rouault, de Staël, Monet, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Dubuffet, Giacometti, Bonnard, and other painters and sculptors; through Dec. 2. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Vivin, Peyronnet, and Utrillo; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Ingres, David, and Rousseau are among the artists represented in a showing of drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries; through Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibition of drawings of five centuries by Degas, Strozzi, and Boucher (to mention a few); through Thursday, Nov. 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American and European paintings and drawings (by El Greco, Cézanne, Eugene Speicher, and others) from the bequest of the late Stephen C. Clark are now on display. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Assemblage," a showing of collages and other varieties of art put together from paper, cloth, wood, metal, manufactured objects, and whatnot. Some of the artists are Picasso, Duchamp, Severini, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Sunday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ An exhibition of about forty of the large-scale cut-and-pasted gouaches (nudes, dancers, leaves, and flowers) to which Henri Matisse devoted his last years; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Nude in American Painting," a survey of eighteenth- to twentieth-century pictures, on loan from museums and private collections, by artists ranging from James Peale and Samuel Morse to Jack Levine and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Dec. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Art and Life in Old Peru," an exhibition tracing the pre-Columbian history of the country for several thousand years through fabrics, utensils, pottery, gold ornaments, architectural rubbings, and the like; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Peasant and Nomad Rugs of Asia," an exhibit composed of thirty-five examples from the Near East, the Caucasus, and Central Asia, principally; through Nov. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of about fifty paintings by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, Francesco Guardi, Sebastiano Ricci, and other eighteenth-century Venetian artists; through Dec. 16. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by de Kooning, Guston, Hofmann, Motherwell, and others are on view in the current show, "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists, 1961;" through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Expressionist paintings, drawings, multiple panels, revolving discs, and an animated film by Irving Kriesberg; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Unusual Books, 1450-1555," an exhibition containing books selected for their uncommon features (books printed in exotic alphabets, manuscript copies of printed books, and so forth). Included are the Constance Missal and the Gutenberg Bible. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Peter Cooper's New York," a reconstruction of a street scene a hundred years ago. Eight shops (several of them walk-ins) stocked with Victorian china and glass, lithographs, furniture, millinery, jewelry, toys, and such. There is also an exterior-interior setting of the 1860 Prince of Wales ball at the Fourteenth Street Academy of Music. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Veterans' Day, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Previously unexhibited works of art (stone sculpture, terra-cotta figurines, ritual vessels, and ornamental goldwork) from the several rich and varied civilizations of ancient Mexico; through Nov. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York: Host to the World," depicting the city's hotels in the eighteen-nineties through photographs, prints, and menus. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until a thirtieth-anniversary exhibit entitled "American Art of Our Century" opens on Wednesday, Nov. 15. (Daily, except Thursday, Nov. 9, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

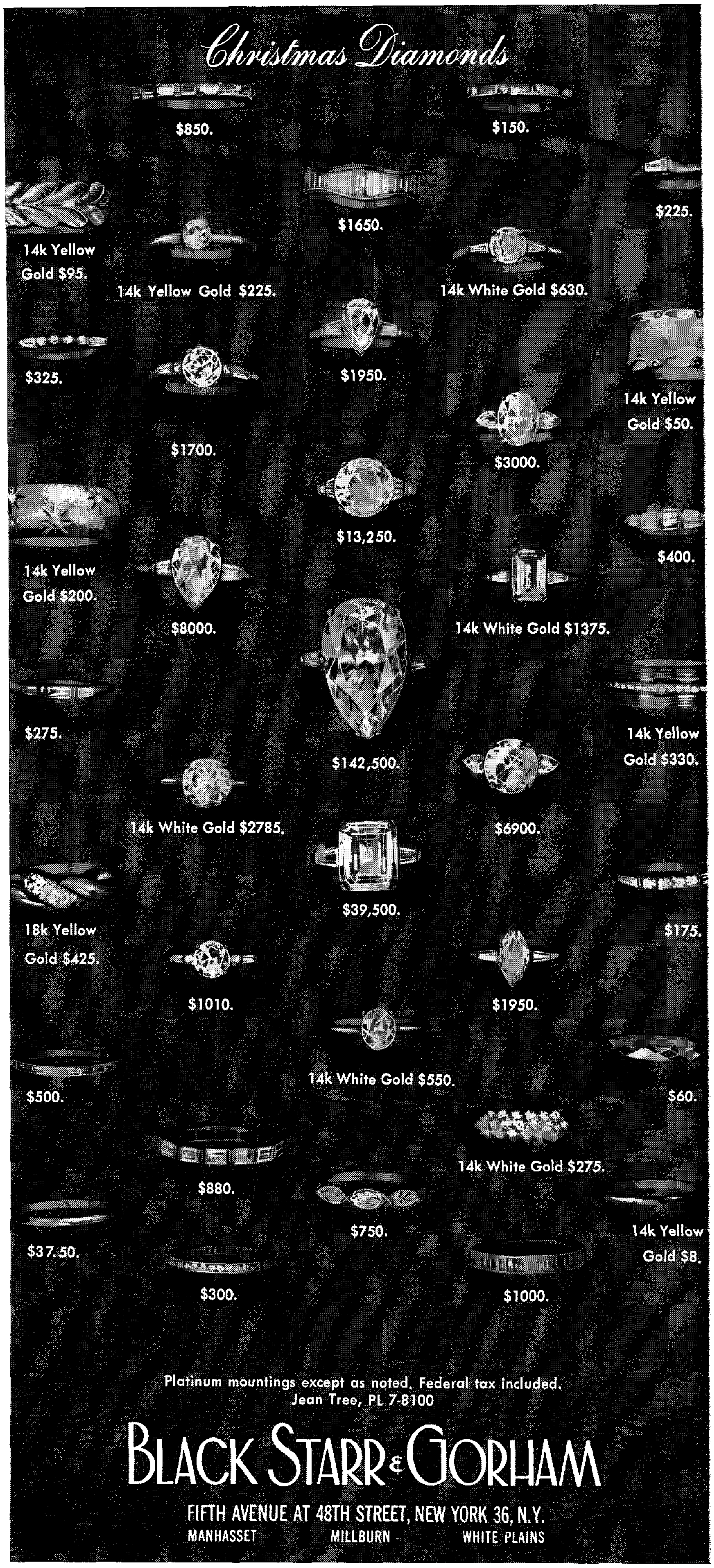
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Barry Morell, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lorenzo Testi. (A benefit for the Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation.). . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "La Fanciulla del West," with Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Irene Dalis, Sandor Konya, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Anna Moffo, Helen Vanni, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Alessio De Paolis. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, George Shirley, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Joan Wall, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Barry Morell, and George London. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Aïda," with Galina Vishnevskaya, Irene Dalis, Kurt Baum, Anselmo Colzani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Nell Rankin, Karl Liebl, Randolph Symonette, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Anna Moffo, Helen Vanni, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Daniele Barioni, Lorenzo Testi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 12: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 12: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Paul Paray conducting—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3 (no soloists); and Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 17, at 2:15; Saturday,

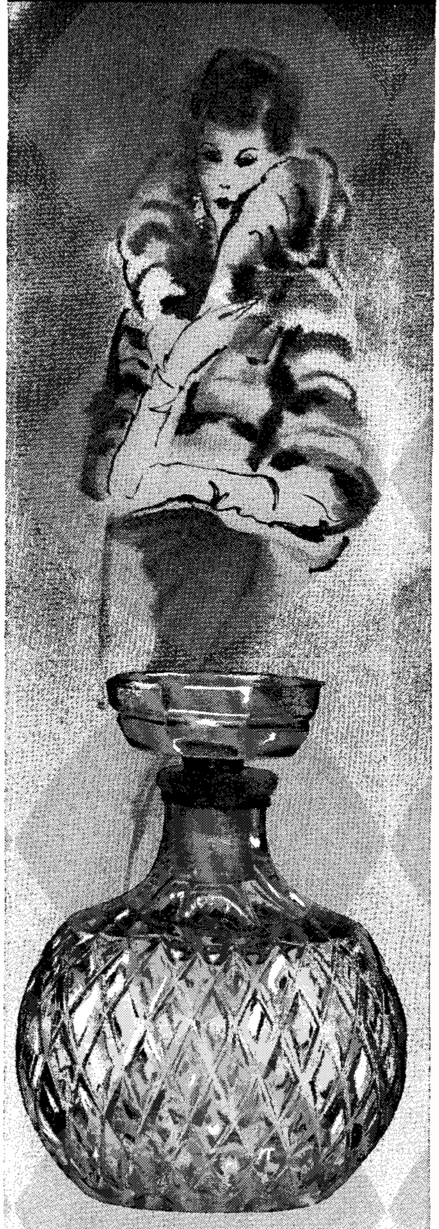


Platinum mountings except as noted. Federal tax included.
Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

I. MAGNIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE



Capricci . . . a capricious new perfume by Nina Ricci . . . making its debut in magnificent *Lalique cut crystal decanters* . . . warm, elegant and especially devastating with furs 12.50 to 60.00 . . . refillable purse perfume 7.50 . . . toilet water spray, 2 ounces 6.50

plus 10% federal tax

mail orders (add 35¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3 (all with Fou Ts'Ong, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Carol Toscano, soprano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Saidenberg Little Symphony, conducted by Daniel Saidenberg. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a program of French music, with Gérard Souzay, baritone, and Josette and Yvette Roman, pianos. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Eastman Wind Ensemble—Frederick Fennell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Texas Boys Choir—George Bragg directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Charles Rosen—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—All-Bach piano recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, the last in a series of programs, this one with John Wummer, flute, and others. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30, the second in a series of three programs.)

Artists' Choice Concert—The New York Trio. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. The fifth in a series of ten recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

Quintetto Chigiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Susan Reed—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Yaffa Yarkoni—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Anna Xydis—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Johnny Mathis—Pop singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Henri Honegger—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 5:30.)

Frank Glazer—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—A program of works by Arnold Schoenberg, performed by, among others, Matthew Raimondi, violin; Edward Steuermann, piano; and the Gramercy Chamber Ensemble. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff—Duo piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Note—The Budapest String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 13, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 10, at 9: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7: Syracuse vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 11: Tony Alongi vs. George Logan, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18: Carlos Ortiz vs. Paolo Rosi, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. William and Mary, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Norfolk, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Army vs. University of Oklahoma, at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Virginia, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—At the POLO GROUNDS: *Titans vs. Oakland Raiders.* (Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.) . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Friday, Nov. 10.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Thursday, Nov. 30. Through Saturday, Nov. 11, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11; the Vosburgh Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 15; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 11. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, at 1, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 12:20. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; *through* Thursday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:50 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 11, at noon.) . . . FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA: Thomas Dunn conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "Masquerade," "Bluebird: Pas de Deux," and "Coppélia." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Inside Out Adventure." (One

Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Witch That Wasn't." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Phoenix East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer," Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Willie Tree," Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Coppélia." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Snow White." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by children of Turkey; through Dec. 3. (Daily, except Saturday, Nov. 18, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park, W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Man in Space," explores the problems of putting a man into orbit and getting him safely back to earth. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"Nanook of the North," a documentary film. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Nov. 30.) . . . ¶ The Thanksgiving Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 15, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays, except Nov. 15, through Saturdays, and Monday, Nov. 13, from 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 1:45: English eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture, a large collection of Delft faience, Georgian and other silver, paintings and drawings, and rugs; from the estate of John Lek and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: Twenty-four old-master paintings, by such artists as Rembrandt, Fragonard, and Crivelli; from the collection of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred W. Erickson. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 11.

handsome and practical gifts...

OUR ROBES AND SPORT SHIRTS OF LIGHTWEIGHT BROOKSFLANNEL*

ROBES *in black with red, or red with black trim; in navy, red, medium blue or black; in colorful Tartans—Gordon Dress (navy-green-white), Black Watch (navy-green), or Ancient MacPherson (red-olive),* $32.50

SPORT SHIRTS *with plain collar in brick red, olive, medium blue, beige, navy, old gold or cream white,* $16. *With button-down collar in red-olive, gold-olive or blue-olive Tattersall checks on white,* $18.50; *in red-black, green-black, blue-black or gold-black small houndstooth checks,* $18.50. *Also in colorful Ancient Tartans,* $19.50

Robes in small, medium, large, extra large.
Sport shirts, all with long sleeves, in 14½ to 16½.

*washable, colorfast, 55% wool, 45% cotton

ESTABLISHED 1818

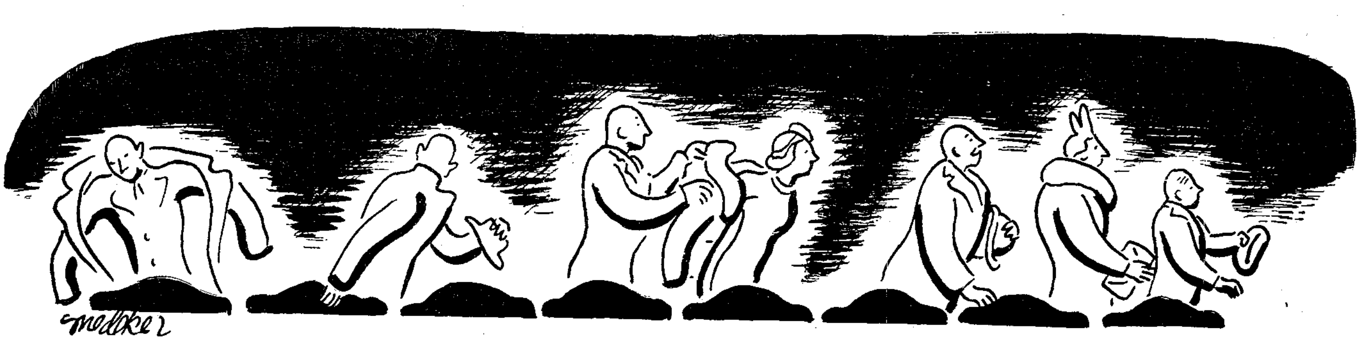
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Breathless—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions of which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 15.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter—The apotheosis of the custard pie and the runaway train in a series of excerpts from early silent films. Banana peels do pretty well, too. The stars include Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Chase, Douglas Fairbanks, Pearl White, and Harry Houdini. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 15, tentative.)

The Devil's Eye—Ingmar Bergman tells a fairy story full of home truths, some of which turn out to be pretty funny. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—An overblown and somewhat overripe non-musical version of the well-known musical comedy. Not the least outrageous thing about it is that it turns out to be delightful, thanks to Josh Logan's unabashedly broad direction and splendid bouts of overacting by heavyweights Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer and lightweights Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 9.)

Fate of a Man—A very strong and often painful account of what befalls an ordinary Russian soldier in the Second World War. Despite its grimness, this picture is not *all* black—it even provides, without trickery, a happy ending—and deserves your attention. It was produced and directed by Sergei Bondarchuk, who plays the lead in masterly fashion. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 14.)

From a Roman Balcony—Testimony to how dark life can be in sunny Italy. Jean Sorel is the handsome young man who goes crooked in order to go straight. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Green Mare—Love among the peasants in a French film that is coarse and comical. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Hustler—A movie that tries to say too much but can be forgiven most of its excesses on the strength of sparkling performances by Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, Piper Laurie, and Myron McCormick. The settings are mostly pool halls—a "hustler" is a pool shark—which Robert Rossen, the producer and director, has brought vividly and repellently to life. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 15, tentative.)

The Joker—Nothing is rarer these days than comedy, especially comedy based on neither sadism nor overwrought nerves. "The Joker" is immensely funny and immensely wholesome, celebrating the thesis that the pursuit of women is a fit occupation for grown men. The setting is Paris, and among the inhabitants are Jean-Pierre Cassel, Anouk Aimée, and an elderly scene-stealer named Palau. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 14.)

The Kitchen—Blood, sweat, and tears, as a number of cooks quarrel their way through a few hours in the kitchen of what is surely not a very fashionable London restaurant. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Wonderfully acted by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Nov. 15.)

Paris Blues—Two handsome couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad over finding themselves in love in Paris, as others have done before them. Beautifully photographed, and full of good, loud music. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, which, though the plot is a bit of a cheat, justifies itself by admirable acting and romantic settings. The villain is played by Alain Delon, and the girl he pursues is Marie Laforet, who is very young and pretty. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

A Summer to Remember—Life through the eyes of a five-year-old. A Russian picture, humorous and occasionally sentimental, with a brilliant performance by Master Borya Barkhatov, who looks like Carl Sandburg, only more serious. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Two-Way Stretch—A short, cheerful romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes lively fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 15.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 15.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 12.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 12.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 10.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 15.)

The Key (1958)—Carol Reed directed this Anglo-American film about the Royal Navy's seagoing tugs in action against the Nazis. With William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Sophia Loren. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 15.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Nov. 13-15.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 15.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 9.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 10.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 10.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Nov. 13-15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 11: "Lilac Time" (1928), with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 12: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
PARIS BLUES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 15: "Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Nov. 14: "On the Beach," revival, Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
From Nov. 15, at 8:30: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"One Plus One," Leo G. Carroll, Rita Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Comancheros," John Wayne, Stuart Whitman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Nov. 9: "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.
From Nov. 10: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 14: **THE JOKER** (in French).
From Nov. 15 (tentative): **THE HUSTLER** and **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 14: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
From Nov. 15: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 14: "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Nov. 15: **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 15: **THE MARK.**

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 14: "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Posse from Hell," Audie Murphy, John Saxon.
From Nov. 15: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
PARIS BLUES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Nov. 15: "On the Beach," revival, Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE DEVIL'S EYE (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Nov. 9: **FANNY.**
From Nov. 10: **SUMMERTIME,** revival.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 15: **THE HUSTLER.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Nov. 9: "Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin.
From Nov. 10: "Susan Slade," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 14: "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Posse from Hell," Audie Murphy, John Saxon.
From Nov. 15: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.

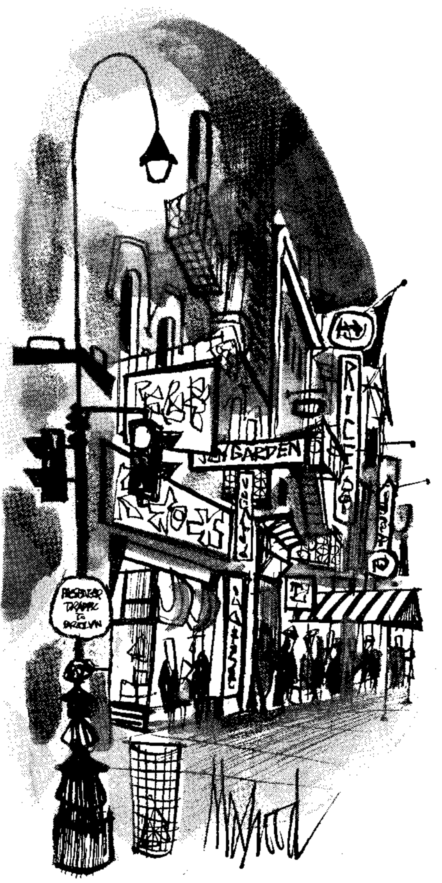
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 11: "The Revolt of the Slaves," Rhonda Fleming, Lang Jeffries; and "The Minotaur," Bob Mathias.
Nov. 12-14: "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.
From Nov. 15: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 12: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.
Nov. 13-15: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and **KEY LARGO,** revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 14: "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Nov. 15: **THE KEY,** revival; "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 14: **FATE OF A MAN** (in Russian); "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 15: **TWO-WAY STRETCH;** and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.



5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE KITCHEN.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 11: "The Revolt of the Slaves," Rhonda Fleming, Lang Jeffries; and "The Minotaur," Bob Mathias.
Nov. 12-14: "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.
From Nov. 15: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 14: "The Bridge" (in German); and "Upstairs and Downstairs," revival, Mylène Demongeot, Michael Craig.
From Nov. 15: **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 15: "Question 7," Michael Gwynn, Christian de Bresson.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE KITCHEN.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE GREEN MARE (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Neapolitan Carousel" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Paolo Stoppa.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
FROM A ROMAN BALCONY (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 11: "The Revolt of the Slaves," Rhonda Fleming, Lang Jeffries; and "The Minotaur," Bob Mathias.
Nov. 12-14: "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.
From Nov. 15: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 15: **DESIRE,** revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 14: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen; and "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.
From Nov. 15: **TWO WOMEN;** and another feature, to be announced.

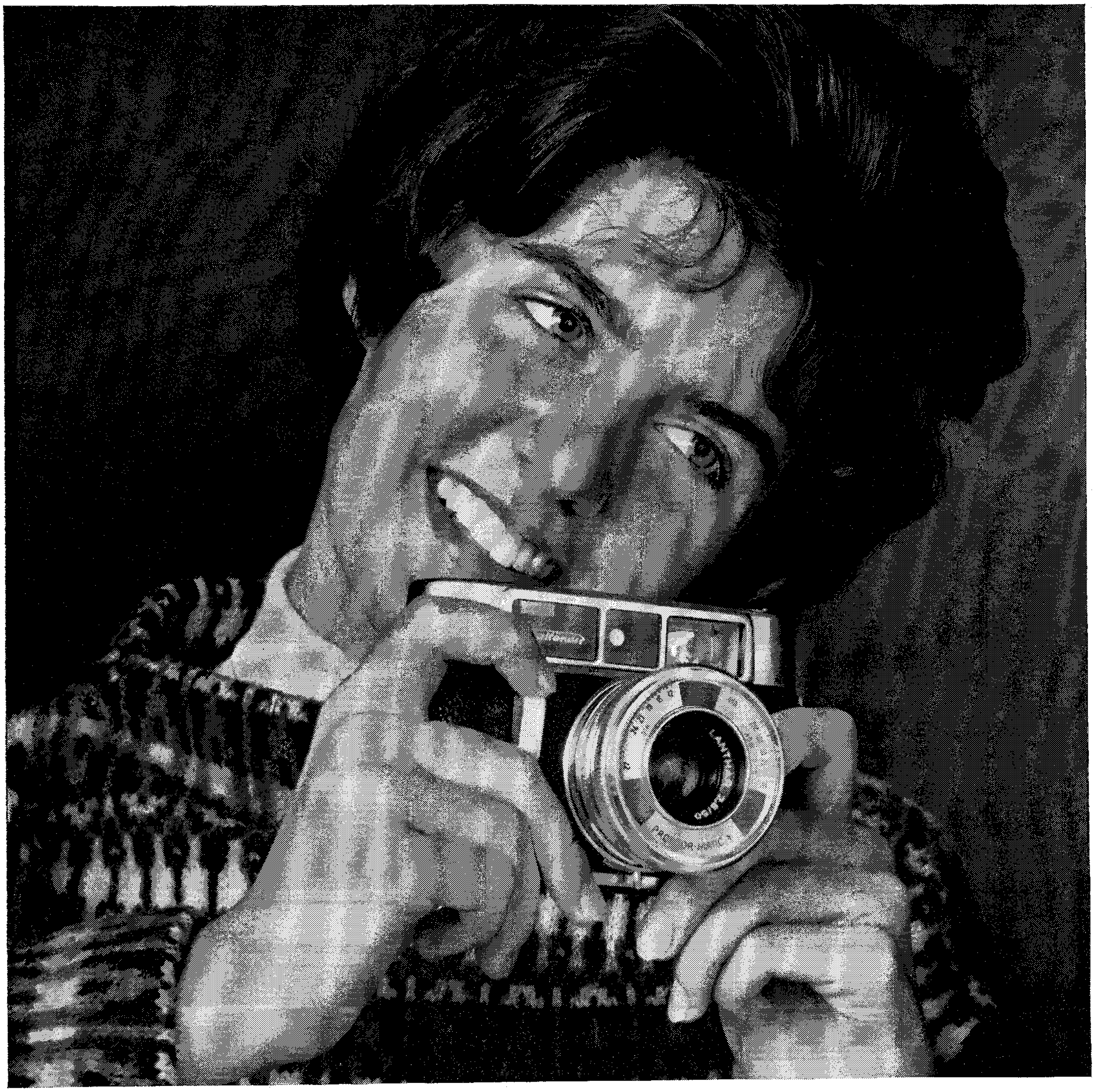
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 9: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa.
From Nov. 10: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS,** revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 14: "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Posse from Hell," Audie Murphy, John Saxon.
From Nov. 15: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 14: "The Bridge" (in German); and "Upstairs and Downstairs," revival, Mylène Demongeot, Michael Craig.
From Nov. 15: **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.

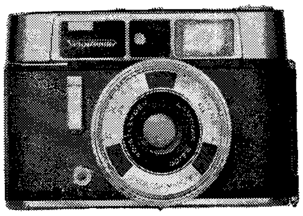
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 11: "The Revolt of the Slaves," Rhonda Fleming, Lang Jeffries; and "The Minotaur," Bob Mathias.
Nov. 12-14: "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.
From Nov. 15: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 14: "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Posse from Hell," Audie Murphy, John Saxon.
From Nov. 15: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart; and "The Silent Call," Gail Russell, David McLean.



New love...

met with Voigtlander Dynamatic. It can happen any time . . . anywhere. If you're inclined to fall in love with a person, a place — any of the many marvelous moments that occur in a lifetime, you should carry a Dynamatic. ¶ **Why Dynamatic?** Because it's fully automatic... *always* ready for magic moments. It sets itself — even while you're setting the mood. Dynamatic gives thorough light reading, balances the values from its unique "three-eye" system — instantly determines proper exposure. It's a true precision camera — but without technical problems. Whatever the mood or moment, when words can't describe it, Dynamatic can. Be a lover, not a mathematician . . . with Voigtlander Dynamatic. This wonderful "personal" camera with superb Lanthar f/2.8 color corrected lens, only $104.50.*

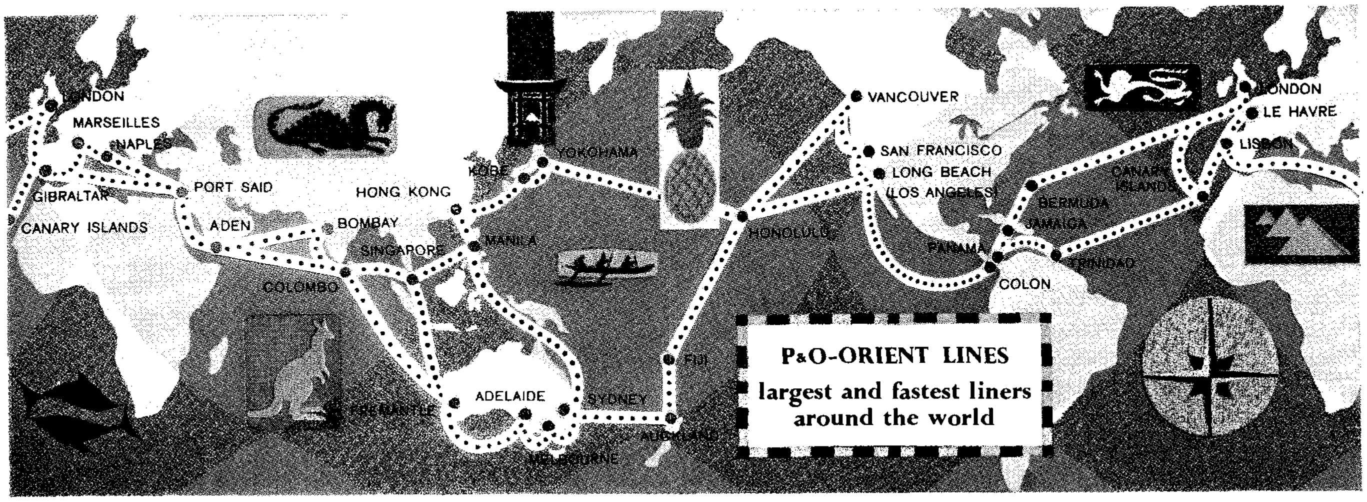


Dynamatic II with f/2.8 color-corrected lens, coupled range finder and complete choice of manual settings, just $139.50*

* Manufacturer's suggested list prices. See your dealer for his prices.

VOIGTLANDER SINCE 1756

SOLE AMERICAN IMPORTER, H. A. BOHM & CO., 2814 W. PETERSON AVE., CHICAGO 45, ILL.


LONDON
MARSEILLES
NAPLES
GIBRALTAR
CANARY ISLANDS
PORT SAID
ADEN
BOMBAY
COLOMBO
SINGAPORE
HONG KONG
KOBE
YOKOHAMA
MANILA
FREMANTLE
ADELAIDE
MELBOURNE
SYDNEY
AUCKLAND
FIJI
HONOLULU
VANCOUVER
SAN FRANCISCO
LONG BEACH
LOS ANGELES
PANAMA
COLON
JAMAICA
BERMUDA
TRINIDAD
CANARY ISLANDS
LISBON
LE HAVRE
LONDON
P&O-ORIENT LINES
largest and fastest liners
around the world

How to plan your own trip around the world on P&O-Orient Lines for $17 a day

Today you can sail to the last unspoiled lands of the world on a great ocean liner. You'll be pampered with superb British service. And you'll pay less per day than at a resort hotel. Read the amazing facts below. Then mail coupon for your World Travel Planner.

CONSIDER what you spend on a holiday here at home. Your room costs from $12 to $25 a day *plus* meals, entertainment, tips and travel. Total? From $30 a day up—*just to stay at home.*

Your fare to the Orient, South Pacific, Europe and around the world starts at just $17 a day on P&O-Orient Lines—*complete with meals and entertainment.*

Pick your course

First, look at the map above and decide where you want to go.

You can take a South Pacific holiday to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia and back—a lovely way to escape winter up here—for anywhere from $740 to $2548.

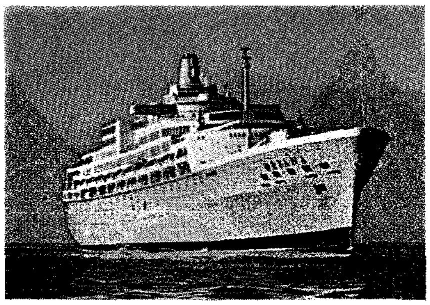
If you want to explore Japan, Hong Kong and Manila, the round trip runs from just $824 to $2520.

Like a trip to Europe by way of the South Pacific or Orient and then on around the world? Your fare, including transportation from England to the East Coast on any other steamship line, starts at just $1233! (You can also go the other way round.)

Pick your ship

The next thing to do is decide which P&O-Orient liner you'd like to sail on.

P&O-Orient's two new superliners *Canberra* and *Oriana* offer travel in the grand manner. The *Arcadia, Orsova, Iberia, Himalaya, Orcades, Chusan* and *Oronsay* are somewhat smaller and have the feel of private yachts. If you can imagine a 30,000-ton private yacht with a crew of 600 British seamen!



Should you go tourist or first class?

P&O-Orient offers fares to meet almost every budget.

Whether you go tourist or first class, you'll have a comfortable air-conditioned cabin, dances, movies, concerts, and swimming. The main difference, if you go tourist, is that cabins are a wee bit smaller, the life slightly more informal, and the crowd is younger.

When to go

You can sail to any season you like on P&O-Orient—or follow your favorite weather around the world. For example: **South Pacific:** November through April is *summer* in Australia and New Zealand. Spring starts in September. *Canberra* sails for the South Pacific in February, *Oriana* in March.

The Orient: Autumn, early spring and summer are the best times for temple gazing and shopping. *Iberia* sails in March, *Chusan* in May, *Oronsay* in June, *Arcadia* in August.

What to pack

A delightful part of travelling on P&O-Orient is the lack of worry about overweight baggage. Bring your entire wardrobe if you like. There's no bother of constant packing and unpacking. Your ship is your home for the trip.

At sea, a cocktail dress is nice for parties. Dark suits are fine for men. Bring *lots* of sport clothes.

See your travel agent for your ticket and details on visas, etc. He's a marvel at getting you organized.

MAIL WITH 25¢ FOR WORLD TRAVEL PLANNER

P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. 4-G
155 Post Street, San Francisco 8, Calif.

Sirs: Please send my World Travel Planner Kit. Enclosed is 25¢ to cover handling and mailing.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ **State** ________

My travel agent is ____________________

P&O-ORIENT LINES

San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle
Vancouver • Honolulu • Mexico City.
Elsewhere in U.S. and Canada: Cunard
Line, General Passenger Agents.

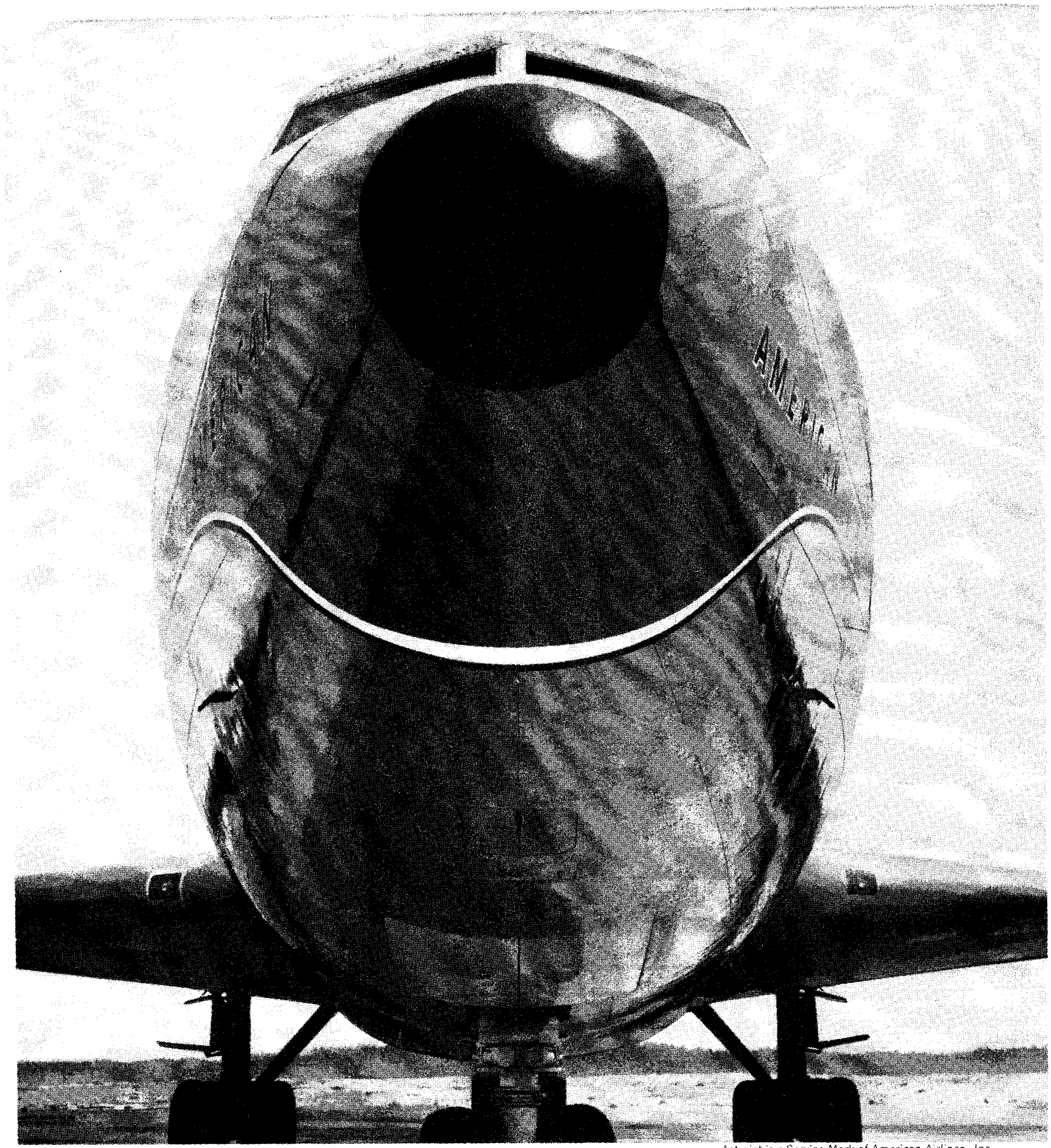
Wherever you go you look better in an Arrow shirt

Photographed in London on a Holiday Abroad via Sabena Intercontinental Jet

British as a bowler...the new Arrow Paddock Club shirt with Tabber Snap collar.

Fitting a bowler takes time and gadgetry . . . but you get the "London Look" in seconds with the Arrow Paddock Club with Tabber Snap collar. The tabs snap into place instantly under your tie. Paddock Club is 100% Cotton Supima®. . . the most luxurious of all long-staple cottons. "Sanforized" labeled, 5.00. Arrow all-silk tie 2.50. Handkerchief 50¢.

ARROW®



Astrojet is a Service Mark of American Airlines, Inc.

Why are Astrojets so happy?

Because they get such meticulous care from one of the most expert maintenance departments in the flying business. For every hour in the air, American's Astrojets receive a minimum of 5 man-hours of maintenance on the ground. For instance:

Before every flight they get two "walk-around" inspections.

Every day they are given a "lay over" inspection.

After 55-60 hours in the air, they are given a "service check" which takes 66 man-hours.

Once a month they receive a "periodic check" that involves between 60 and 70 people, takes as many as 600 man-hours.

At least every 1,200 hours their engines are completely stripped down and every single part inspected.

And after 5,000 hours, the airplanes are taken entirely apart and made even more advanced than on their first flight.

Experienced travellers choose American Airlines because they like our equipment and the way we take care of it.

AMERICAN AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

DRESS BY MICHAEL GOMA—PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CRILLON HOTEL, PARIS

L'AiMANT

Nothing makes a
woman more feminine,
more attractive

PARFUM DE COTY

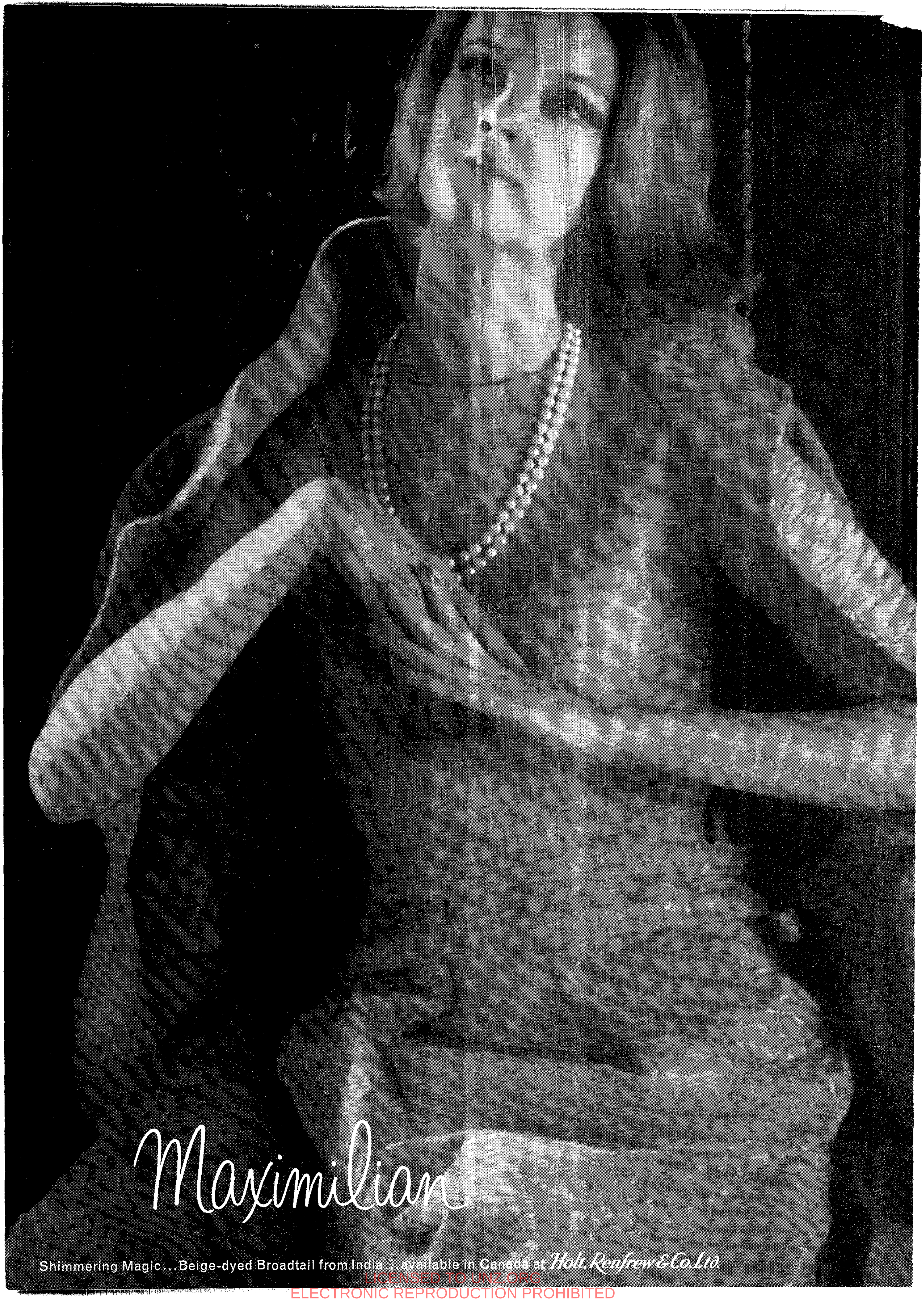
$3.50 to $100 (PLUS TAX) COPYRIGHTED BY COTY, INC.,—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

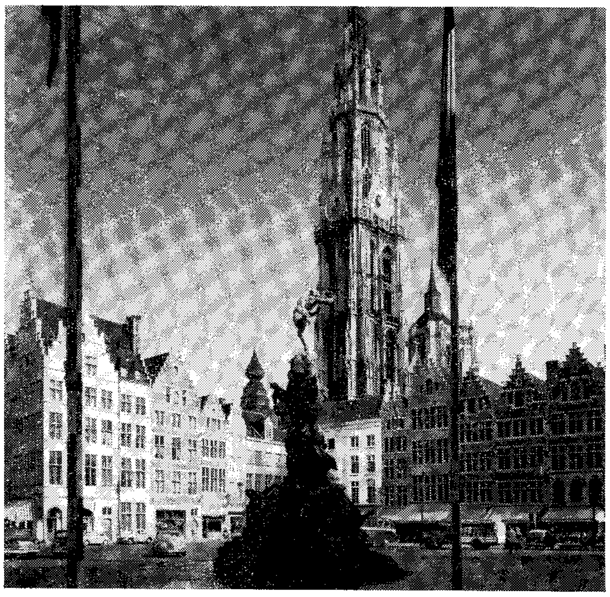
Flair...rain or fair!

Lawrence of London®

The leopard that lives in a penthouse—
bred of supplest velveteen.

BONWIT TELLER • MONTALDO'S • NEIMAN MARCUS • I. MAGNIN & CO.


Maximilian
Shimmering Magic . . . Beige-dyed Broadtail from India . . . available in Canada at Holt, Renfrew & Co. Ltd.



Cathedral, Antwerp

VISIT

FRIENDLY

belgium

SEE *Its Famous Art Cities*
Its Historic Landmarks
Its Beautiful Coast
The Ardennes

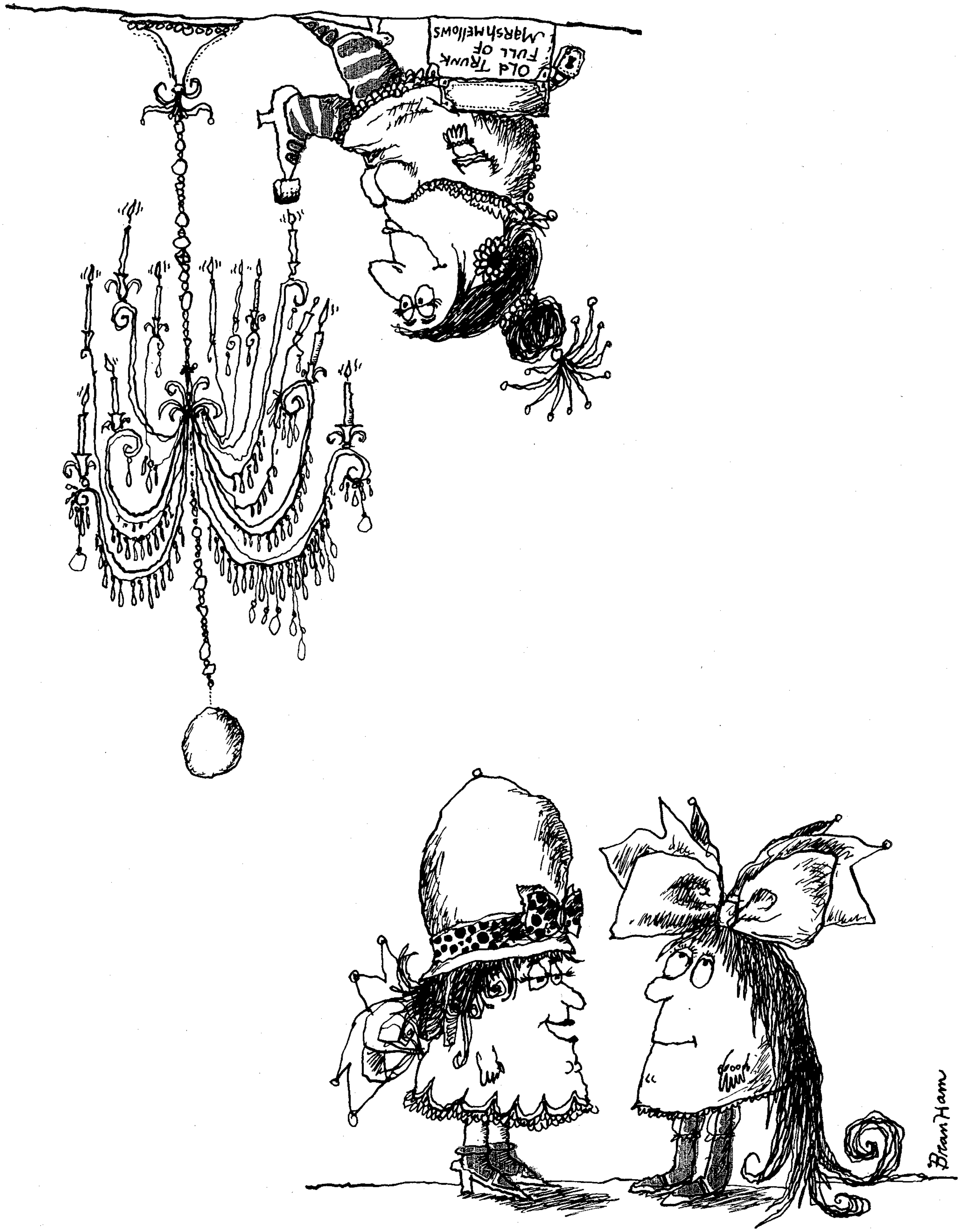
ENJOY *Its Old-World Charm*
Its Gay Night Life & Casinos
Its Thrilling Pageantry
Its World-Renowned Cuisine

You will SEE more and ENJOY more in Friendly BELGIUM.

See your travel agent, he serves you best,
or

OFFICIAL BELGIAN TOURIST BUREAU
589 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

PI-623


OLd TRUNK FULL OF MARSHMELLOWS
BranHam

"Mummy's irrepressible these days! Ever since she discovered tinted stockings!"

It appears, Rosamond, that Mater has flipped. Says tints are the first decent thing since the tango. Wears a different shade every hour, even wears them in the shower. Composes sonnets to Du Pont Nylon. Ought we to worry, Rosamond? Perhaps not, since— every fashion needs a stocking all its own!

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

This is a Gamin for the well-turned leg.

Goodbye Mr. Chippendale! From now on the most-admired legs are finished off by Gamin craftsmanship. Take this bit of polished decor—a pump inlaid with contrasting scrollwork, a little heel carved to a slim curve. In calf selected for its beautiful grain and decorative colors, 19.95. Gamins® at Andrew Geller stores.

Some art forms have been in rehearsal for hundreds of years

The fantastic grace and beauty that one is privileged to see at the ballet is the effortless result of grinding work, imagination, devotion and fierce determination to *achieve.* And don't forget the time element so necessary for so rich a heritage.

If balletomanes will permit us, we'd like proudly to point out that a comparable result is yours when you wear clothes tailored of British Woollens. You're fully aware of it—and so is *your* audience. Sufficient reason, then, when next you're buying clothes, to be emphatic on the point that the cloth is not simply "imported" but Imported from Britain.

- *Topcoat loomed and tailored for the man to whom the finest is customary in Scottish lambswool by H. Freeman & Son of Philadelphia.*
- *Turquoise Fencer coat designed by Scaasi made in closely woven, brushed British woollen coating.*

British Woollens

• fabrics forever in fashion • six east 45th Street, New York 17

Revlon introduces a brand-new texture in lipstick!

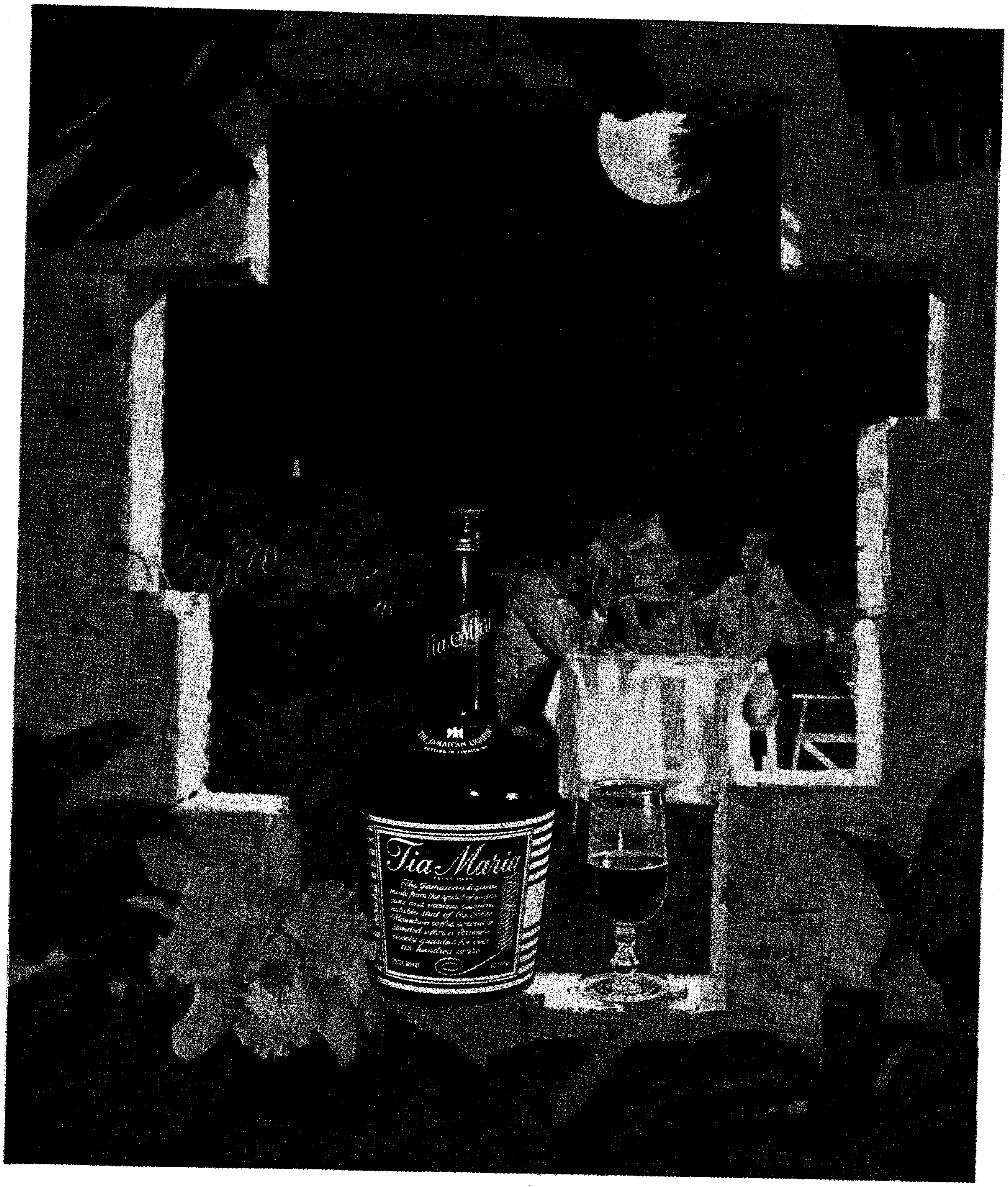
'Super-Lustrous II'
FORMULA

luscious lustre you've never seen before.
cream-drenched texture you've never felt before
deliciously moist look you've never had before

Super lipstick? Could be! Even the *colors* take on new brilliance and depth—(and you won't get the usual caking and streaking even in the pale and pastel shades). Watch this lush-lipped look start a whole new fashion-in-faces before the month is out!

Choose from 25 famous Revlon fashion shades!

© Revlon, Inc., 1961



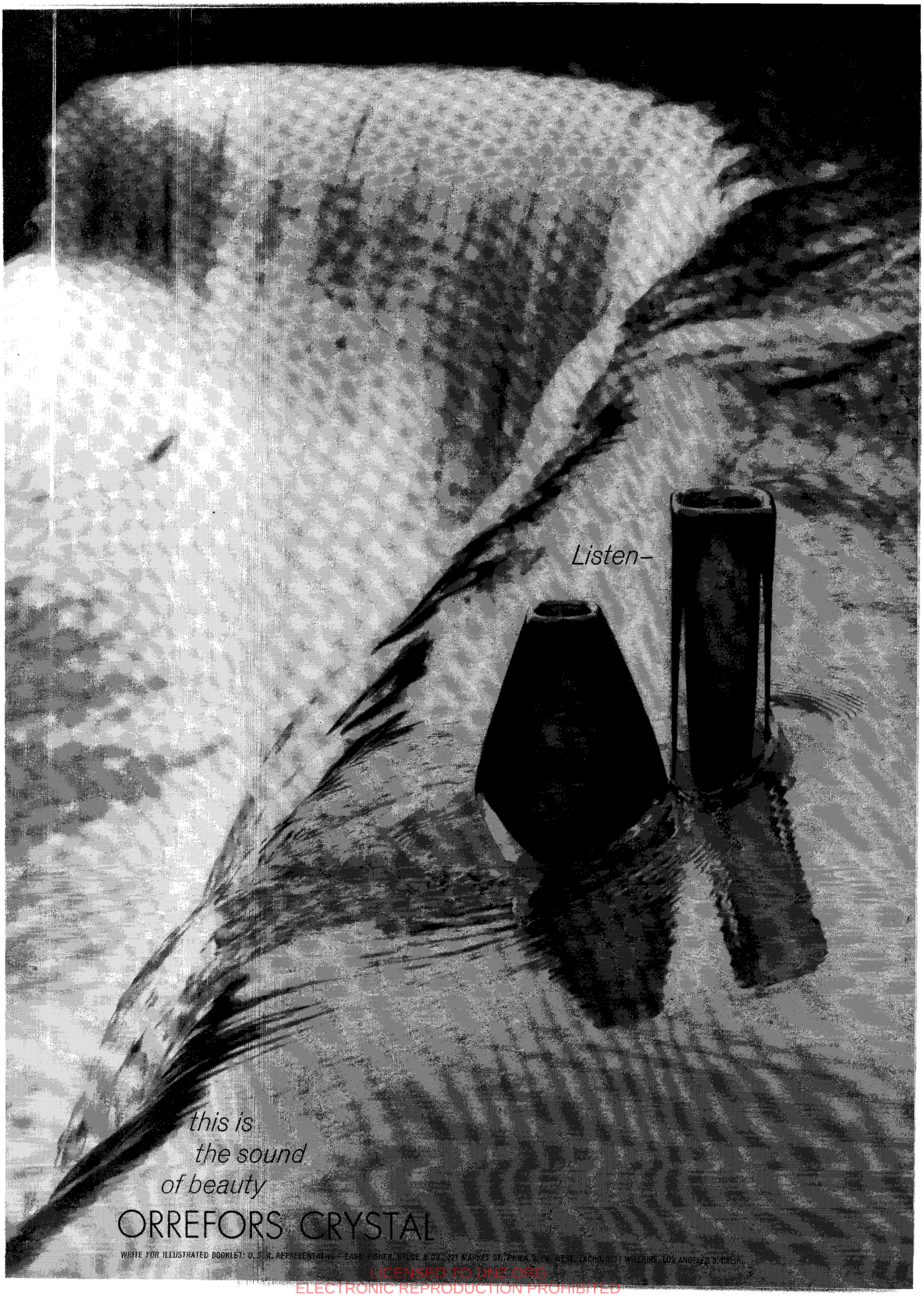
Grand Finale

. . . Tia Maria, Jamaica's celebrated coffee liqueur

You bring it to your lips . . . the fragrance of finest Blue Mountain coffee greets you. You sip . . . and the perfect meal begins its grand finale.

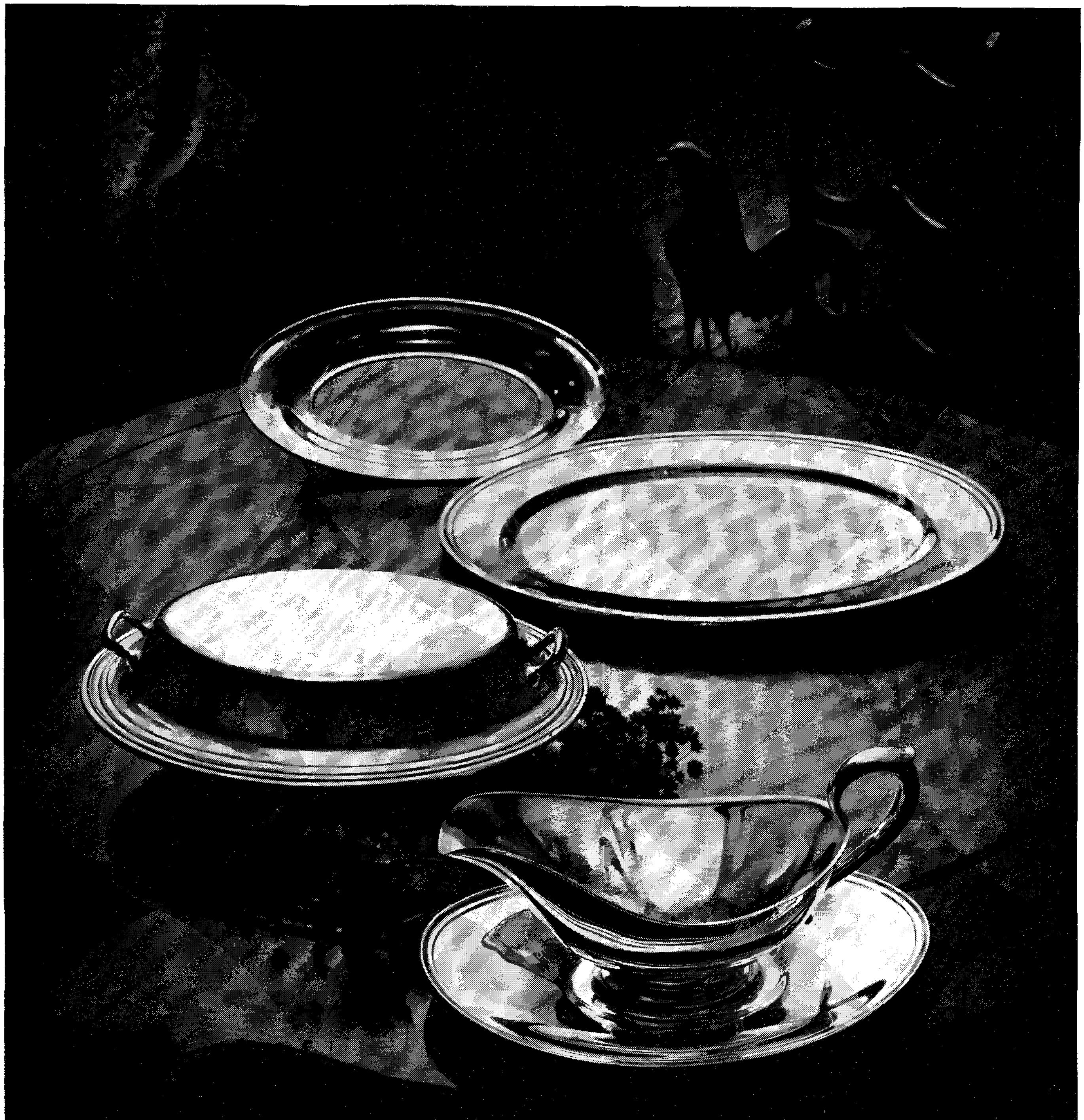
Tia Maria

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A. 63 PROOF


Listen–
this is
the sound
of beauty
ORREFORS CRYSTAL

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVE—EAST: FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILA. 6, PA. WEST: ZACHO, 3157 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Beauty is simplicity

...beautifully expressed in the timeless lines of these versatile Colonial serving pieces by Gorham, in lastingly lovely silverplate. Specially priced for the gift season.

Oval bread tray, 12½″ long, $7.95. Meat dish, 16″ long, $14.95.
Double vegetable dish, 10¾″ long, $13.50.
Gravy boat with attached tray, $12.75.

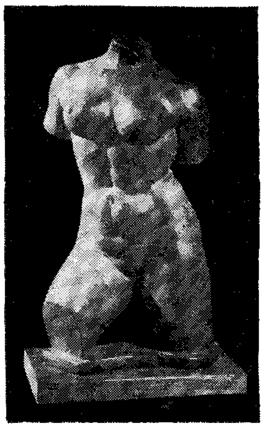
GORHAM

130 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP 1831 1961 THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 7, R. I.

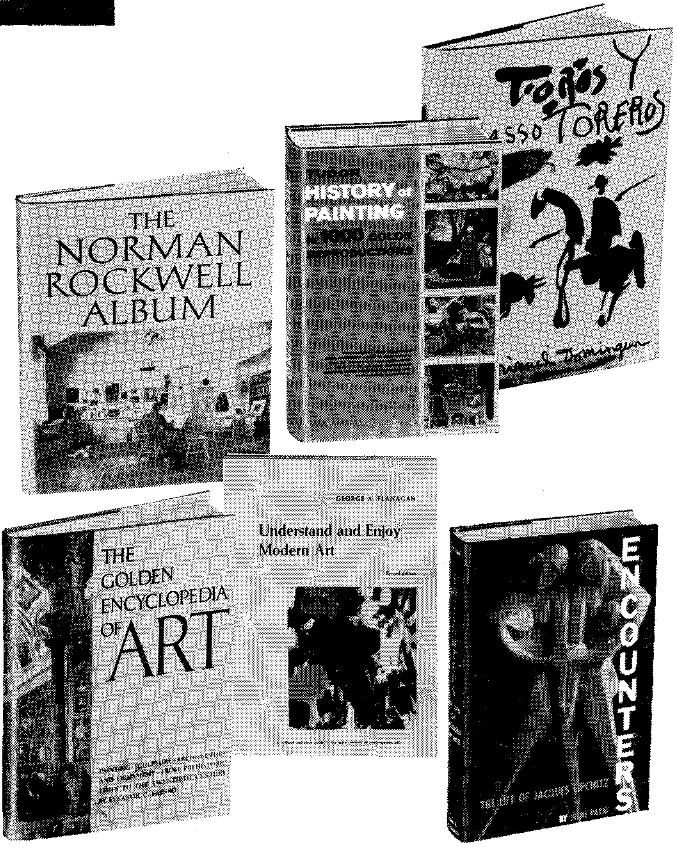
ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

JOE LONG

FOR AESTHETIC TASTES



NEW DIMENSIONS IN ART IN SUPERB GIFT BOOKS


Toros y Toreros
TUDOR HISTORY of PAINTING in 1000 COLOR REPRODUCTIONS
THE NORMAN ROCKWELL ALBUM
THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART
GEORGE A. FLANAGAN
Understand and Enjoy Modern Art
ENCOUNTERS
THE LIFE OF JACQUES LIPCHITZ

THE NORMAN ROCKWELL ALBUM
40 years of the best of Rockwell, in full-page, full-color reproductions of his *Saturday Evening Post* covers, paintings, sketches. Doubleday. After Christmas $20. Now $14.50. Boxed edition: After Christmas $25. Now $19.50

THE TUDOR HISTORY OF PAINTING IN 1000 COLOR REPRODUCTIONS
Ed.: *Robert Maillard*. Glorious panorama of 20,000 years of Western painting, illus. with 1000 masterpieces, all in full color. Text by 12 scholars. Tudor. After Christmas $10. Now $8.50

PICASSO: BULLS AND BULLFIGHTERS
Luis Miguel Dominguin & Georges Boudaille. The master's latest period . . . in 136 magnificent drawings, incl. 32 in full color. Intimate comments on bullfighting, Picasso, art. Collector's item. Abrams. $25.

THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART
Eleanor C. Munro. From prehistoric times to the 20th century . . . 600 illus., (over 300 in full color), plus encyclopedic section of terms, biographies. Golden. $15. First Ed. $12.95

UNDERSTAND AND ENJOY MODERN ART
George A. Flanagan. New, enlarged, sumptuous edition of the big seller which brought understanding to thousands. Replete with over 100 drawings, photos, color plates. 7½ x 10". Crowell. $7.95

ENCOUNTERS: The Life of Jacques Lipchitz
Irene Patai. Remarkable recreation of the many worlds and ideas of the great master of sculpture . . . his political, economic and artistic struggles. 448 pps., 32 pps. photos. Funk & Wagnalls. $6.50

Picassos Picassos
THE ARTS OF ASSYRIA
SUMER THE DAWN OF ART
The DEDINI gallery
Winslow Homer
The Strange Life of Objects
MAURICE RHEIMS
Eliot Elisofon

PICASSO'S PICASSOS: The Treasure of La Californie
David Douglas Duncan. From Picasso's own collection . . . 101 paintings never before shown . . . in full color; 536 in black & white; full commentary. Slip-case. Harper. After Christmas $30. Now $24.95

The Arts of Mankind Series
First 2 vols. of a new, distinguished series, prepared by experts, each with over 500 stunning illus., many full color. Golden. **I: SUMER: THE DAWN OF ART.** $20.; **II: THE ARTS OF ASSYRIA.** $25.

THE DEDINI GALLERY
Eldon Dedini. Over 200 caricatures and cartoons, highlighted by sly spoofs on famous paintings. By one whose wit and style have won him an enthusiastic following in *The New Yorker* and other magazines. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95

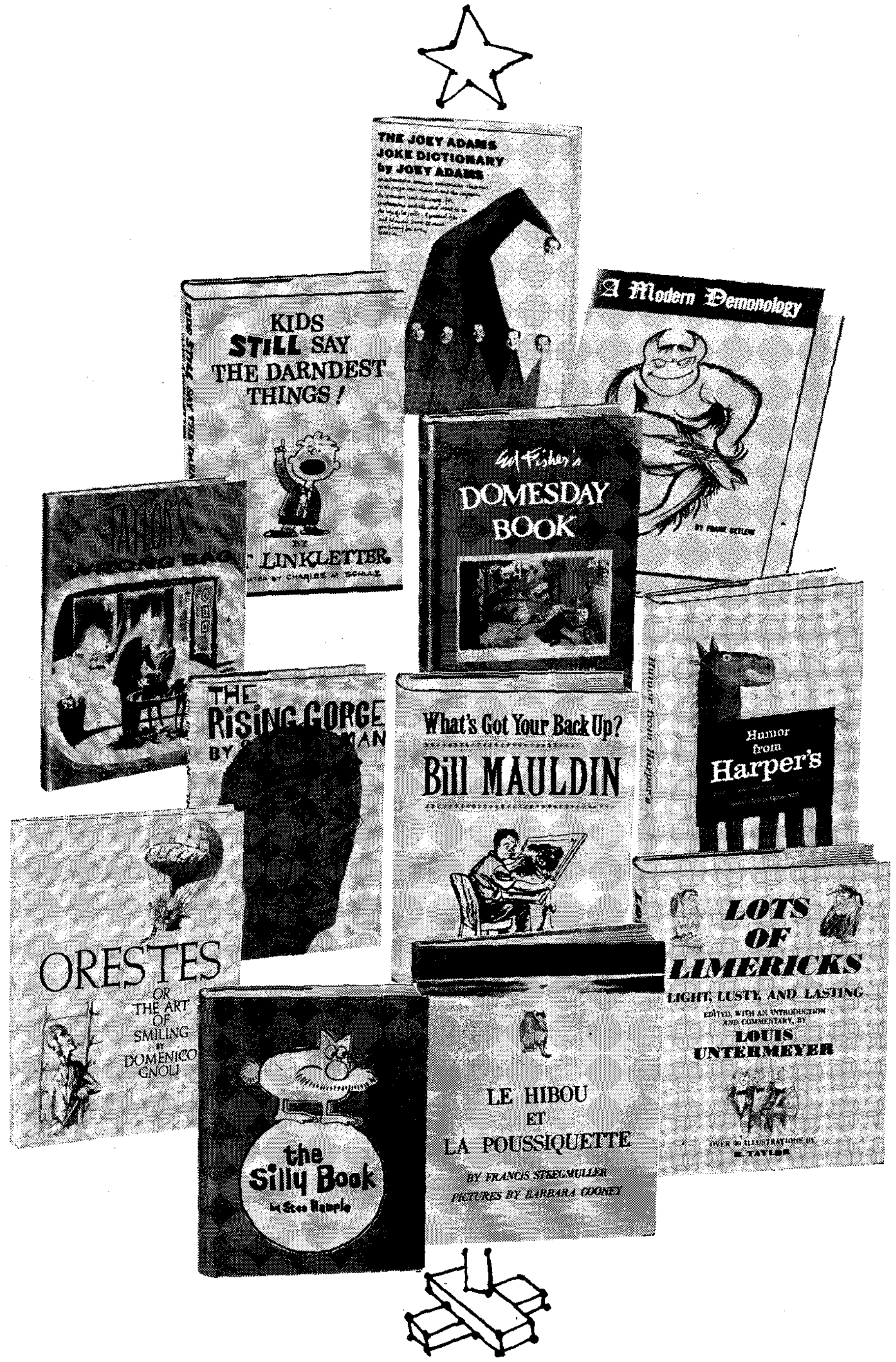
WINSLOW HOMER, AMERICAN ARTIST: His World and His Work
Albert Ten Eyck Gardner. Over 230 illus., 36 in full color, text, reveal how his genius flowered and why the shy Yankee remains perennially vital, modern. Clarkson N. Potter. After Christmas $25. Now $19.95

THE STRANGE LIFE OF OBJECTS: 35 Centuries of Art Collecting and Collectors
Maurice Rheims. Witty look at art . . . its fashions, foibles, dealers, values, symbols in many societies. Illus. Atheneum. $6.95

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY
Eliot Elisofon. Top-flight LIFE photographer's own secrets of color control, superb pictures. Comments on great photographers, anecdotes on assignments, 80 magnificent color pps. 9 x 12". Viking. $10.

Order now! Prices subject to change without notice!

Doubleday Book Shops America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops · Where Artistic Interests Meet.


THE JOEY ADAMS JOKE DICTIONARY by JOEY ADAMS
KIDS STILL SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS! BY LINKLETTER
A Modern Demonology
Ed Fisher's DOMESDAY BOOK
TAYLOR'S WRONG BAG
THE RISING GORGE BY
What's Got Your Back Up? Bill MAULDIN
Humor from Harper's
LOTS OF LIMERICKS LIGHT, LUSTY, AND LASTING EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND COMMENTARY, BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER
ORESTES OR THE ART OF SMILING BY DOMENICO GNOLI
the Silly Book by Stoo Hample
LE HIBOU ET LA POUSSIQUETTE BY FRANCIS STEEGMULLER PICTURES BY BARBARA COONEY

HOW TO GRAPH LAUGHS

ADD THESE 12 HUMOR HITS TO YOUR GIFT LIST

THE JOEY ADAMS JOKE DICTIONARY
Entertaining, authoritative thesaurus for all who want to be the life of the party. By the president of American Guild of Variety Artists, author of bestselling books on humor. Citadel. $4.95

KIDS STILL SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS!
Art Linkletter. Hilarious sequel to his best-seller, *Kids Say the Darndest Things*, with illus. by Charles M. Schulz, creator of "Peanuts". Fun for all. Bernard Geis. $2.95

A MODERN DEMONOLOGY
Frank Getlein. Perceptive, witty exposé, with 85 Robert Osborn. illus. of demons who lurk in our schoolrooms, churches, studios, under the marriage bed. Clarkson N. Potter. $5.

R. TAYLOR'S WRONG BAG
Saucer-eyed dames, sugar daddies and other Taylor people. A bonanza collection of almost 100 cartoons, all from *The New Yorker*. Simon & Schuster. $3.95

ED FISHER'S DOMESDAY BOOK: More Cartoons-of-the-Realm
300 of Fisher's inimitable cartoon comments on the foibles of humanity, past, present, future. Witty expose of man's big and little problems. St. Martin's. $3.95

ORESTES, OR THE ART OF SMILING
Enchanting, sophisticated fantasy about a melancholy prince. Story and pictures by Domenico Gnoli. Produced in Italy. An irresistible gift. Simon & Schuster. $6.95

THE RISING GORGE
S. J. Perelman. The first new Perelman collection since *The Road to Miltown*: 27 superlatively funny pieces never before in book form. Simon & Schuster. $4.50

WHAT'S GOT YOUR BACK UP?
Bill Mauldin. A selection of the best cartoons, by the creator of G. I.s Willie and Joe, as done for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* which won him a Pulitzer Prize. More than 160 cartoons. Harper. $3.95

HUMOR FROM HARPER'S
Ed.: *John Fischer & Lucy Donaldson.* Intro.: *Ogden Nash.* From Mark Twain to Jean Kerr . . . delightful articles and stories by favorite writers in a prize collection from a great magazine. Harper. After Christmas $4.95. Now $4.50

THE SILLY BOOK
Stoo Hample. Silly stories, silly songs, silly pictures, silly history, silly things to do, even silly nothings. Silly-wonderful gift for all ages. Harper. $1.50

LE HIBOU ET LA POUSSIQUETTE
Francis Steegmuller; illus.: *Barbara Cooney.* Paralleling in a grander Gallic way Lear's "The Owl and the Pussycat", the words and nonsense, like the drawings, in irresistible French translation. Little, Brown. $2.95

LOTS OF LIMERICKS
Ed., intro.: *Louis Untermeyer.* 90 R. Taylor illus. Over 250 famous and infamous limericks —light, lusty, lasting—from that famous author Anonymous to such limerick masters as Edward Lear. Doubleday. $2.75

Doubleday Book Shops New York · Manhasset · Garden City · Westchester · West Hartford · Bala-Cynwyd · Hanover, Pa. · Baltimore · Detroit · Grosse Pointe

HOW TO MEASURE PLEASURE

Give the very fiction delights YOU'D WANT YOURSELF

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS
Carson McCullers. New hit novel by one of America's great writers plunges to the quick of life. "It is about response and responsibility – of man toward his own livingness," says the author. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

DAUGHTER OF SILENCE
Morris L. West. Novel of power and distinction by the author of *The Devil's Advocate.* Mr. West's characters are as complex and vital as life, his plot gripping, theme highly significant. Morrow. $3.95

ASSEMBLY
John O'Hara. 24 new stories and 2 short novels in this new big volume represent many of the best stories O'Hara has written. Foreword by the author. Random House. $5.95

A NEW LIFE
Bernard Malamud. Big new novel by author of National Book Award Winner, *The Magic Barrel.* Story of a young man with a burdensome past who comes from New York to the Pacific Northwest to find a new life. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95

DUCK LANE
Hermann Field & Stanislaw Mierzenski. Fast-paced tale of love, hate, ambition, and retribution intensified by the cause of war. Story of German occupation of a small lane in a Warsaw suburb by authors of *Angry Harvest.* Crowell. $5.

GILT-EDGED BONDS
Ian Fleming. Over 2 million of Fleming's books have been sold throughout the world. Now, in one volume, 3 of his best thrillers: **Casino Royale, From Russia, with Love** and **Doctor No.** Macmillan. $4.95

HOLY WEEK
Louis Aragon. Transl.: Haakon Chevalier. Sweeping, panoramic novel in the tradition of *War and Peace,* about the 7 days in 1815 when Napoleon and his supporters moved through France like a menacing cloud. Putnam. $5.75

ILONA
Hans Habe. Richly romantic best-seller in great storytelling tradition of three generations of beautiful, magnetic women, spanning life and events from the Vienna of Franz Joseph to now. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95

THE WHITE RAJAH
Nicholas Monsarrat. Richly textured historical novel—already sold to motion pictures—of an adventuresome Englishman who came to power in an Asiatic kingdom. By the author of *The Cruel Sea, The Nylon Pirates.* Sloane. $4.95

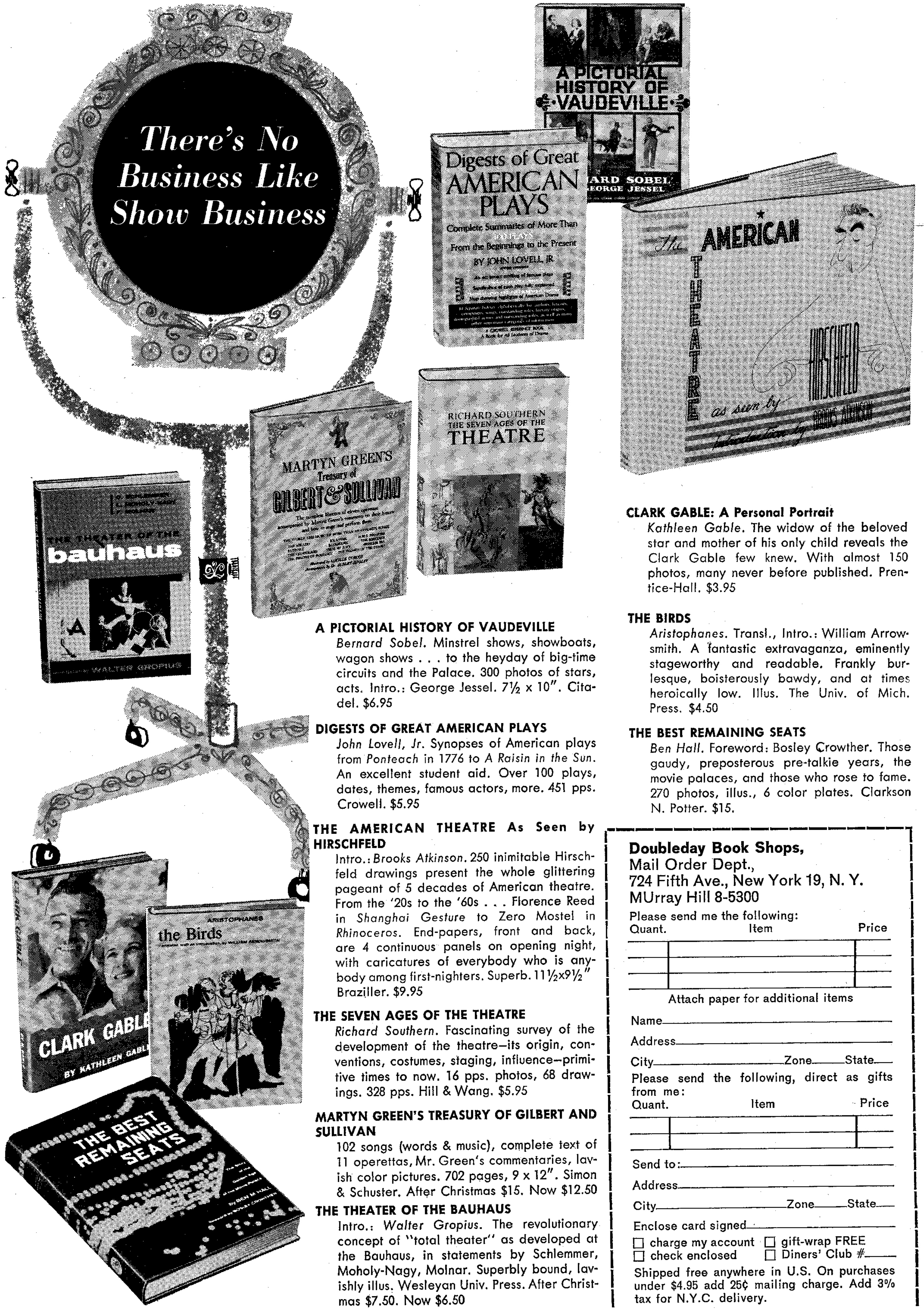
SCARRED
Bruce Lowery. A gripping story of a teen-age boy's savage thrust into adolescence. Awarded the *Prix Rivarol* in France and acclaimed in England as "profoundly moving and beautifully written" Vanguard. $3.75

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTACY
Irving Stone. Best-selling novel about Michelangelo's life—set against the background of Florence, Rome and 16th century Italy, probably the most colorful era in history. Doubleday. $5.95

THE EXECUTIONER
Pierre Boulle. Brilliant novel by author of *The Bridge Over the River Kwai.* The dilemma of a Chinese youth on inheriting the ancestral Executioner's sword and the duty implicit in it: to kill. Suspenseful. Vanguard. $3.95

THE EXECUTIONER BY PIERRE BOULLE
Clock WITHOUT Hands
A NOVEL BY Carson McCullers
DAUGHTER OF SILENCE
MORRIS L. WEST
THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE
THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY
IRVING STONE
ASSEMBLY
A COLLECTION OF 26 NEW STORIES BY
JOHN O'HARA
A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK
A New Life
Bernard Malamud
SCARRED
THE WHITE RAJAH
NICHOLAS MONSARRAT
DUCK LANE
by Hermann Field and Stanislaw Mierzenski
Holy Week
ILONA
HANS HABE
GILT-EDGED BONDS
IAN FLEMING

Birmingham, Mich. · Toledo · St. Louis · Clayton, Mo. · Miami Beach · Palm Beach · New Orleans · Boston: The Old Corner Book Store · Washington: Ballantyne's Book Store


There's No Business Like Show Business
A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF VAUDEVILLE
ARD SOBEL
EORGE JESSEL
Digests of Great AMERICAN PLAYS
Complete Summaries of More Than
From the Beginnings to the Present
BY JOHN LOVELL, JR.
The AMERICAN THEATRE as seen by HIRSCHFELD
Introduction by BROOKS ATKINSON
MARTYN GREEN'S Treasury of GILBERT & SULLIVAN
RICHARD SOUTHERN
THE SEVEN AGES OF THE THEATRE
THE THEATER OF THE bauhaus
WALTER GROPIUS
CLARK GABLE
BY KATHLEEN GABLE
ARISTOPHANES
the Birds
THE BEST REMAINING SEATS

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF VAUDEVILLE
Bernard Sobel. Minstrel shows, showboats, wagon shows . . . to the heyday of big-time circuits and the Palace. 300 photos of stars, acts. Intro.: George Jessel. 7½ x 10". Citadel. $6.95

DIGESTS OF GREAT AMERICAN PLAYS
John Lovell, Jr. Synopses of American plays from *Ponteach* in 1776 to *A Raisin in the Sun.* An excellent student aid. Over 100 plays, dates, themes, famous actors, more. 451 pps. Crowell. $5.95

THE AMERICAN THEATRE As Seen by HIRSCHFELD
Intro.: *Brooks Atkinson.* 250 inimitable Hirschfeld drawings present the whole glittering pageant of 5 decades of American theatre. From the '20s to the '60s . . . Florence Reed in *Shanghai Gesture* to Zero Mostel in *Rhinoceros.* End-papers, front and back, are 4 continuous panels on opening night, with caricatures of everybody who is anybody among first-nighters. Superb. 11½x9½" Braziller. $9.95

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE THEATRE
Richard Southern. Fascinating survey of the development of the theatre—its origin, conventions, costumes, staging, influence—primitive times to now. 16 pps. photos, 68 drawings. 328 pps. Hill & Wang. $5.95

MARTYN GREEN'S TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
102 songs (words & music), complete text of 11 operettas, Mr. Green's commentaries, lavish color pictures. 702 pages, 9 x 12". Simon & Schuster. After Christmas $15. Now $12.50

THE THEATER OF THE BAUHAUS
Intro.: *Walter Gropius.* The revolutionary concept of "total theater" as developed at the Bauhaus, in statements by Schlemmer, Moholy-Nagy, Molnar. Superbly bound, lavishly illus. Wesleyan Univ. Press. After Christmas $7.50. Now $6.50

CLARK GABLE: A Personal Portrait
Kathleen Gable. The widow of the beloved star and mother of his only child reveals the Clark Gable few knew. With almost 150 photos, many never before published. Prentice-Hall. $3.95

THE BIRDS
Aristophanes. Transl., Intro.: William Arrowsmith. A fantastic extravaganza, eminently stageworthy and readable. Frankly burlesque, boisterously bawdy, and at times heroically low. Illus. The Univ. of Mich. Press. $4.50

THE BEST REMAINING SEATS
Ben Hall. Foreword: Bosley Crowther. Those gaudy, preposterous pre-talkie years, the movie palaces, and those who rose to fame. 270 photos, illus., 6 color plates. Clarkson N. Potter. $15.

Doubleday Book Shops,
Mail Order Dept.,
724 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 8-5300

Please send me the following:

Quant.	Item	Price

Attach paper for additional items

Name________________
Address________________
City________ Zone____ State____

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

Quant.	Item	Price

Send to:________________
Address________________
City________ Zone____ State____
Enclose card signed________________

☐ charge my account ☐ gift-wrap FREE
☐ check enclosed ☐ Diners' Club #____

Shipped free anywhere in U.S. On purchases under $4.95 add 25¢ mailing charge. Add 3% tax for N.Y.C. delivery.

Doubleday Book Shops America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops · Where Artistic Interests Meet.

Where there's drama... there's Barwick nylon

For the most dramatic reflection of your personality . . . for the star role in any setting . . . for your long, long lasting pride and joy . . . lush, plush, enduring and alluring nylon carpet by Barwick. In an endless choice of radiant colors . . . wide variety of heat-set permanent textures . . . made of 100% nylon with the highest crush recovery and longest wearing record of any fiber yet used underfoot (*proved in over a thousand torture tests*). Outwears comparably priced wool carpet three to five times . . . all this, *and* a magic resistance to soil and stain, a quick sponge-away of spots and spills. Only $7.95 to $24.95 a square yard at better stores everywhere.

E T Barwick mills, inc.

CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA

World's largest maker of tufted carpets and rugs

Dear "Dacron,"® you're what we love about dreamwear
POLYESTER FIBER

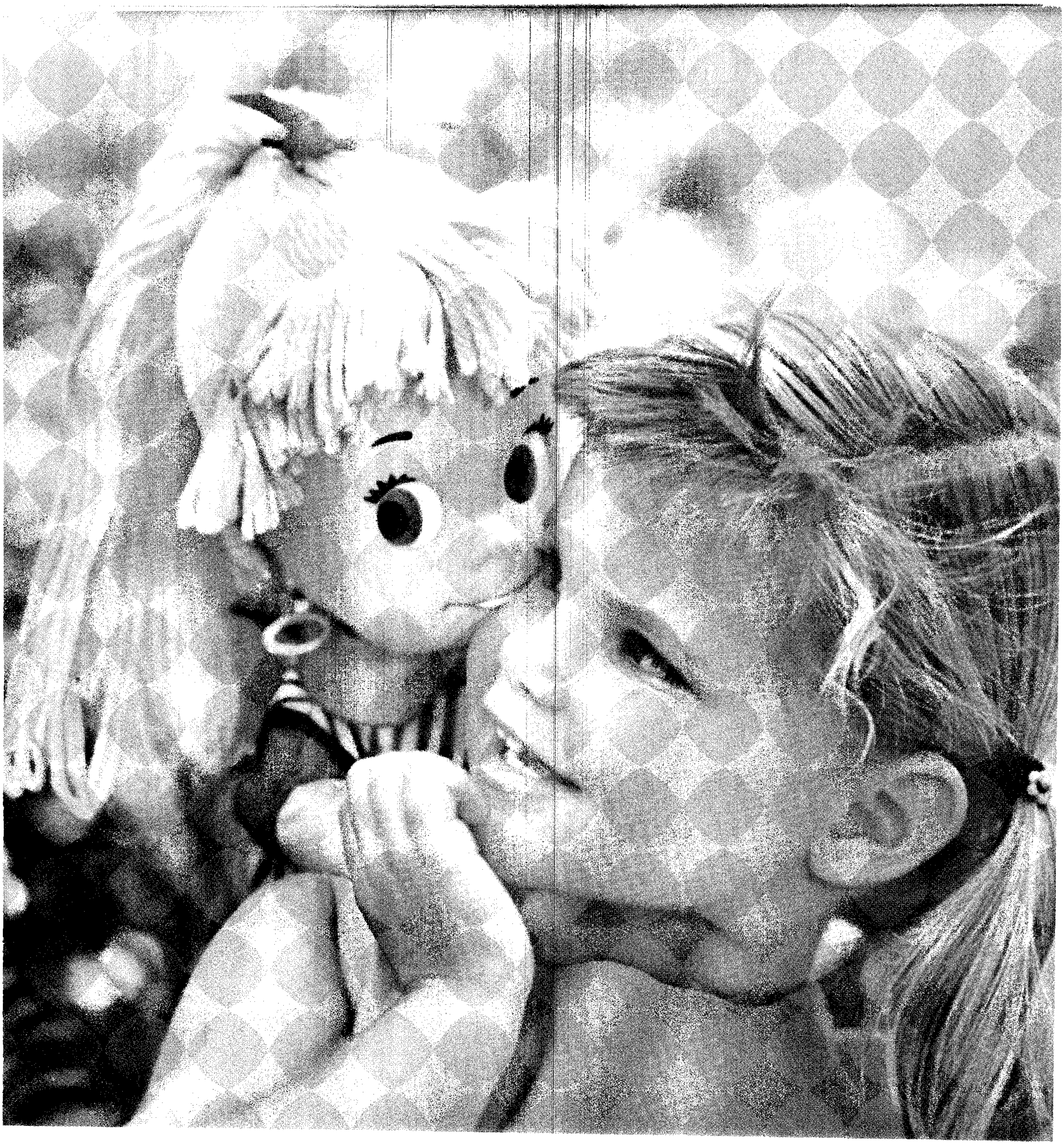
You're fresh, you're fair... you're wash and wear!

JULI OF SLUMBERTOGS loves you, too... so much so, she's chosen batiste of **75% "Dacron"* polyester and 25% rayon** in double helpings—one for mother, the other for daughter. "Dacron" makes these sleep-mates feel so soft, look so luxurious, live so dreamily. Wash and wear? Automatically. No wonder, dear "Dacron", you're what we love about dreamwear! White with pink or aqua ribbon trim. Pajamas or gown: Girls 3-14, about $9. Juniors 7-15 and Misses 32-38, about $11. Cap (adjustable), about $3. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR FASHIONS SHOWN.



"I love you, too."

SISTER BELLE says "I love you"...or any of ten other phrases when you pull a little ring. She is just one of the creative, imaginative products made by Mattel Toymakers. If your child should see a Mattel toy on one of our television programs, and ask for that toy, you can be confident of thoughtful originality and unfailing quality. That quality is important to children... and to us. Because ours is a most rewarding business. We make children happy.

MATTEL INC. TOYMAKERS ®

© 1961 MATTEL, INC. For a free color print of this photograph (without advertising message), please write to Mattel, Inc., P.O. Box 621, Dept. AD, Hawthorne, California.

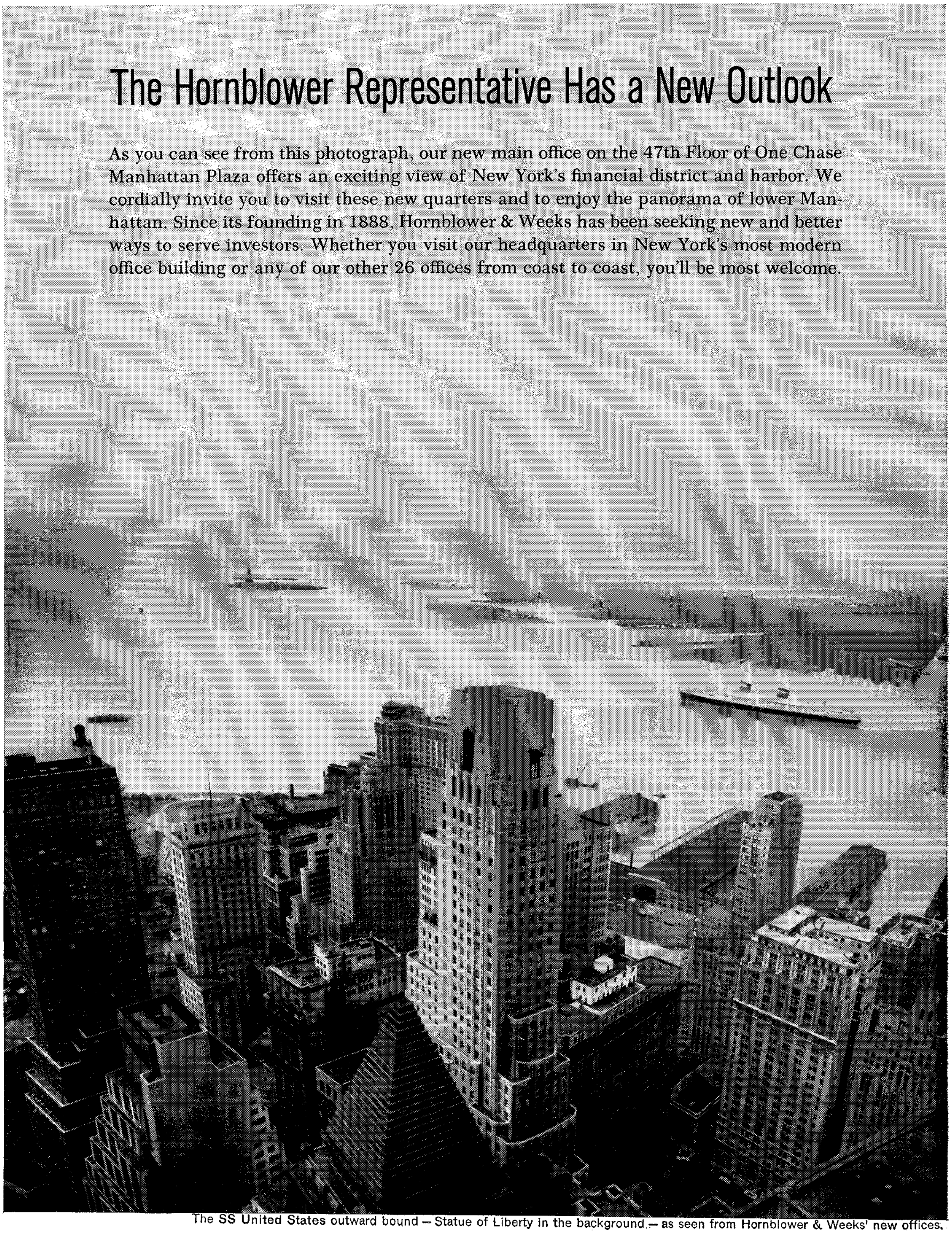
How to build an image

One of the most fashionable words in contemporary life is the simple noun "image." Everybody has one—men, nations, corporations. The wise man acts accordingly. To unimpeachable personal behavior and gentlemanly charm, he adds a neat, handsome and correct outward appearance by Hart Schaffner & Marx. With fine fabrics, meticulous tailoring, impeccable styling, Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes the outer man, delights the inner man. We've been doing this for three generations now. So successfully, in fact, that our own famous Trumpeter can match his "image" against the finest labels in the world.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

The Hornblower Representative Has a New Outlook

As you can see from this photograph, our new main office on the 47th Floor of One Chase Manhattan Plaza offers an exciting view of New York's financial district and harbor. We cordially invite you to visit these new quarters and to enjoy the panorama of lower Manhattan. Since its founding in 1888, Hornblower & Weeks has been seeking new and better ways to serve investors. Whether you visit our headquarters in New York's most modern office building or any of our other 26 offices from coast to coast, you'll be most welcome.



The SS United States outward bound – Statue of Liberty in the background – as seen from Hornblower & Weeks' new offices.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS
Members New York Stock Exchange and other Principal Stock Exchanges

One Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York 5, N. Y.
Telephone: DIgby 4-6600

The Hornblower Representative is ready to help you

H&W
EST. 1888

Germaine Monteil

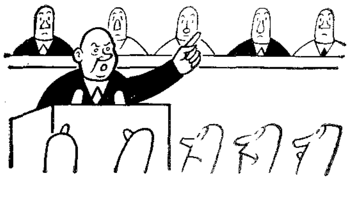
on smart lips everywhere—because it is the best!

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LONG contemplation of the photographs issuing from the Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party has led us to this thought: Men live by what bores them. The willingness—nay, the eagerness, the downright lust—to be bored is the mark of the committed man. More awesome than megatons are the megahours that these Red faithful have spent listening to repetitious, anfractuous, and opaque harangues. What steadfastness is expressed by those glazed and unsmiling expressions that the magic of Radiophoto has transmitted to us! What ardor must be expended by (say) the delegate from Chelyabinsk in maintaining the sedentary position as Comrade Khrushchev triumphantly turns the corner of the fourth hour of his speech and hoarsely heads into the fifth! The small of the back aches, the ears itch, the ankles have ceased to report any feeling whatever, but the Comrade from Chelyabinsk sits on, patting his hands together now and then to reassure himself that he is alive. It is a spectacle to make free men stop and ponder.



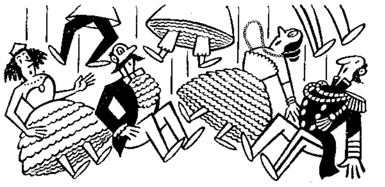
Where can we boast of comparable feats? One thinks nostalgically of the marathon sermons of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, of the Fourth of July speeches delivered to stultified crowds in Indiana cemeteries. Surely there is something effete and untrustworthy in today's compact, delightfully witty sermons and crisp, no-nonsense political addresses. A man afraid to be boring is a man of shallow convictions. Oh, bring back the splendid, stupefying thunder of old!

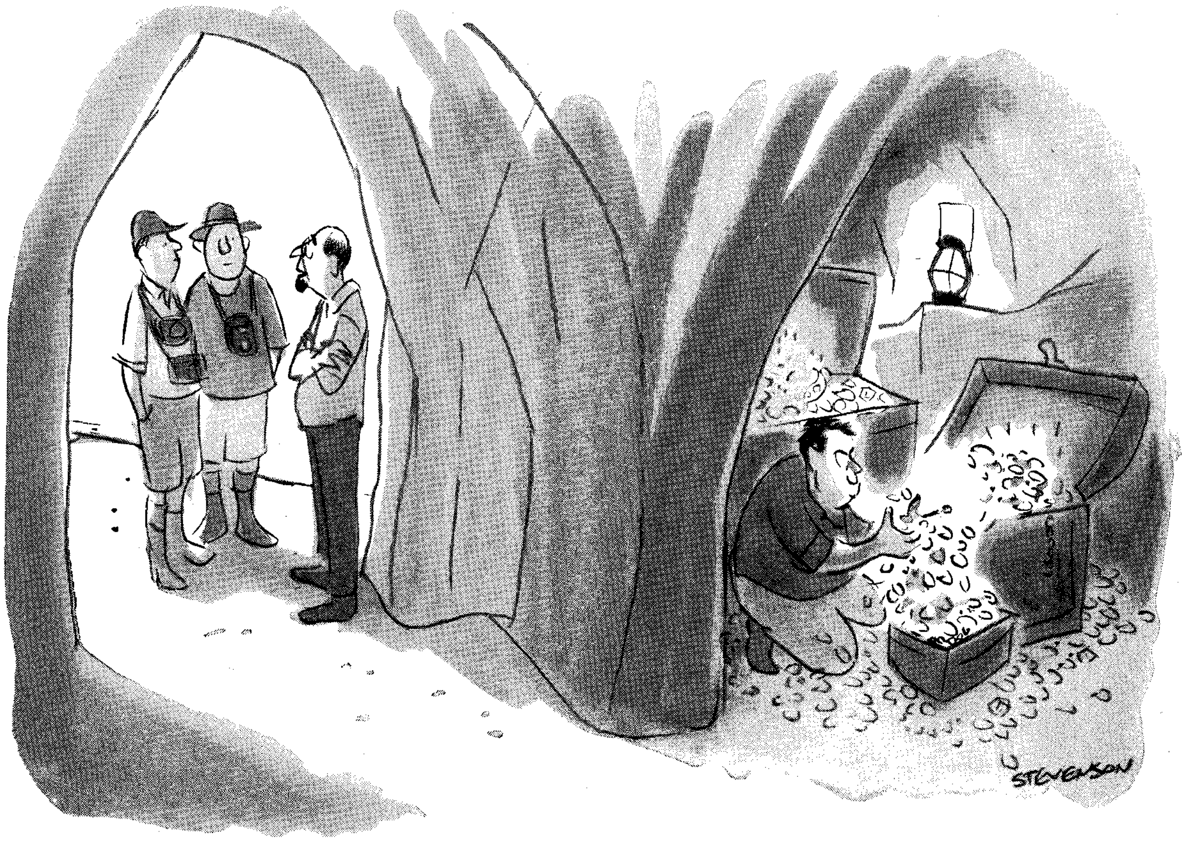
And yet there *are* places in this nation, and in this very city, where we have seen men sit for hours in a trance of ennui, where we have seen entire audiences float like inert scum on a sea of words. We have seen hotel ballrooms stuffed with business suits held at attention while remote, almost allegorical figures on a podium droned on and on about "The Application of 2,4-D to Chrysanthemums in Wet Seasons," "Left-Handed Elbow Joints in Municipal Drainage," "The Use of Oblong Ball Bearings in Missile Guidance Systems," or "Multicolor Graph Reproduction Relative to Mutual Fund Quarterly Investor Reports." We have seen—and it can be seen every day in this city—thousands of adult American citizens assembled for week-long sessions of hearing either what they already knew or what they would never need to know. The bottomless conference-attending capacity demonstrated by the chemical engineers, stockbrokers, and agricultural experts of our nation should give us all heart. And a word should be said for their gallant wives, who, confronted with a choice between a six-hundred-page novel about multiple infidelity and an eight-hundred-page nóvel on the same subject, will unflinchingly reach for the latter. And what of those millions of hardy children who daily endure seven consecutive TV Westerns, and those heroic adolescents who shuffle for hours to rock-'n'-roll melodies that not only are identical one with another but consist, in every case, of a relentless repetition of the same musical phrase? A people so conditioned need not doubt its fitness to outsit the Soviets at any conference table.

AND, speaking of the international competition, our scattering of three hundred and fifty million tiny copper needles twenty-one hundred miles above the earth puts us, beyond cavil, first in the space-pollution race. Not that there was much anxiety about this particular contest; in the creation and distribution of junk there has never been a nation to touch us. The Russians may have been the first to place a man among the stars, but we will certainly be the first to orbit a used-car dump.

Reminiscent

WE went to the New York Ball, held last week in honor of another ball, itself held a hundred and one years ago in honor of the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. The Prince of Wales Ball, with Peter Cooper and Hamilton Fish on the committee, was quite a bash in any man's book. Over three thousand people attended—too many, in fact, since a portion of the floor of the Academy of Music, where the ball was held, caved in, taking some two hundred diamond-studded dancers with it, including the Governor of New York, Mr. Edwin D. Morgan. No such mishap livened up last week's ball, but it was a corker just the same. While the committee, of course, couldn't boast a Peter Cooper, it had aboard a Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., and, for good measure, a Mr. Alexander Hamilton. In other respects, though, the ball reflected the lapse of a hundred years. To begin with, there was no royalty. Princess Margaret couldn't come, and Princess Alexandra—another happy thought of the committee's—was going to Hong Kong. And whereas the City of New York lavished seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the Prince during his three-day stay here, the Museum of the City of New York, for whose benefit the ball was held, actually





"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but so far Dr. Ward and I have discovered items of only routine archeological interest. Nothing worth photographing at all."

• •

turned a profit by entertaining his ghost.

The New York Ball was held at the Museum (the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, has long since been replaced by a Con Edison building), and the front door had to be taken out so that the ladies, many of whom came in hoop skirts, could get through. A tree in the Museum's back yard was cut down to make room for a pink-and-white tent—the same color scheme the original ball had. (The tree was moved to the third floor and installed as part of an exhibit.) Even the soap in the washrooms, usually a sickly green, was replaced with oval pink cakes. The pink-and-white dress that a Mrs. Stuyvesant wore to the ball a hundred years ago was displayed on a mannequin under the tree. "Wherever we follow His Royal Highness, we must expect to be tripped up by a garland or stumble against a monstrous vase," the *Herald* reported a century ago, and we incurred a similar risk, for members of the Garden Club of America had turned up earlier in the day and decked the halls in pink and white.

At the door, greeting guests, was Mrs. R. McAneny Loud, who had directed the arrangements for the ball. She was standing inside an enormous pink hoop skirt. "Gertrude Lawrence wore it in 'The King and I,' " she said. "I don't see how she managed. It's too big to fit into a taxi. Even a Cadillac is too small for me." The Museum floor rustled with the delicate sound of whalebone on marble as a bevy of ladies in crinolines crowded into the Museum. It was like being in the midst of a flock of open umbrellas. "Don't step on the back of my dress, Ed," one young lady said to her escort. "Get six steps behind me and stay there." Mrs. Henry Villard, in a more modern dress, walked by, muttering, "We're at Table 41 in the Fire Gallery. Is that good?" Mrs. Loud assured her that it was. A group of six ladies in period French ball gowns flounced in. "Very demimonde," whispered a man nearby.

We climbed to the third-floor gallery, to see how Mrs. Stuyvesant's dress compared with the ones we had just seen, and there, under the tree, we found Mr. Whitney North Seymour, onetime head of the American Bar Association. "Look!" he said. "Here come Adlai Stevenson and the International Set." And there, sure enough, was Mr. Stevenson, sandwiched between the British United Nations Ambassador and his wife, Sir Patrick and Lady Dean, and followed by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, who had just had them all to dinner. Mr. Stevenson climbed into an old carriage and had his picture taken. He entered a nineteenth-century jewelry shop and was photographed again, admiring a gold pocket watch. "I don't know what I'm doing this for," he said. "The photographers tell me to do it, and I do."

We fell in with Mr. Henry Hope Reed, who, on occasion, has taken us on architectural tours of the city, and asked if he would oblige with a tour of the people present. "I think that's a Houghton, and that looks like a Van Rensselaer, and that's a Fish," he said helpfully. "I thought I saw a Harkness downstairs." We thanked him, and spotted, on our own, Mr. James J. Rorimer, director of the Metropolitan Museum, looking vaguely disgruntled at such unseemly goings on in a museum. He was wearing a white waistcoat and a black tie.

The tent out back for dancing was decorated with nineteenth-century advertisements of forty-eight New York firms, all still in existence. Steinway & Sons, we noted, shared an adjacent billboard with Schaefer Beer, just as, a hundred years ago, the firms had shared a stretch of Park Avenue near Fifty-third Street. Tiffany's was pushing a complete line of military uniforms and firearms. The dancers twirled brightly to a waltz played by the red-coated orchestra of Roland Haas, but soon the music stopped, the floor cleared, and a team of costumed dancers, many of them descendants of the original ballgoers, did an Oriental lancers, a polka, and a varsoviana. "They practiced for six weeks up in Steinway Hall," Mr. John Steinway said when they had finished. "The girls rehearsed with hoops over their blue jeans, to get used to them. It's amazing what a hoop will do for a girl."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (ALL'S FAIR DIVISION): The high-school library in Cunningham, Tennessee, contains a volume entitled "The Unbiased History of the War Between the

States, from the Southern Point of View."

Diplomat

COUNTRIES have been entering the United Nations at breathless speed. The Charter was signed by fifty-one nations, and at the last count a hundred and three delegations had been seated in the General Assembly. A year ago, the Assembly opened its doors to seventeen new members, all of them small powers: Cameroun, the Central African Republic, Chad, Congo (Brazzaville), Congo (Léopoldville), Cyprus, Dahomey, Gabon, the Ivory Coast, the Malagasy Republic, Mali, Niger, Nigeria, Senegal, Somalia, Togo, and Upper Volta. This fall, the United Nations welcomed four more little nations: Sierra Leone on September 27th, Syria (for the second time) on October 13th, and Outer Mongolia and Mauritania as recently as October 25th. Kuwait will probably be admitted soon. The other day, we sought out Nepal, both a small power and a latecomer to the world body—but a country that has kept her seat warm in the Assembly for six years and therefore has a good perspective—to find out how one new member was getting on. When we telephoned His Excellency Matrika Prasad Koirala, Nepal's Ambassador to Washington and the head of its delegation to the United Nations, he insisted that we dine with him in his apartment, on East Thirty-ninth Street, explaining that, as a Nepalese, he wouldn't think it hospitable to receive us at his Mission.

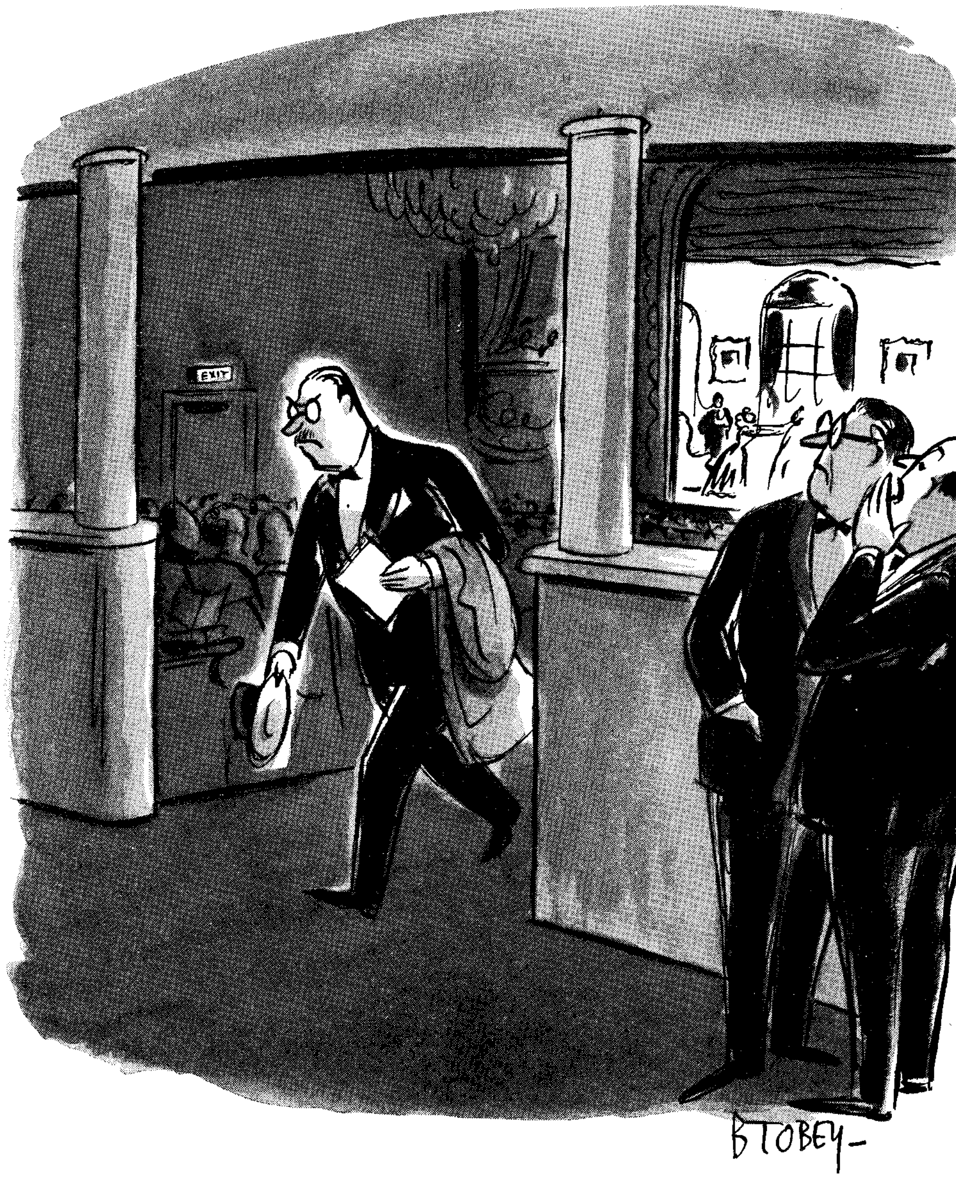
Upon our arrival, Ambassador Koirala opened the door of his flat himself and motioned us to a deep chair in his living room, and his wife—a short, plump lady in a red-and-white sari, who had her very dark hair in a bun—into the kitchen. Sitting down beside us, he lit a cigarette and blew smoke nervously. Mr. Koirala, who is forty-nine, is a dark man of medium height, and at the time of our meeting was wearing a navy-blue suit and navy-blue tie. Both his ears are noticeably pierced, Hindu fashion. The neutral green carpet, the almost pictureless walls, a small bare dining table, a couple of old convertible sofas, an odd reclining wooden chair, and a few shelves of somewhat tattered books with Oriental lettering gave the room an other-side-of-Suez, homespun look. "Those books belong to my Lebanese sub-lessor," Mr. Koirala said, following our glance. "I don't even know what many of them are." He chuckled, wafting some smoke our way. "I have a more congenial establishment in Washington, where my Embassy provides me with a modest, middle-class, five-bedroom house. The States are so expensive; just to walk a step costs a dollar. And I may tell you my country cannot support big houses and large staffs. We have only one First Secretary and an American girl in New York, and two Second Secretaries, a chancery assistant, and an American social secretary in Washington. This apartment has only two rooms. When Savita and Kavita are here, they have to sleep on these sofas."

"Who are Savita and Kavita?" we asked.

"Oh, haven't I told you? They are my daughters," he said, and went on, with the pride of a parent, to tell us that he has seven children. His sons are Bimal, twenty-five; Kamal, twenty-three; Ajay, fourteen; Vijay, nine; and Sunjay, four. Savita is nineteen, and Kavita is sixteen. "In the East, man and family are one," he said, "and therefore you ought to know that Bimal is teaching in Nepal, Kamal is doing postgraduate work in India, and the rest of my children are with me in Washington. Savita is studying French before entering college, Kavita is going to a school for commercial artists, Ajay and Vijay are attending a local school, and the little one is—well, making himself happy with his illiteracy. Will you be able to remember all that?"

We said we would try to.

"The trouble with Americans is that they accept everyone at face value," he continued. " 'Nepalese Ambassador?' they say. 'Well, he's a *Nepalese Ambassador*.' They overlook all the history that resides in my hair. They don't care, for example, that 'Koirala' is the name of the flower that Indians call Kachnar, whose botanical name is *Bauhinia purpurea*. They don't want to know about my distant origins, without which



"With him you never can tell. He left 'My Fair Lady' looking like that."

I cannot make any sense to anyone. They must be told that I am a Brahman; that I belong to the Yajurvedic School (that is, the scholastic Aryan community of a few thousand years ago); that I descend from the Shukla, or white, branch, rather than from the Krishna, or dark, branch, of the Yajurveda; and that my family can be traced back to one of the five northern Brahman groups, together called the Gauras—Saraswata, Kanyakubja, Gaur, Maithil, and Utkal, who got their names from the geographical sites of their settlements in India. I am not sure about the names of the five corresponding divisions of Dravidian Brahmans, but you can check on them, though you don't have to know about them in order to know about me. Can you remember all I've told you?"

We said we would try to.

"Now, my family fled from the Muslim invaders of India in the eleventh century and took refuge in Nepal, the lap of the Himalayas," he resumed, wafting away some more smoke. "What happened to them during all the vicissitudes of Nepalese history—the fourteen quarrelling kingdoms of the seventeenth century, the forced unity under the dynasty of Shahs of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the undercutting of this long line of kings by the terrible Ranas, who belonged to the warrior, or second, caste, and who ruled Nepal until my revolution—well, I don't know. But this much I can tell you. For the last two generations, my family has been politically very active and has been the leader of the social revolution and reforms. If the Americans don't know this much about me, how will they know what am I, who am I, what are the goals of my country? How can they know any of that?"

"They won't know any of that," we said.

A little hesitantly, he said, "Americans have to be told also—yes, they have to know—how my father and I suffered under the Ranas, those overbearing aristocrats. As commoners, we couldn't whitewash our houses, we couldn't have any windows facing their houses, we couldn't use the road in front of what is now the Secretariat, and if we were riding a horse or a vehicle, as soon as we spied a Rana we had to dismount and salute servilely."

The Ambassador went on to say that when he was eight years old, his father, Krishna Prasad Koirala, was declared *persona non grata* by the then Prime Minister, Chandra Shamsher, and the family chose exile in India, where Matrika received most of his education, in non-British national schools. He grew up to be a political agitator, but his great chance to upset the century-old applecart of the Ranas did not come until 1950. "They were exciting days, and I think the Americans who still remember their Founding Fathers do take an interest in the revolutionary part of my life," he said. "Our first battle was in the town of Birganj. With firecrackers and three hundred guns we defeated a much superior force of the Ranas, because when I flew over the battlefield, in a DC-3, to try to discover whether we had captured the town, the enemy army—who actually had most of my men in their prisons by that time—thought they were going to be bombed by a fleet of planes, and immediately surrendered. The whole thing was a hoax, but a pleasant hoax for us, because we took possession of thirty-five lakhs—that is, thirty-five hundred thousand—of rupees, in *hard* Indian currency. I filled my plane with the booty and headed straight for India. The money was impounded, but was returned to the Nepalese government after the monarchy was restored. A couple of battles after Birganj, we installed King Tribhurana Bir Bikram on his throne—a hundred years after the Shah dynasty was unlawfully rendered powerless. I served as King Tribhurana's Prime Minister twice, for a total of thirty-one months, and put through some land and electoral reforms, but then my half brother, B. P. Koirala, who is more radical than I—I am usually known as an evolutionary revolutionary, he as a revolutionary evolutionary—started stirring up trouble. Wisely, the King at once dissolved the Parliament, clamped my half brother into detention, and assumed dictatorial powers. After all, besides all our domestic troubles, wasn't China looking over our borders greedily? The King packed me off to America for a three-year appointment. His parting words were 'Matrika, we shall not forget you.' I certainly hope I am not forgotten, for I long to return to my own country to develop the art of politics."

1780
REAL ESTATE

Mrs. Koirala coughed repeatedly in the kitchen.

The Ambassador exchanged some words with her in Nepalese. "Dinner is ready," he said to us, in English. "In New York, I usually entertain in restaurants, like the Peking or the U.N. dining hall. But I thought today I would serve you at home. We commonly eat on the floor, but if you like, you can sit in a chair."

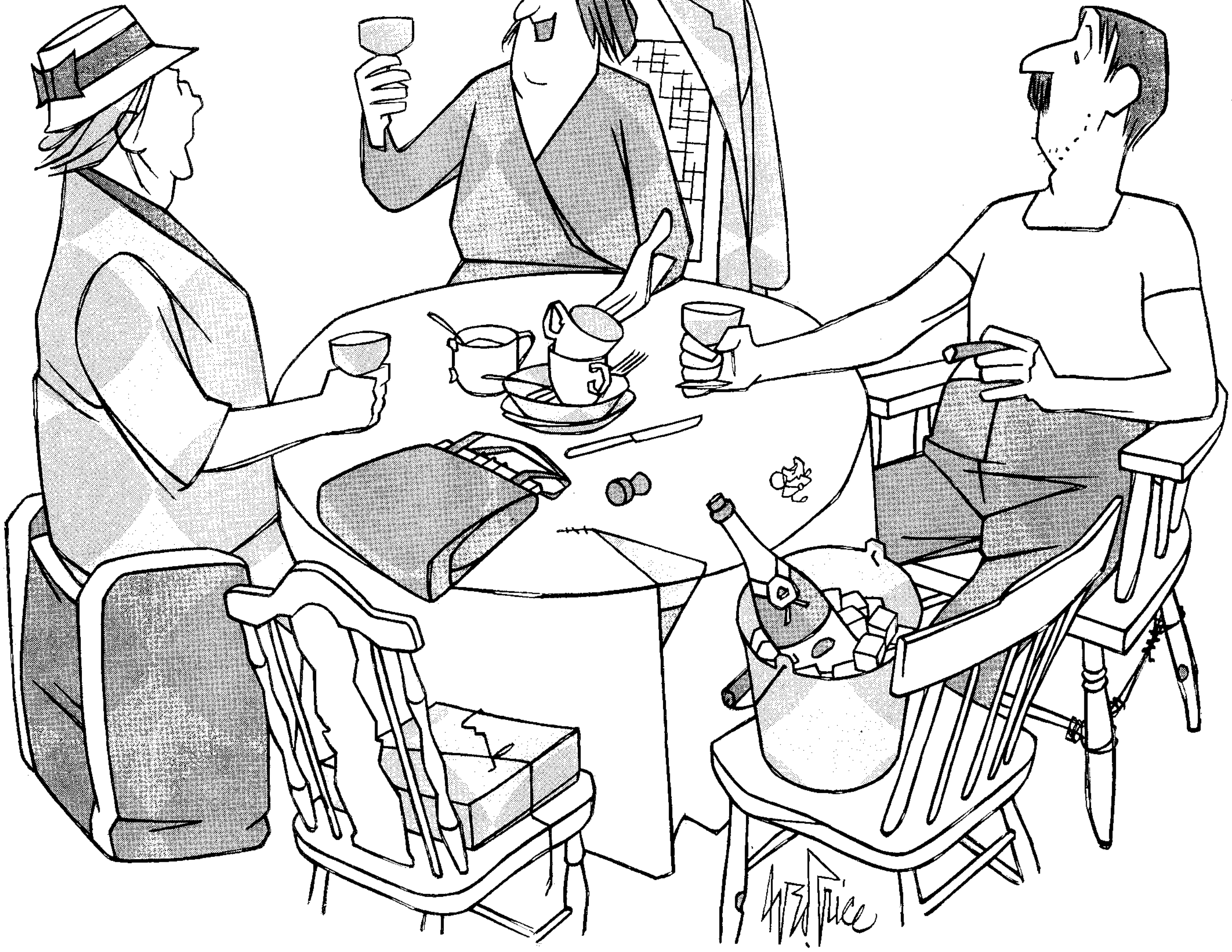
Mrs. Koirala coughed some more, and the Ambassador and his wife talked some more in Nepalese. "Oh, I feel I have been very inhospitable," he said, switching back to English. "I didn't offer you a drink. But I forget. I am a *dry* man."

◆

OVERHEARD at the Princeton Junction railroad station: "My God! Even Colonel Grover's golden retriever is on tranquillizers!"

The Opening of Bohack's

HERMIONE GINGOLD, Miss Rheingold, Miss King Korn, Manhattan Borough President Dudley, and every housewife, every third baby, and every fifth husband in the neighborhood were at Seventy-third Street and Second Avenue the other morning for the opening of the first Bohack's supermarket in Manhattan. Outside the store, three security guards restrained mobs waiting for empty shopping carts (gold), and traffic backed up while passing truck drivers slowed down to watch shoppers guess at the number of cans of food heaped in a Ford station wagon that was being offered as a grand prize. We sneaked in through a door marked "Out" and headed for the rear of the store at the heels of a lady who had an aggressive way with a shopping cart. Unfortunately, we lost our guide in the middle of the fruit-and-vegetable department, where a crowd of women were plucking bunches of bananas from an artificial palm tree with an artificial monkey lurking in it. As we tried to console a screaming baby whose mother was testing melons, a clerk in a yellow straw hat ran past us and shouted into a speaking tube, "Hey! Quick! Two cabbages, two spinach, more bananas!" A passing clown handed the baby a red balloon, and we escaped into the gourmet section. Here we were offered a



"You know how it is. You have a little more, you live a little better."

• •

kumquat, and we swallowed it sooner than we had expected to when three shopping carts swung around the bend from different directions and pinned us to the kumquat table. We began to hear voices, some of them natural, some amplified.

"What are those?"

"Yeah, they look like—"

"They're kumquats—little oranges. They're very nice."

"Coffee is now being served at Schrafft's Quality Isle."

"Miss Rheingold, a lovely young lady, perhaps the most photographed young lady, is here at the front of the store. Come meet Miss Rheingold. Come to the front of the store and get your autographed, personalized photo of Miss Rheingold."

"Please take your groceries to the cashiers at the Seventy-third Street side of the store. There are cashiers at the Seventy-third Street entrance. *Please* don't all line up here. Go to the other side of the store."

"In a few minutes, we will have the official ribbon-cutting ceremony. We have with us Miss Hermione Gingold, Miss Rheingold, and the Borough President of Manhattan."

At one end of the meat counter, we watched pies being baked before our very eyes; farther along, we accepted a free paper cup of ice cream and a small cake, and joined a discussion group in front of the dairy case. The main speaker was a burly man in a plaid shirt, who was clutching a quart of milk. "I come down here all the way from the Bronx, and I'm going out to the airport to meet President Kennedy. You know, Mayor Wagner was supposed to be here today—at least, they said so—but he had to go and try to settle the milk strike. They're selling milk here for twenty-eight cents a quart; I paid ninety the other day."

Posted along the case were signs that read, "Sorry, Only One Qt. Per Customer." A lady who had already put one quart in her cart was contemplating two more quarts, which she held in her hands.

On the way out, we were obliged to take another small cake. A man tapped us on the shoulder and pointed to Miss Gingold. "There's a Jack Paar guest," he said. We thanked him, smiled at Borough President Dudley (who looked dazed), picked up our autographed, personalized photo of Miss Rheingold, waved to a man who looked like a detective, and walked out through a door marked "In."

Broomstick, 1961

As the last hoots of Halloween faded into November, we learned how a busy matron in the East Seventies solved her own and her eight-year-old son's trick-or-treat problems. She hailed a cab, gave the driver ten dollars, and told him to take the boy, for one hour, anywhere he wanted to go. There was, she added, five more in it for the driver if the lad could be persuaded not to eat all his loot.

A GIFT FROM THE SHOPS

S. C. Chancellor & Co., Pharmacists, I love you. You suckled me at your milk-shake-flowing fountain when I was young and forlorn and friendless, a newcomer in Charlottesville. I used to sit in the dimness of your interior, cooled by air from the great flat circular fans that swept slowly round and round on the ceiling, while the doctors in their white coats would come slouching across the street from the hospital for a dope. You-all have got streamlined some since, but the only real change I notice is that then the Southerners I gazed at with such longing used to say "dope" and greet each other "Hey!"; now they say "Coke" and "Hi!"

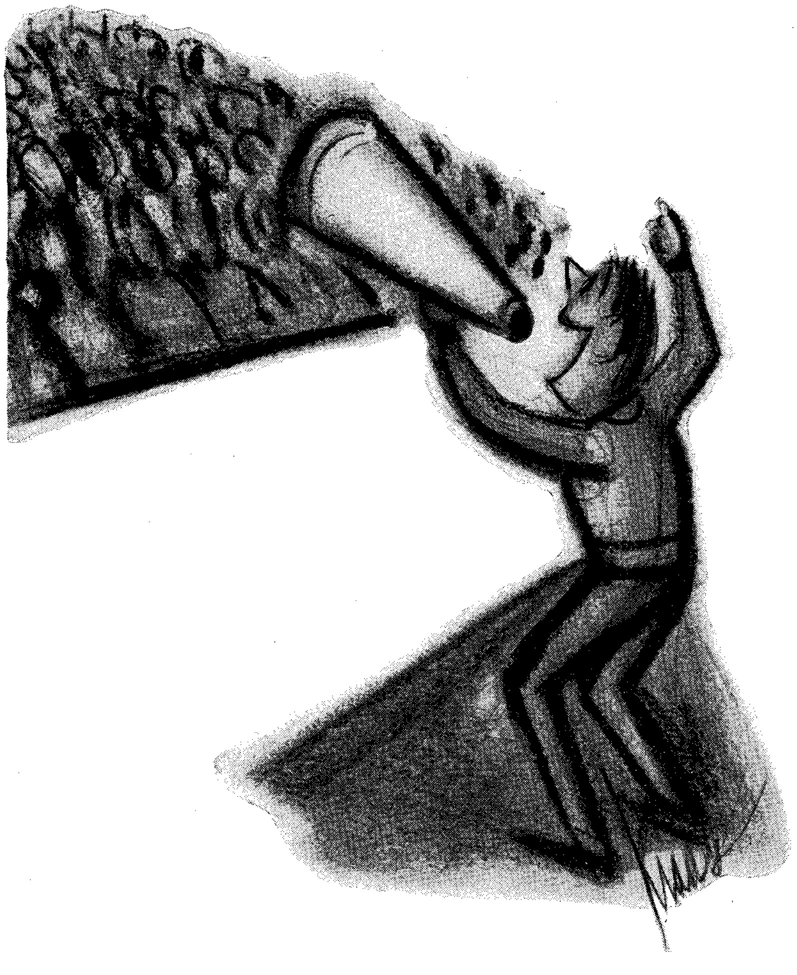
Male doctors and female medical technicians were steady customers at your hospitable counters. In their impersonal white, and with their air cynical and wise, they had about them a certain accessibility, I felt, through professional membership in a larger province than this one; so that I always kept the knowledge in reserve that if I could just break a leg on Chancellor's marble floor the Negro boys were always polishing to slickness, or produce a heart attack as I sat sipping some strawberry drink at a wire-legged table, there would always be several to spring automatically to my assistance, and I would at last have a friend; or if not a friend a confidant.

I had come to the town without suitable introductions, and nobody came to see me in the dreary half-timbered stucco house where I lived. I took it personally. In the part of the country where I originated, it had been the custom for old residents to call on newcomers without previous introduction. In New York, where I had been living since I grew up, there were people positively *lining* up to make friends. But here in the South I knew no one, and in the months that stretched out and out in the course of the unpleasant legal business that had brought me here, I made a sort of life for myself out of the stores in the two main shopping sections of town.

Chancellor's is at the Corner—the group of stores, just outside the University gates, that the students patronize. Later, when I did get to know people, I heard some of the stories that make up the legend of Chancellor's readiness to be obliging. You could call up any time, I heard it declared, and say in that ingratiating Southern tone which obviates the need of the word "please," "Mr. Cooper? *Send* me up a bottle of whiskey and a *Saturday Evening Post*, hear?," and get both commodities, neither of which Chancellor's carried, within the hour. The store's goodness of heart was such that it would use its delivery service to send anyone anything from anywhere. Another tale was of a group of doctors arguing at the soda fountain about what the name of the father of my son Absalom was; in a moment Mr. Head, the other of Chancellor's two proprietors, had slipped into the back of the store and come out with a Bible for them to consult. That obligingness was such that the outlander could plainly feel it; they would sell me cakes of Yardley's lavender soap—with which I hoped to enliven the mournful baths I took for cleanliness, not in preparation for any festivity—with real warmth and interest. They sold me lipstick with which to keep up my morale, or a hairbrush to use for a hundred all-too-leisurely strokes night and morning, or toothbrushes, or talcum powder, or candy with which to feed my emotional starvation, and it was always a human, a personal transaction. I had never known anything remotely like it in the North.

But I find that even Chancellor's will not serve to give the total impression I am trying to reconstruct of the quality of Southern stores. There was Anderson's—Anderson Brothers Book Store, also at the Corner, also catering to students. I used to wander into its long, pleasantly dark interior (all the stores hereabouts have a narrow frontage and stretch far, far back to delivery exits at the rear) and stand viewing with melancholy satisfaction its great bounty of yellow or mottled-green lead pencils, paper clips in boxes of a hundred, student's notebooks in gray cloth bindings, student's notebooks in black leather loose-leaf bindings; its pads of paper, yellow, blue, or white, which came in all sorts of enticing sizes. There were big ones for outlining major trains of thought; middle-sized ones for, surely, the cogent statement of philosophical purpose; and there were little ones, piles and piles of little ones, for the night thoughts that wrenched one abruptly from deep sleep.

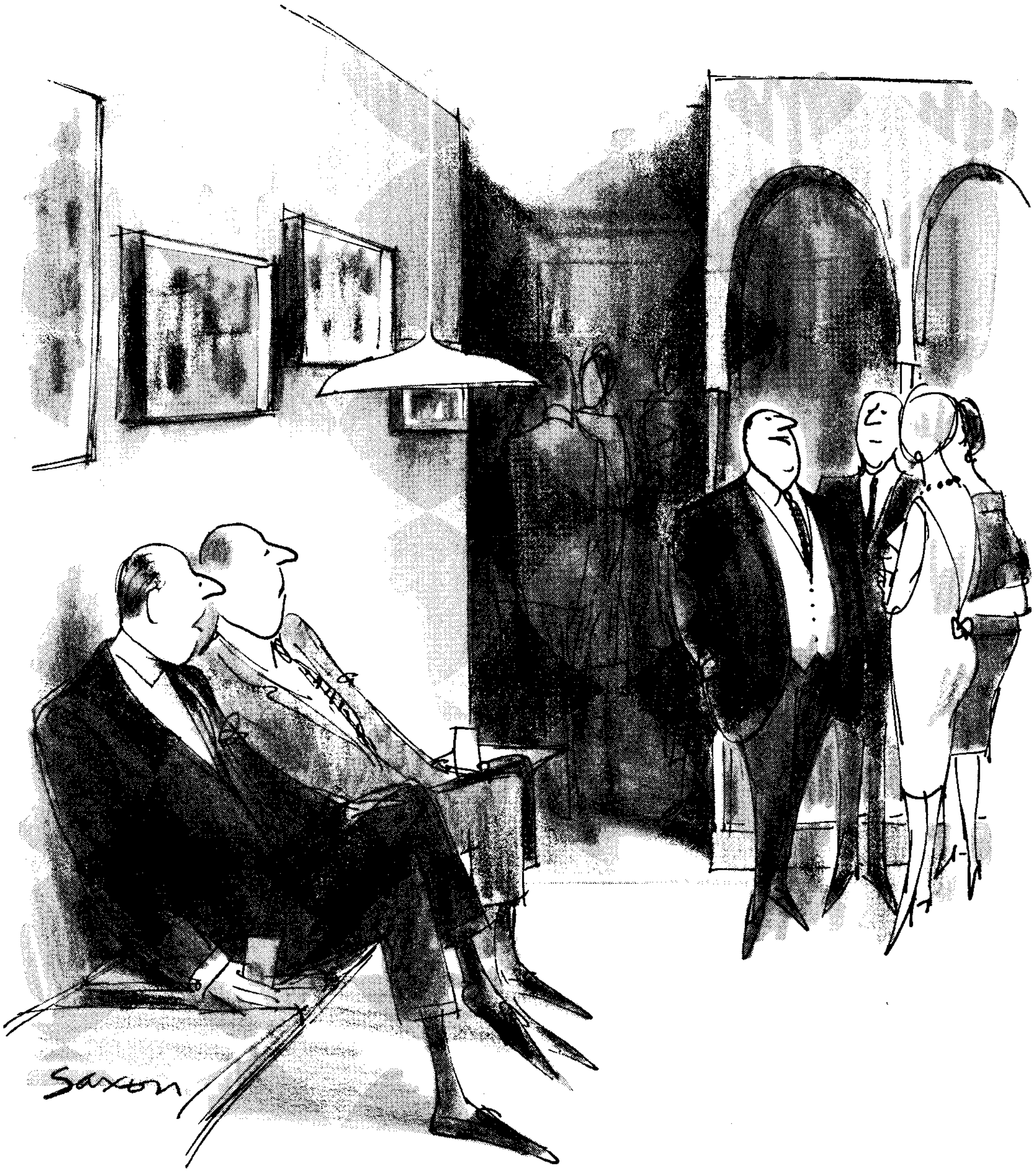
I have a theory that the hard years of Reconstruction, after the Civil War, and the consequent necessity for entry into trade of many members of good families, may be responsible for the kindness and delicacy, the tact and consideration, of the clerks in Southern small-town stores. However that may be, the gentle men of Anderson's had a gift for making me feel at ease along their aisles. They were never looking if I glanced up from reading a paper-bound textbook on torts to find out



"Now let's have a great big cheer for the cheerleaders."

what torts are, but were instead busily dusting off shelves, or rooting about in the dim rear recesses of the store, where Anderson's ceases to be orderly and decorous, and merges, just like anybody else, into grime, debris, and confusion. None of them ever came to see whether I wasn't about ready to buy something. Yet, after I had spent an hour poking about, reading bits out of this textbook and that novel; eying diaries bound in red and blue leather and wondering what in the world I could write inside if I should purchase one; reading the messages in rank after rank of birthday cards—"Nothing but the best to you" or "Cheer up, we all have them" or "All the best in every way/ To you upon this happy day"—at some precisely psychological moment one of Anderson's clerks, neatly and soberly dressed, his hair nicely brushed into scallops on either side of an old-fashioned center part, would swim forward, saying, "Any way I can assist you, Ma'am?"

And at that moment there *would* be. The Anderson clerks had a talent comparable to that of the good fisherman or the experienced bird watcher, and could tell—how? by one's stance? by some sudden squaring of one's shoulders?—that one was ready to give money and receive goods. They were artists in this, and I loved them for it. It was like taking part in a dance in which the man defers to his partner—a relationship in which I, the customer, was held in high regard, at a time when I needed badly to be held in any regard at all.



"I suppose he's a specialist in some little field of his own."

Then I would walk out into the same old sunshine, and down the slope to Mr. Neal's, to buy a paper and find out how David and Wallis's crises were coming along. That gives you an idea of how long ago all this was. Unlike more up-and-coming newsstand operators, Mr. Neal never minded how long I spent peeking into the inner pages of newspapers and magazines that I did not mean to buy. He expected to be used as a public library, and was. When I had finally decided between the New York *Times*, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and the Washington *Post*, or settled for all three, Mr. Neal would give me my purchase with his only hand, expertly slipping it under my arm and accepting the change I held out, all in the same gesture. "Yes, *Ma'am*," he would say, to conclude the transaction. Not every shopkeeper hereabouts was the outgoing type; Mr. Neal was reserved; but he had the special gift they all had, and all gave me, and of which I am speaking: the friendliness and the exquisite politeness.

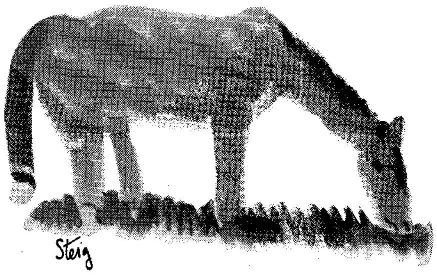
After I had left the Corner, warmed by its fires, I might walk slowly home, across the lawn of the University, reading my newspaper along box-bordered paths; or I might continue downtown, to the other shopping region, the one that, more than gown, town patronized. The long walk made, I told myself, good exercise. It is curious how many virtues one can cultivate when there is nothing else to do—brushing hair, taking walks, doing posture exercises, manicuring nails, applying body lotion; it makes one wonder whether, if it were not for melancholy, there would be any self-improvement at all.

I would walk down Main Street past the Queen Charlotte Hotel, which in those days hovered precariously and with a faintly disreputable air over the tracks of the Southern Railway; past the mysterious old house I always paused to stare at, set far back from the street up an alley of black knotted box. It was in no sort of repair at all, yet from its chimney a trickle of blue smoke always rose, even in June. Past the olive-green-painted liquor store, and the two beautiful twin brick houses set side by side across from it; past the ramshackle, cluttered, crudely painted, queerly exciting row of Negro stores called Vinegar Hill, where suppressed strains of jazz music drifted out from in back and loose-limbed young bucks lounged in front, and where the "cutting accidents" listed on the police docket in the evening newspaper had generally taken place; and so downtown.

There I found flourishing many emporia in which to indulge the unnatural lust for clothing which consumes the uncompanioned. The lacks in one's wardrobe appear acute, critical, in spite of there being no one to applaud once one has, with infinite care, picked the thing to fill the lack. J. N. Waddell, Shoes, has tender associations for me because of the seriousness with which its clerks entered into my pursuit of the exact walking shoe to go with a certain suit; the red leather mule with neither too high nor too flat a heel; the white satin slipper dyed to match a particular dress. They might have been under-secretaries in an embassy, those three or four courtly, aging, kind-eyed men, the way they would come forward with a smile of recognition, calling me by name as I entered; the way they would help me while away an hour of my eternities trying on and discarding shoe after shoe—always pleasant, always responsive to my joke, always willing to go back and fetch more boxes, to coöperate in my idiot persnickitiness over trifles. I came to know them well: there was the one who looked like Alan Mowbray in the movies, and the small, bespectacled one, and the one who looked like a saint and a dreamer.

Then I would go to sit in the cool reaches of a downtown drugstore with the charming name of Pence & Sterling—reaches lined with rainbow displays of cosmetics, pink, aquamarine, and white; eating its chocolate nut sundaes and watching what to me seemed the cold, unfeeling townsfolk, going along the sidewalk wrapped in their busy, inhospitable lives. Within Pence & Sterling's, things were kinder, more humane. The clerks used to stop by my table to pass the time of day and remain to discuss some burning question that had suddenly assailed me: whether Dorothy Gray or Elizabeth Arden made the better cleansing lotion; what was the best treatment for an incipient cold—to take aspirin and go to bed, or try heroically to walk it off. To such problems these gentlemen would lend their full and grave attention.

With no other friend to worry about, I used to worry about Mr. Hawkins. There were two Hawkins' stores. One was busy and prosperous; the other, farther down Main Street, appeared wan, like Hepzibah's shop in "The House of the Seven Gables." No customers ever seemed to be inside as I passed; only a weedy, mustached man—the proprietor?—stood, hands clasped behind his back, staring out of his own show window at the passing shoppers. I could have wept. There is a special pathos that attaches to the store which, set up to please, fails to. I used to go in and purchase a spool of thread; a pair of white cotton gloves; a white collar, machine-made (the things at this Hawkins' were not, really, very desirable), and smile determinedly at the clerk whom I took to be Mr. Hawkins, hoping to make him feel somebody cared. Then I would go out again, wondering if, after all, it had not been a mistake to try to raise his hopes by even such meagre patronage when, as seemed all too obvious, they were bound for ultimate collapse. Hawkins the Less and I—I thought of us as a couple of hangers-on together, forlorn ghosts in a world of the living that did not even believe in us.



What made the stores that comforted me so comforting was in part their being old-fashioned. Not only did they all have that narrow, deep, striplike shape, and those great flat ceiling fans that whirred round and round peacefully, but most of them were equipped with the change-carrying devices that scoot along on overhead wires to drop down with a clunk into a wire basket. The lady clerks in J. D. & J. S. Tilman, who sold dry goods, too, seemed miraculously preserved, as from an earlier epoch. I, at

WISHES

Sudden silence, an angel passing over,
two saying the same word, simultaneously,
a star falling, the first fruit of the year,
the breastbone of the chicken, scraped and dry—
each an occasion to wish on, a wish given.

Easy enough for children, for whom to wish
is only a way of bringing a party closer
or acquiring pennies or cake, and for whose sake
we attend to teeth beneath stones and believe in magic,
not indulgently but somehow because
each time the silver coin appears where the tooth was,
the party seems quick in coming, and beggars ride
pell-mell over the countryside.

But for ourselves, with fewer teeth and no faith
in miracles or good angels, a falling star
is likely to be uncomfortable. Oh, we can ask for
new lives, more money, or a change of face,
but hardly seriously. The heart is lacking.
We know too much, and wishing smacks of daydream
and discontent—not magic. Anyway, we are wary
of strings and snags or, worse, that, once fulfilled,
the thing we wished for might be old and cold.

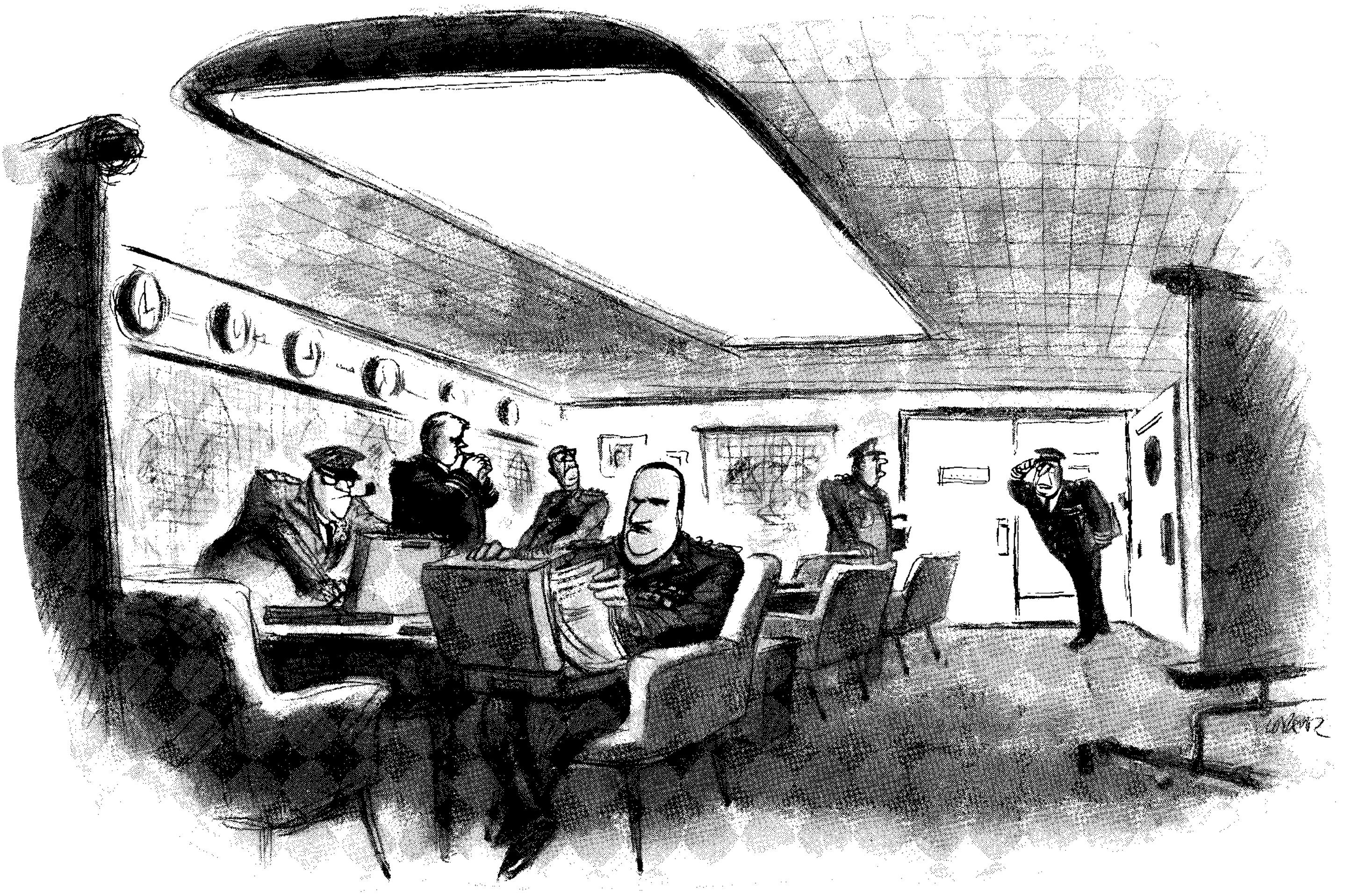
Yet still the children come, with serious
rapt faces, offering us wishes.

Take this wishbone, delicate where the breast was,
whitened now by the sun, stick-brittle.
Hold one stem of it, lightly, with your little
finger. I will hold the other.
Now make your wish, my love; but never tell.

And I? I always wish you well;
but here, in this poise before the fruit can fall,
or the star burn out, or the word dwindle,
before the hovering angel
flies out of mind, before the bone is broken,
I wish we wish the same wish, the unspoken.

—Alastair Reid

• •



"Well, good night, men. See you tomorrow—God willing."

• •

least, had never seen, except in old photographs and engravings, hair so tortured by the curling rag and so skewered up into buns; such plain, fine faces, innocent of makeup; such great bony frames and work-roughened hands. I realize now they must have been countrywomen who had ventured in out of the county, seeking higher things in this minuscule metropolis. All that mattered then was that they were as unalarming as daguerreotypes and as natural as somebody's maiden aunt. Mr. Tilman himself, handsome, with his frank young face, once undertook to root around for nearly an hour in his back storerooms to find me the exact type and shade and thickness of blanket I had taken it into my head was what was needed in my cold, rented house, where I used to take such elaborate, make-work pains with the meals, sit for hours over a cup of after-dinner coffee, and spend as many hours as I could sleeping.

Of course, the day came when all this was changed—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Melancholy always is changed, unless its victim insists upon retaining it. In my case that moment came when a delightful Southern voice behind me in a Tilman aisle said, "Didn't I meet you last year at Henrietta Codman's in Boston? Excuse me, but you look so familiar to me!" She did; I was; and in no time I had ceased to be a ghost and resumed flesh and blood. Only the merest twinge of sorrow sometimes plucked me when one of my rapidly growing circle of acquaintance would say, "You mean you've been here all these months? But where *were* you?"

I was in Tilman's, and Pence & Sterling's, and Hawkins'. I was at Mr. Neal's, and Anderson's, and Chancellor's. They sustained me. Nowadays I realize strangers anywhere normally do have a hard time getting to know people, and that it was no mysterious flaw in me that kept me an outsider. I often read in the advice columns of the newspaper that newcomers are well advised to join a church on coming to live in a town, in order to make friends, but in those days the idea of going to church would never have crossed my mind. I suppose, de rigueur or no, I could have gone calling on my next-door neighbors myself. But I think that it seldom occurs to a young person that he can manipulate society. He can only bow his head before the monolith or curse the juggernaut.

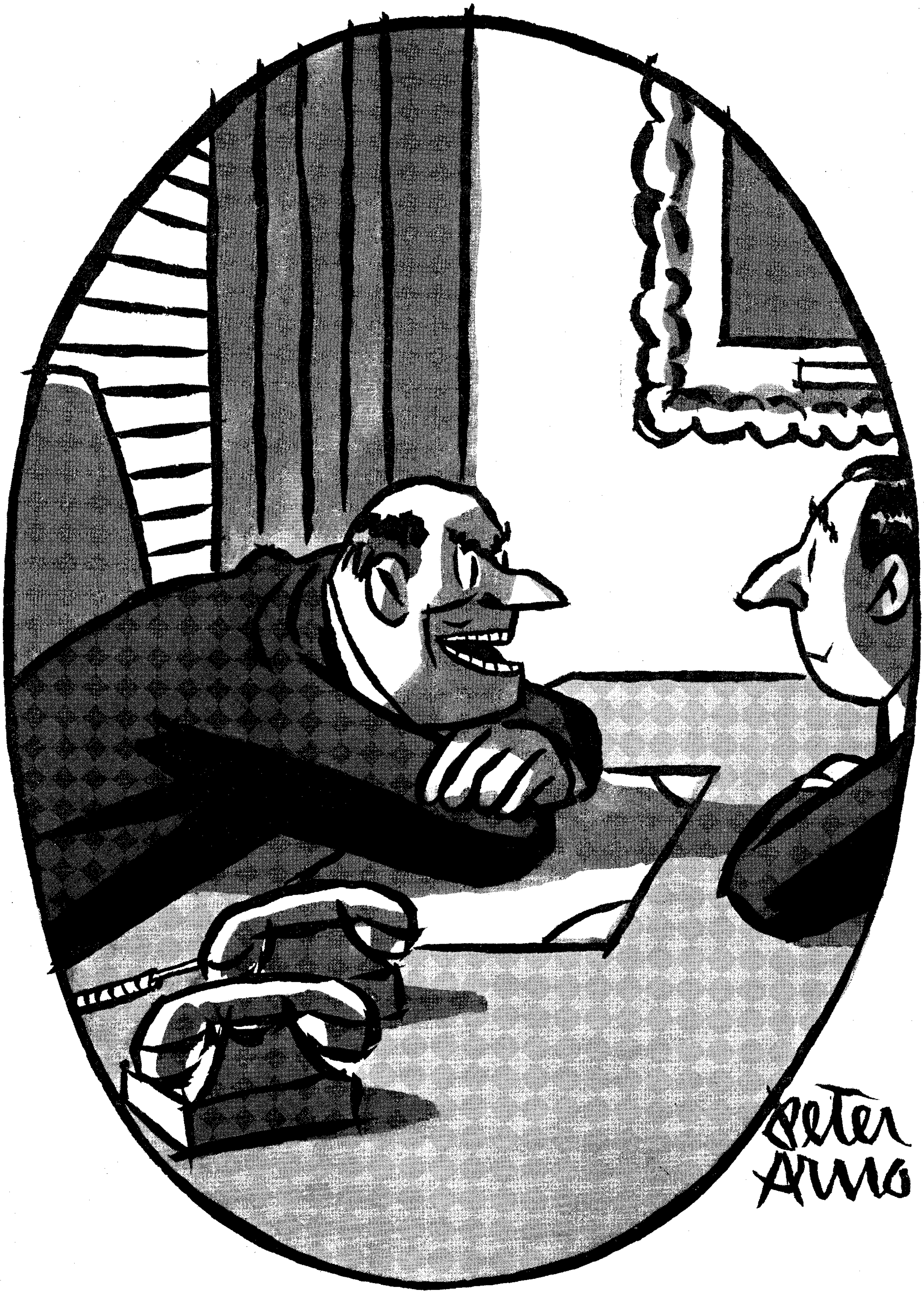
Besides, now that I live here by my own choice and the sting has long gone out of the past, I can see that there could have been a lot worse beginnings to life in a Southern town than my relationship with its little stores. When one of my Charlottesville friends lapses into that curious condition, Southern narcissism, and starts in on the long, nostalgic, dreamy recital of virtues which begins, "We in the South are instinctively warmhearted. Courtesy is in our blood, and it just comes natural to us to be outgoing and hospitable," I can always reply, with real sincerity, "Yes. That is the way I found it when I came here."

—NANCY HALE

•

416. MY LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER. By Dr. J. H. Randolph Ray Illustrated with 13 photographs. Complete history of one of the world's celebrated churches, famed as a center of marriages and a place for worship of theatrical personalities.—*Catalogue of Kroch's & Brentano's, Chicago.*

Who couldn't live without adulation.



"I think you'll be happier here, Dilworth, now that we've had a meeting of minds."

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW

I WOULD not want to be one of those writers who begin each morning by exclaiming, "O Gogol, O Chekhov, O Thackeray and Dickens, what would you have made of a bomb shelter ornamented with four plaster-of-Paris ducks, a birdbath, and three composition gnomes with long beards and red mobcaps?" As I say, I wouldn't want to begin a day like this, but I often wonder what the dead would have done. But the shelter is as much a part of my landscape as the beech and horse-chestnut trees that grow on the ridge. I can see it from this window where I write. It was built by the Pasterns, and stands on the acre of ground that adjoins our property. It bulks under a veil of thin, new grass, like some embarrassing fact of physicalness, and I think Mrs. Pastern set out the statuary to soften its meaning. It would have been like her. She was a pale woman. Sitting on her terrace, sitting in her parlor, sitting anywhere, she ground an axe of self-esteem. Offer her a cup of tea and she would say, "Why, these cups look just like a set I gave to the Salvation Army last year." Show her the new swimming pool and she would say, slapping her ankle, "I suppose this must be where you breed your gigantic mosquitoes." Hand her a chair and she would say, "Why, it's a nice imitation of those Queen Anne chairs I inherited from Grandmother Delancy." These trumps were more touching than they were anything else, and seemed to imply that the nights were long, her children ungrateful, and her marriage bewilderingly threadbare. Twenty years ago, she would have been known as a golf widow, and the sum of her manner was perhaps one of bereavement. She usually wore weeds, and a stranger watching her board a train might have guessed that Mr. Pastern was dead, but Mr. Pastern was far from dead. He was marching up and down the locker room of the Grassy Brae Golf Club shouting, "Bomb Cuba! Bomb Berlin! Let's throw a little nuclear hardware at them and show them who's boss." He was brigadier of the club's locker-room light infantry, and at one time or another declared war on Russia, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and China.

It all began on an autumn afternoon—and who, after all these centuries, can describe the fineness of an autumn day? One might pretend never to have seen one before, or, to more purpose, that there would never be another like it. The clear and searching sweep of sun on the lawns was like a climax of the year's lights. Leaves were burning somewhere and the smoke smelled, for all its ammoniac acidity, of beginnings. The boundless blue air was stretched over the zenith like the skin of a drum. Leaving her house one late afternoon, Mrs. Pastern stopped to admire the October light. It was the day to canvass for infectious hepatitis. Mrs. Pastern had been given sixteen names, a bundle of literature, and a printed book of receipts. It was her work to go among her neighbors and collect their checks. Her house stood on a rise of ground, and before she got into her car she looked at the houses below. Charity as she knew it was complex and reciprocal, and almost every roof she saw signified charity. Mrs. Balcolm worked for the brain. Mrs. Ten Eyke did mental health. Mrs. Trenchard worked for the blind. Mrs. Horowitz was in charge of diseases of the nose and throat. Mrs. Trempler was tuberculosis, Mrs. Surcliffe was Mothers' March of Dimes, Mrs. Craven was cancer, and Mrs. Gilkson did the kidney. Mrs. Hewlitt led the birth-control league, Mrs. Ryerson was arthritis, and way in the distance could be seen the slate roof of Ethel Littleton's house, a roof that signified gout.

Mrs. Pastern undertook the work of going from house to house with the thoughtless resignation of an honest and traditional laborer. It was her destiny; it was her life. Her mother had done it before her, and even her old grandmother, who had collected money for smallpox and unwed mothers. Mrs. Pastern had telephoned most of her neighbors in advance, and most of them were ready for her. She experienced none of the suspense of some poor stranger selling encyclopedias. Here and there she stayed to visit and drink a glass of sherry. The contributions were ahead of what she had got the previous year, and while the money, of course, was not hers, it excited her to stuff her kit with big checks. She stopped at the Surcliffes' after dusk, and had a Scotch-and-soda. She stayed too late, and when she left, it was dark and time to go home and cook supper for her husband. "I got a hundred and sixty dollars for the hepatitis fund," she said excitedly when he walked in. "I did everybody on my list but the Blevins and the Flannagans. I want to get my kit in tomorrow morning—would you mind doing them while I cook the dinner?"

"But I don't know the Flannagans," Charlie Pastern said.

"Nobody does, but they gave me ten last year."

He was tired, he had his business worries, and the sight of his wife arranging pork chops in the broiler only seemed like an extension of a boring day. He was happy enough to take the convertible and race up the hill to the Blevins', thinking that they might give him a drink. But the Blevins were away; their maid gave him an envelope with a check in it and shut the door. Turning in at the Flannagans' driveway, he tried to remember if he had ever met them. The name encouraged him, because he always felt that he could *handle* the Irish. There was a glass pane in the front door, and through this he could see into a hallway where a plump woman with red hair was arranging flowers.

"Infectious hepatitis," he shouted heartily.

She took a good look at herself in the mirror before she turned and, walking with very small steps, started toward the door. "Oh, please come in," she said. The girlish voice was nearly a whisper. She was not a girl, he could see. Her hair was dyed, and her bloom was fading, and she must have been crowding forty, but she seemed to be one of those women who cling to the manners and graces of a pretty child of eight. "Your wife just called," she said, separating one word from another, exactly like a child. "And I am not sure that I have any cash—any *money*, that is—but if you will wait just a minute I will write you out a check if I can find my checkbook. Won't you step into the living room, where it's cozier?"

A fire had just been lighted, he saw, and things had been set out for drinks, and, like any stray, his response to these comforts was instantaneous. Where was *Mr.* Flannagan, he wondered. Travelling home on a late train? Changing his clothes upstairs? Taking a shower? At the end of the room there was a desk heaped with papers, and she began to riffle these, making sighs and noises of girlish exasperation. "I am terribly sorry to keep you waiting," she said, "but won't you make yourself a little drink while you wait? Everything's on the table."

"What train does Mr. Flannagan come out on?"

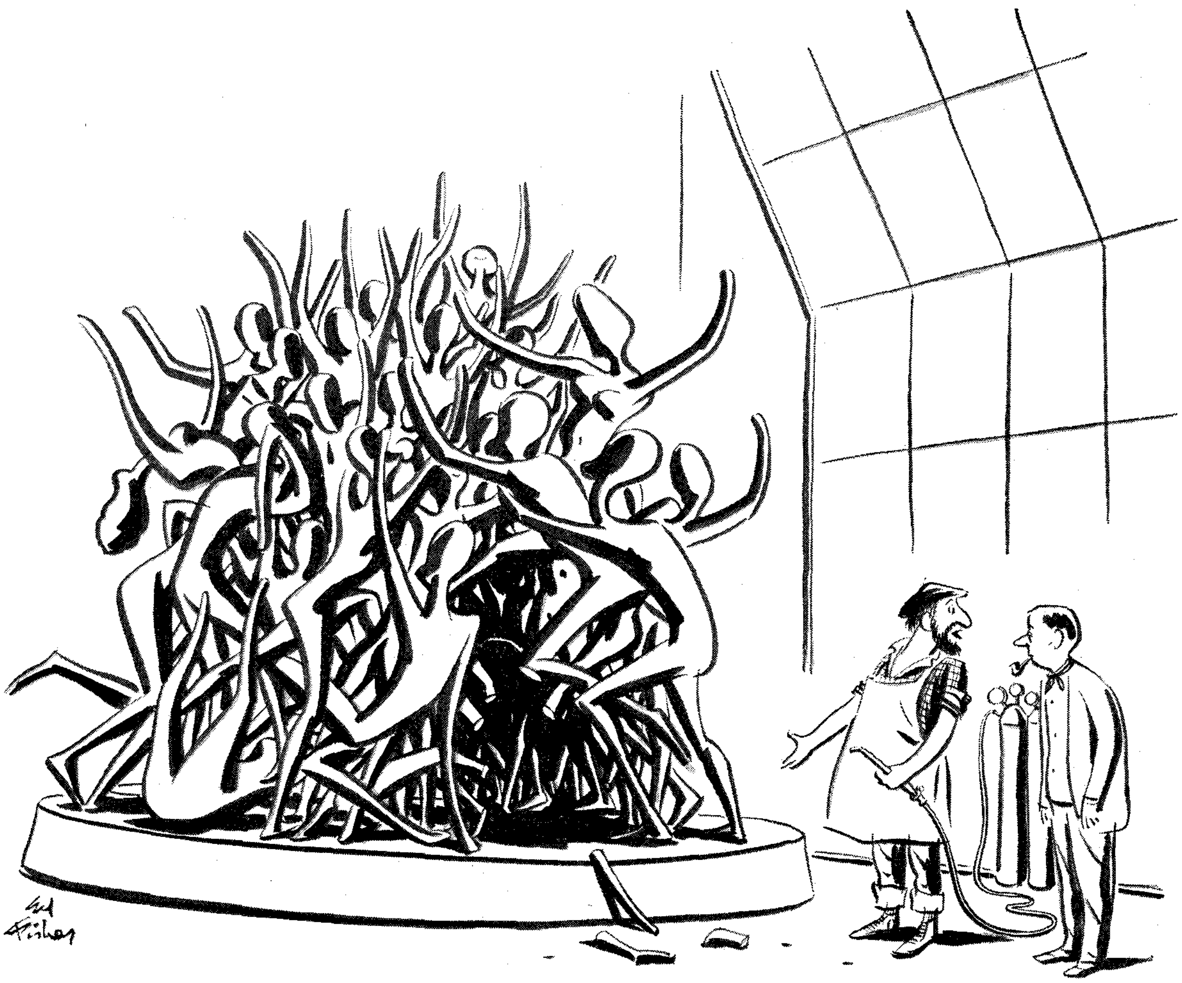
"Mr. Flannagan is away," she said. Her voice dropped. "Mr. Flannagan has been away for six weeks. . . ."

"I'll have a drink, then, if you'll have one with me."

"If you will promise to make it weak."

"Sit down," he said, "and enjoy your drink and look for your checkbook later. The only way to find things is to relax."

All in all, they had six drinks. She



"That? That's where I had to cut my way out."

• •

described herself and her circumstances unhesitatingly. Mr. Flannagan manufactured plastic tongue depressors. He travelled all over the world. She didn't like to travel. Planes made her feel faint, and in Tokyo, where she had gone that summer, she had been given raw fish for breakfast and so she had come straight home. She and her husband had formerly lived in New York, where she had many friends, but Mr. Flannagan thought the country would be safer in case of war. She would rather live in danger than die of loneliness and boredom. She had no children; she had made no friends. "I've seen you, though, before," she said with enormous coyness, patting his knee. "I've seen you walking your dogs on Sunday and driving by in the convertible. . . ."

The thought of this lonely woman sitting at her window touched him, although he was even more touched by her plumpness. Sheer plumpness, he knew, is not a vital part of the body and has no procreative functions. It serves merely as an excess cushion for the rest of the carcass. And knowing its humble place in the scale of things, why did he, at this time of life, seem almost ready to sell his soul for plumpness? The remarks she made about the sufferings of a lonely woman seemed so broad at first that he didn't know what to make of them, but after the sixth drink he put his arm around her and suggested that they go upstairs and look for her checkbook there.

"I've never done this before," she said later, when he was arranging himself to leave. Her voice shook with feeling, and he thought it lovely. He didn't doubt her truthfulness, although he had heard the words a hundred times. "I've never done this before," they always said, shaking their dresses down over their white shoulders. "I've never done this before," they always said, waiting for the elevator in the hotel corridor. "I've never done this before," they always said, pouring another whiskey. "I've never done this before," they always said, putting on their stockings. On ships at sea, on railroad trains, in summer hotels with mountain views, they always said, "I've never done this before."

"WHERE have you been?" Mrs. Pastern asked sadly, when he came in. "It's after eleven."

"I had a drink with the Flannagans."

"She told me he was in Germany."

"He came home unexpectedly."

Charlie ate some supper in the kitchen and went into the TV room to hear the news. "Bomb them!" he shouted. "Throw a little nuclear hardware at them! Show them who's boss!" But in bed he had trouble sleeping. He thought first of his son and daughter, away at college. He loved them. It was the only meaning of the word that he had ever known. Then he played nine imaginary holes of golf, choosing his handicap, his irons, his stance, his opponents, and his weather in detail, but the green of the links seemed faded in the light of his business worries. His money was tied up in a Nassau hotel, an Ohio pottery works, and a detergent for window-washing, and luck had been running against him. His worries harried him up out of bed, and he lighted a cigarette and went to the window. In the starlight he could see the trees stripped of their leaves. During the summer he had tried to repair some of his losses at the track, and the bare trees reminded him that his pari-mutuel tickets would still be lying, like leaves, in the gutters near Belmont and Saratoga. Maple and ash, beech and elm, one hundred to win on Three in the fourth, fifty to win on Six in the third, one hundred to win on Two in the eighth. Children walking home from school would scuff through what seemed to be his foliage. Then, getting back into bed, he thought unashamedly of Mrs. Flannagan, planning where they would next meet and what they would do. There are, he thought, so few true means of forgetfulness in this life that why should he shun the medicine even when the medicine seemed, as it did, a little crude?

A NEW conquest always had a wonderful effect on Charlie. He became overnight generous, understanding, inexhaustibly good-humored, relaxed, kind to cats, dogs, and strangers, expansive, and compassionate. There was, of course, the reproachful figure of Mrs. Pastern, waiting for him in the evenings, but he had served her well, he thought, for twenty-five years, and if he were to touch her tenderly these days she would likely say, "Ouch. That's where I bruised myself in the garden." On the evenings that they spent together, she seemed to choose to display the roughest angles of her personality; to grind her axe. "You know," she said, "Mary Quested cheats at cards." Her remarks fell a good deal short of where he sat. If these were indirect expressions of disappointment, it was a disappointment that no longer touched him.

He met Mrs. Flannagan for lunch in the city, and they spent the afternoon together. Leaving the hotel, Mrs. Flannagan stopped at a display of perfume. She said that she liked perfume, worked her shoulders, and called him "Monkey." Considering her girlishness and her claims to fidelity, there was, he thought, a distinct atmosphere of practice about her request, but he bought her a bottle of perfume. The second time they met, she admired a peignoir in a store window and he bought this. On their third meeting, she got a silk umbrella. Waiting for her in the restaurant for their fourth meeting, he hoped that she wasn't going to ask for jewelry, because his reserves of cash were low. She had promised to meet him at one, and he basked in his circumstances and the smells of sauce, gin, and red floor carpets. She was always late, and at half past one he ordered a second drink. At quarter to two, he saw his waiter whispering to another waiter—whispering, laughing, and nodding his head in Charlie's direction. It was his first intimation of the chance that she might stand him up. But who was she—who did she think she was that she could do this to him? She was nothing but a lonely housewife; she was nothing but that. At two, he ordered his lunch. He was crushed. What had his emotional life been these last years but a series of sometimes shabby one-night stands, but without them his life would be unendurable.

There is something universal about being stood up in a city restaurant between one and two—a spiritual no man's land, whose blasted trees, entrenchments, and ratholes we all share, disarmed by the gullibility of our hearts. The waiter knew, and the laughter and lighthearted conversations at the tables around Charlie honed his feelings. He seemed to be helplessly elevated on his disappointment like a flagpole sitter, his aloneness looming larger and larger in the crowded room. Then he saw his own swollen image in a mirror, his gray hair clinging to his pate like the remains of a romantic landscape, his heavy body shaped a little like a firehouse Santa Claus, the paunch enlarged by one or two of Mrs. Kelly's second-best sofa cushions. He pushed his table away and started for a telephone booth in the hall.

"Is there anything wrong with your lunch, Monsieur?" the waiter asked.

She answered the phone, and in her most girlish voice said, "We cannot go on like this. I have thought it over, and we cannot go on. It is not because I do not want to, because you are a very virile man, but my conscience will not let me."

"Can I stop by tonight and talk it over?"

"Well . . ." she said.

"I'll come straight up from the station."

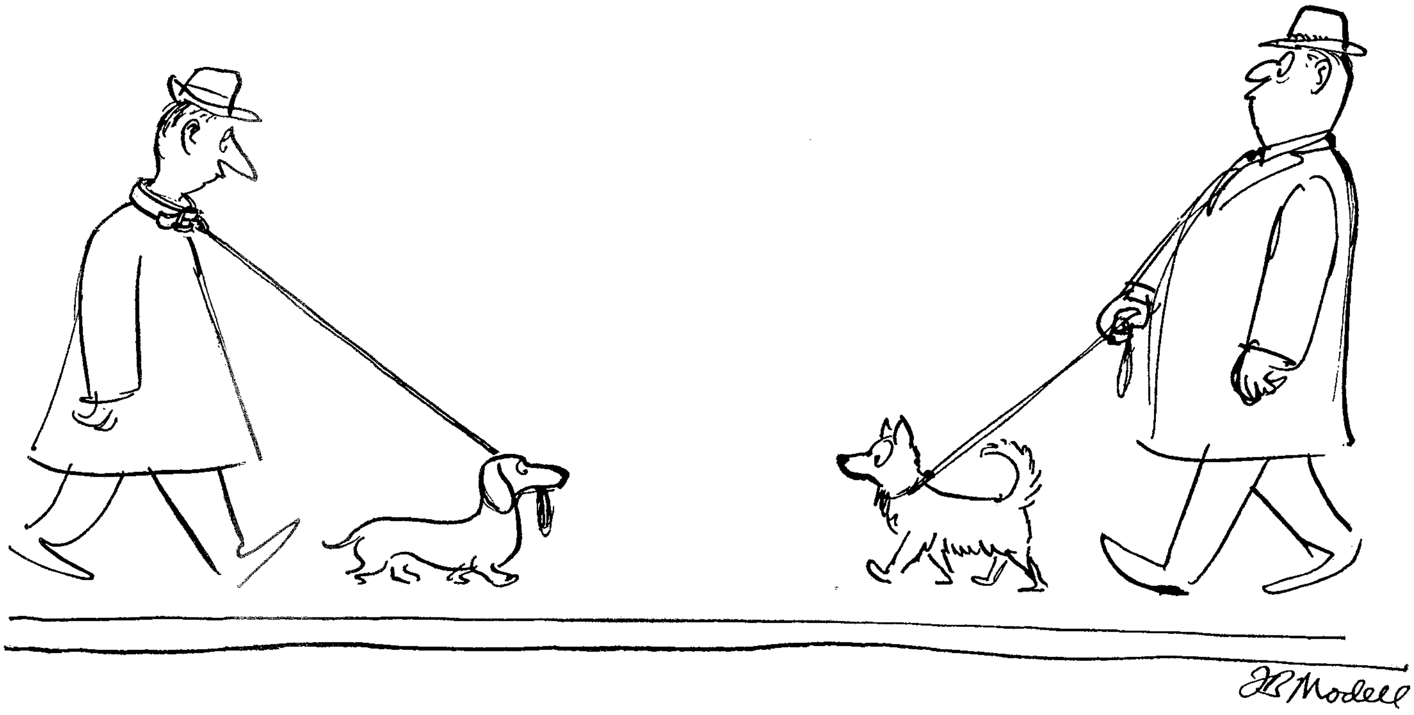
"If you'll do me a favor."

"What?"

"I will tell you when I see you tonight. But please park your car behind the house and come in the back door. I do not want to give these old gossips here anything to talk about. You must remember that I have never done this before."

Of course she was right, he thought. She had her self-esteem to maintain. Her pride, he thought, was so childish, so sterling! Sometimes, driving through a New Hampshire mill town late in the day, he thought, you will see in some alley or driveway, down by the river, a child dressed in a tablecloth, sitting on a broken stool, waving her sceptre over a kingdom of weeds and cinders and a few skinny chickens. It is the purity and the irony of their pride that touches one; and he felt that way about Mrs. Flannagan.

SHE let him in at the back door that night, but in the living room the scene was the same. The fire was burning, she made him a drink, and in her company he felt as if he had just worked his shoulders free of a heavy pack. But she was coy, in and out of his arms, tickling him and then tripping across the room to look at herself in the



mirror. "I want my favor first," she said.

"What is it?"

"Guess."

"I can't give you money. I'm not rich, you know."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of taking money." She was indignant.

"Then what is it?"

"Something you wear."

"But my watch is worthless, my cufflinks are brass."

"Something else."

"But what?"

"I won't tell you unless you promise to give it to me."

He pushed her away from him then, knowing that he could easily be made a fool of. "I can't make a promise unless I know what it is you want."

"It's something very small."

"How small?"

"Tiny. Weeny."

"Please tell me what it is." Then he seized her in his arms, and this was the moment he felt most like himself: solemn, virile, wise, and imperturbable.

"I won't tell you unless you promise."

"But I can't promise."

"Then go away," she said. "Go away and never, never come back."

She was too childish to give the command much force, and yet it was not wasted on him. Could he go back to his own house, empty but for his wife, who would be grinding her axe? Go there and wait until time and chance turned up another friend?

"Please tell me."

"Promise."

"I promise."

"I want," she said, "a key to your bomb shelter."

The demand struck at him like a sledge-hammer blow, and suddenly he felt in all his parts the enormous weight of chagrin. All his gentle speculations on her person—the mill-town girl ruling her chickens—backfired bitterly. This must have been on her mind from the beginning, when she first lit the fire, lost her checkbook, and gave him a drink. The demand abraded his lust, but only for a moment, for now she was back in his arms, marching her fingers up and down his rib cage, saying, "Creepy, creepy, creepy mouse, come to live in Charlie's house." His need for her was crippling; it seemed like a cruel blow at the back of his knees. And yet in some chamber of his thick head he could see the foolishness and the obsolescence of his hankering skin. But how could he reform his bone and muscle to suit this new world; instruct his meandering and greedy flesh in politics, geography, holocausts, and cataclysms? Her front was round, fragrant, and soft, and he took the key off its ring—a piece of metal one and one-half inches long, warmed by the warmth of his hands, a genuine talisman of salvation, a defense against the end of the world—and dropped it into the neck of her dress.

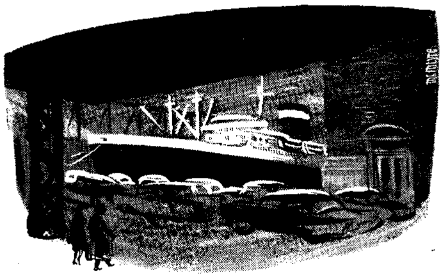
INCIDENT AT WELLINGTON

Just outside of town in a white lace
House with mansard frills, Grandfather had rung
Three times for custard. You could hear the parrots
Chortle in the aviary, peacocks
Calling "Nell," the blowing of doves. Genteel
Trees brushed the tops of louvers. A dog with a bell
Tinkled across the pumice to Greenstone Hill.
Along the long bay window, bicycle shadows
Bounced from the road. A limb of oak rippled
Among the marble. Grandfather looked angry,
The maid in tears. "I'm sure I'm sorry, sir.
It's the pudding on the kitchen porch
Won't set right; there's soot around the edges."
Grandfather leapt up, dashed to the garden.
Dawn seemed rising out of the moonlit sky.
"Call the engines!" The chimney was on fire.
Orange by the time the firemen came,
His wooden mansion made a circus cutout,
Tongues of flame laughing from paper windows.
The attic fell, the rugs and curtains caught;
In twenty minutes all that Victorian splendor—
Tasselled chairs, the carved settee, portraits—
Blew on the lawn in cinders. The metal door
Which led into the aviary stuck;
No one could open it. The birds died screaming;
Wings, feathers seethed; obsidian eyes
Dropped upon the sanctuary floor.
    Fifty years have passed. My grandmother
    Has a jewel case filled with lumps of coal.
    "Diamonds and amethysts," she smiles;
    Puts her head to one side like a bird
    Listening to the crackle of distant footsteps;
    Will not sleep in a room with a shut door.

—David Posner

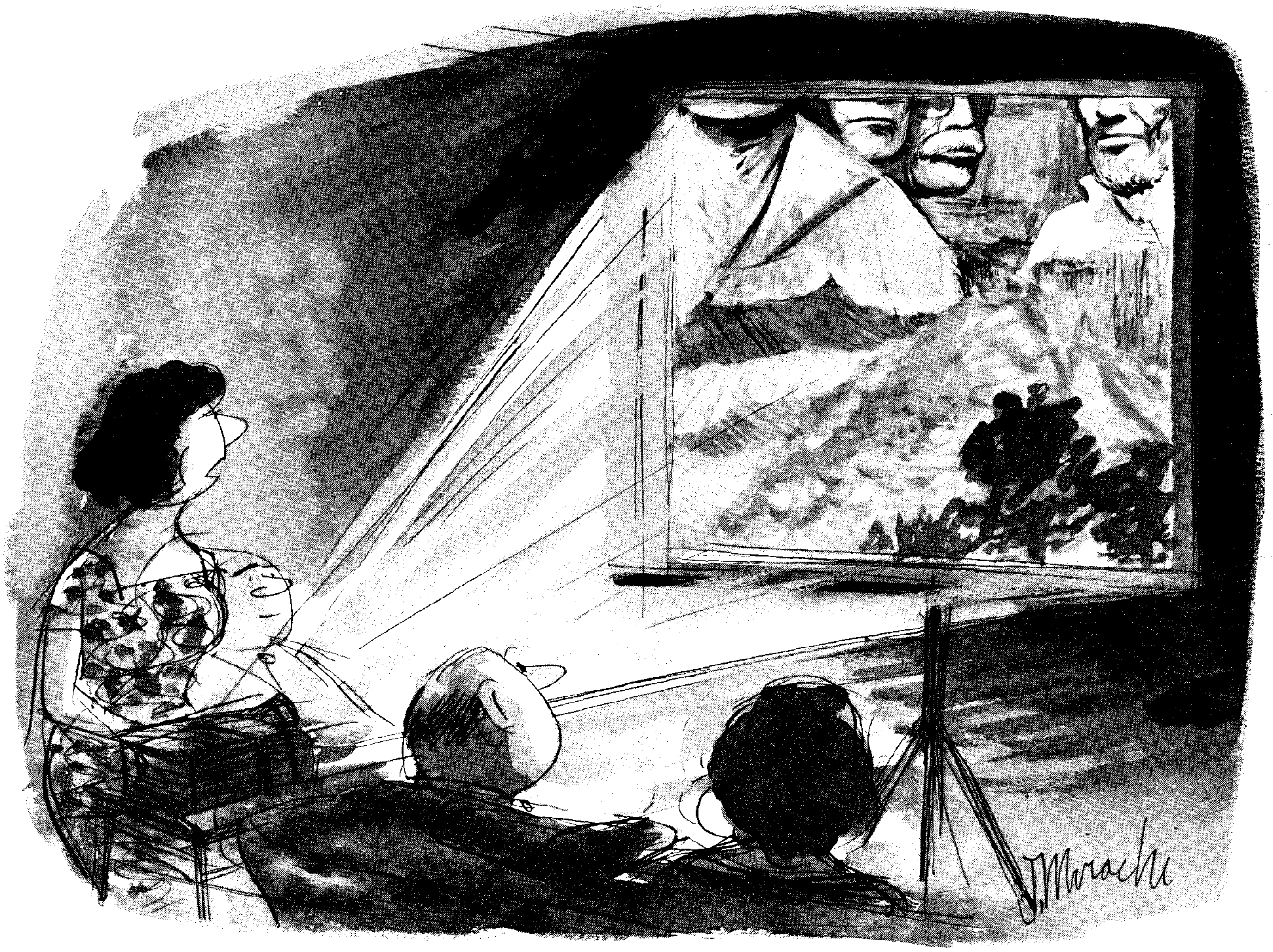
• •

THE Pasterns' bomb shelter had been completed that spring. They would have liked to keep it a secret; would have liked at least to soft-pedal its existence; but the trucks and bulldozers going in and out of their driveway had informed everyone. It had cost thirty-two thousand dollars, and it had two chemical toilets, an oxygen supply, and a library, compiled by a Columbia professor, consisting of books meant to inspire hopefulness, humor, and tranquillity. There were stores of survival food to last three months, and several cases of hard liquor. Mrs. Pastern had bought the plaster-of-Paris ducks, the birdbath, and the gnomes in an attempt to give the lump in her garden a look of innocence; to make it acceptable—at least to herself. For, bulking as it did in so pretty and domestic a scene and signifying as it must the death of at least half the world's population, she had found it, with its grassy cover, impossible to reconcile with the blue sky and the white clouds. She liked to keep the curtains drawn at that side of the house, and they were drawn the next afternoon, when she served gin to the bishop.



The bishop had come unexpectedly. Her minister had telephoned and said that the bishop was in the neighborhood and would like to thank her for her services to the church, and could he bring the bishop over now? She threw together some things for tea, changed her dress, and came down into the hall just as they rang the bell.

"How do you do, Your Grace," she said. "Won't you come in, Your Grace? Would you like some tea, Your



"Harry took this shot, and, as usual . . ."

• •

Grace—or would you sooner have a drink, Your Grace?"

"I would like a Martini," said the bishop.

He had the gift of a clear and carrying voice. He was a well-built man, with hair as black as dye, firm and sallow skin deeply creased around a wide mouth, and eyes as glittering and haggard, she thought, as someone drugged. "If you'll excuse me, Your Grace . . ."

This request for a cocktail confused her; Charlie always mixed the drinks. She dropped ice on the pantry floor, poured a pint or so of gin into the shaker, and tried to correct what appeared to her to be a lethal drink with more vermouth.

"Mr. Ludgate here has been telling me how indispensable you are to the life of the parish," the bishop said, taking his drink.

"I do try," said Mrs. Pastern.

"You have two children."

"Yes. Sally's at Smith. Carkie's at Colgate. The house seems so empty now. They were confirmed by the old bishop. Bishop Tomlinson."

"Ah, yes," the bishop said. "Ah, yes."

The presence of the bishop made her nervous. She wished she could give the call a more natural air; she wished at least to make her presence in her own parlor seem real. She was suffering from an intense discomfort that sometimes attacked her during committee meetings, when the parliamentary atmosphere had a disintegrating effect on her personality. She would, sitting in her folding chair, seem to go around the room on her hands and knees, gathering the fragments of herself and cementing them together with some virtue, such as, I am a Good Mother, or I am a Patient Wife.

"Are you two old friends?" she asked the bishop.

"No!" the bishop exclaimed.

"The bishop was just driving through," the minister said weakly.

"Could I see your garden?" the bishop asked.

Taking his Martini glass with him, he followed her out the side door onto the terrace. Mrs. Pastern was an ardent gardener, but the scene was disappointing. The abundant cycle of bloom was nearly over; there was nothing to see but chrysanthemums. "I wish you could see it in the spring, especially in the *late* spring," she said. "The star magnolia is the first to bloom. Then we have the flowering cherries and plums. Just as they finish, we have the azalea, the laurel, and the hybrid rhododendron. I have bronze tulips under the wisteria. The lilac is white."

"I see that you have a shelter," the bishop said.

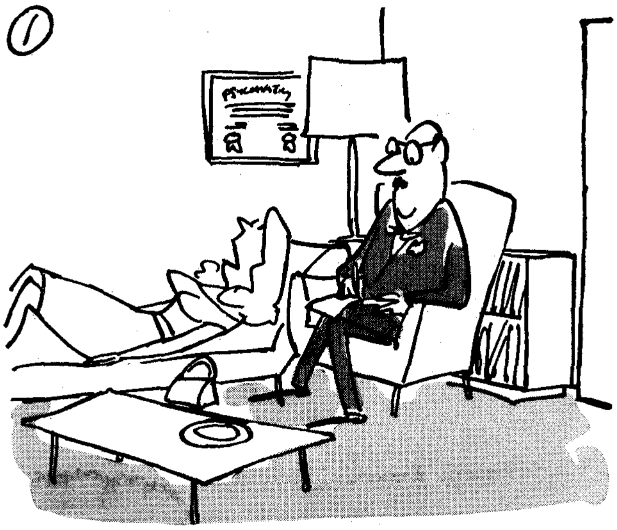
"Yes." She had been betrayed by her ducks and gnomes. "Yes, we have, but it's really nothing to see. This bed is all lily of the valley, all this bed. I feel that roses make a better cutting than an ornamental garden, so I keep the roses behind the house. The border is *fraises des bois*. So sweet, so winy."

"Have you had the shelter long?"

"We had it built in the spring," said Mrs. Pastern. "That hedge is flowering quince. Over there is our little salad garden. Lettuce and herbs. That sort of thing."

"I would like to see the shelter," the bishop said.

She was hurt—a hurt that seemed to reverberate all the way back to her



childhood, when she had been wounded by the discovery that the friends who came to call on rainy days had not come because they liked her but to eat her cookies and hog her toys. She had never been able to put a good countenance on selfishness, and she scowled as they passed the birdbath and the painted ducks. The gnomes with their mobcaps looked down on the three of them as she unlocked the fire door with a key that she wore around her neck.

"Charming," the bishop said. "Charming. Why, I see you even have a library."

"Yes," she said. "The books were chosen for their humor, tranquillity, and hopefulness."

"It is an unfortunate characteristic of ecclesiastical architecture," said the bishop, "that the basement or cellar is confined to a small space under the chancel. This gives us very little room for the salvation of the faithful—a characteristic, I should perhaps add, of our denomination. Some churches have commodious basements. But I shan't take up any more of your time." He strode back across the lawn toward the house, put his cocktail glass on the terrace wall, and gave her his blessing.

She sat down heavily on her terrace steps and watched the car drive off. He had not come to praise her, she knew that. Was it impious of her to suspect that he was travelling around his domain picking and choosing sanctuaries? Was it possible that he meant to exploit his holiness in this way? The burdens of modern life, even if they smelled of plastics—as they seemed to—bore down cruelly on the supports of God, the Family, and the Nation. The burden was top-heavy, and she seemed to hear the foundations give. She had believed all her life in the holiness of the priesthood, and if this belief was genuine, why hadn't she offered the bishop the safety of her shelter at once? But if he believed in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come, why was a shelter anything that he might need?

The telephone rang, and she answered its ringing with a forced lightheartedness. It was a woman named Beatrice, who came to clean Mrs. Pastern's house two days a week.

"This is Beatrice, Mrs. Pastern," she said, "and there is something I think you ought to know. As you know, I'm not a gossip. I'm not like that Adele, who goes around from lady to lady telling that the So-and-Sos aren't sleeping together, and that So-and-So had six empty whiskey bottles in his wastebaskets, and that nobody came to So-and-So's cocktail party. I'm not like that Adele. I'm not a gossip, and you know that, Mrs. Pastern. But there is something I think you ought to know. I worked for Mrs. Flannagan today, and she showed me a key, and she said it was a key to your bomb shelter, and that your husband gave it to her. I don't know whether it was the truth or not, but I thought you ought to know."

"Thank you, Beatrice."

He had dragged her good name through a hundred escapades, debauched her excellence, and thrown away her love, but she had never imagined that he would betray her in their plans for the end of the world. She poured what was left of the bishop's cocktail into a glass. She hated the taste of gin, but her accumulated troubles had grown to seem like the pain of an illness, and gin dimmed this, although it inflamed her indignation. Outside, the sky darkened, the wind changed, it began to rain. What could she do? She couldn't go back to Mother. Mother didn't have a shelter. She couldn't pray for guidance. The bishop's apparent worldliness had reduced the comforts of Heaven. She couldn't contemplate her husband's foolish profligacy without drinking more gin. And then she remembered the night—the night of judgment—when they had agreed to let Aunt Ida and Uncle Ralph burn, when she had sacrificed her three-year-old niece and he his five-year-old nephew; when they had conspired like murderers and had decided to deny mercy even to his old mother.

SHE was quite drunk by the time Charlie came in. "I couldn't spend two weeks in any hole in the ground with that Mrs. Flannagan," she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"I took the bishop down to show him the shelter and he—"

"What bishop? What was a bishop doing here?"

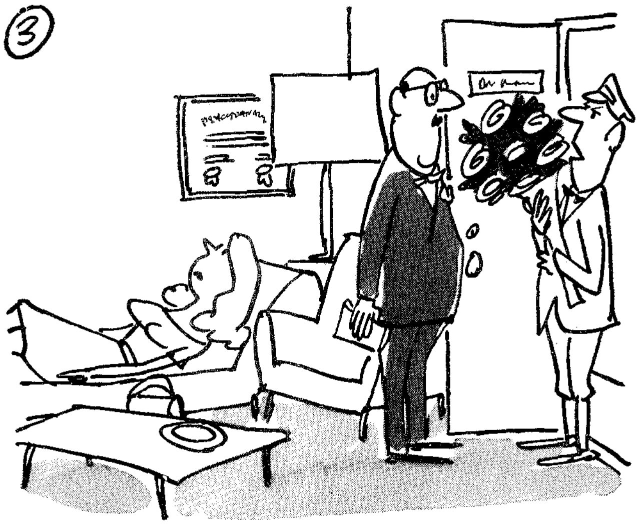
"Stop interrupting me and listen to what I have to say. Mrs. Flannagan has a key to our shelter, and you gave it to her."

"Who told you this?"

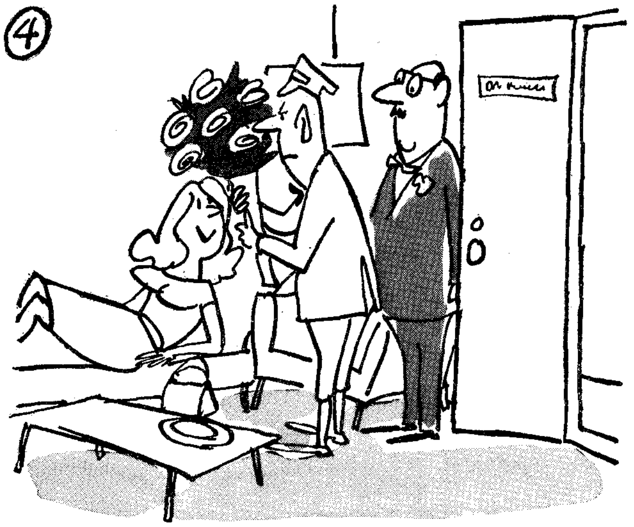
"Mrs. Flannagan," she said, "has a key to our shelter, and you gave it to her."

He went back out through the rain to the garage and jammed his fingers in the door. In haste and rage he stalled the car, and, waiting for the carburetor to drain, was faced, in the headlights, with the backstage of his wasteful domestic life which had accumulated in the garage. Here was a fortune in broken garden furniture and power tools. When the car started, he slammed out of his driveway and passed a red light at the first intersection, where, for a moment, his life hung by a thread. He didn't care. Slamming up the hill, he clutched the wheel as if he already had his hands on her plump and silly neck. It was his children's honor and peace of mind that she had damaged. It was his children, his beloved children, that she had harmed.

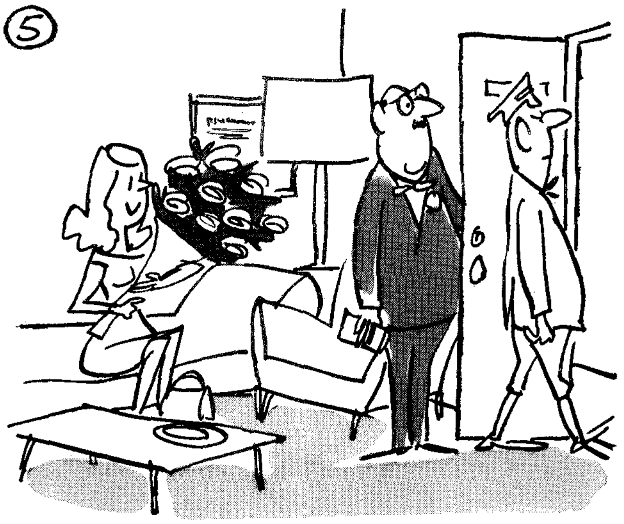
③



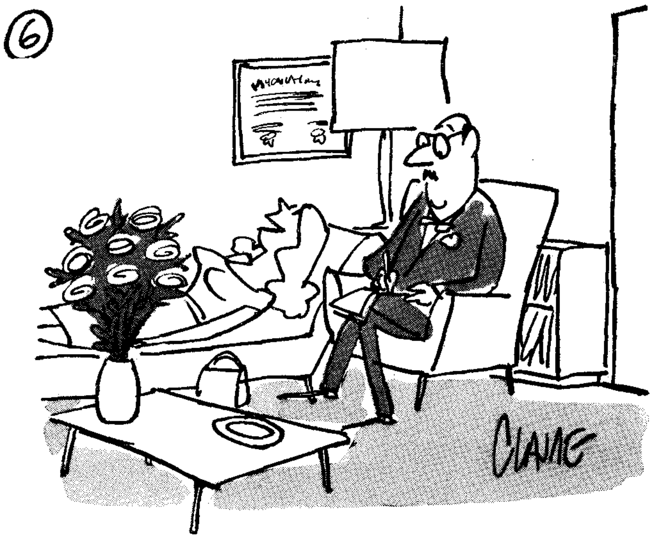
④



⑤



⑥



• •

He stopped the car at the door. The house was lighted, and he could smell wood smoke, but the place was quiet and, peering through the glass pane, he couldn't see any signs of life or hear anything but the rain. He tried the door. It was locked. Then he pounded on the frame with his fist. It was a long time before she appeared, from the living room, and he guessed she must have been asleep. She was wearing the peignoir he had bought her. She straightened her hair. As soon as she opened the door, he pushed his way into the hall and shouted, "Why did you do it? Why did you do such a damn fool thing?"

"I do not know what you are talking about."

"Why did you tell my wife you had the key?"

"I did not tell your wife."

"Then who did you tell?"

"I did not tell anyone."

She worked her shoulders and looked down at the tip of her slipper. Like most incurable fibbers, she had an extravagant regard for the truth, which she expressed by sending up signals meant to indicate that she was lying. He saw then that he could not get the truth out of her, that he could not shake it out of her with all the strength in his arms, and that her confession, if he had it, would have done him no good.

"Get me something to drink," he said.

"I think you had better go away and come back later, when you are feeling better," she said.

"I'm tired," he said. "I'm tired. Oh God, I'm tired. I haven't sat down all day."

He went into the living room and poured himself a whiskey. He saw his hands, blackened by the trains and the banisters, the doorknobs and the papers, of a long day, and in the mirror he saw that his hair was soaked with rain. He went out of the living room and through the library to the downstairs bathroom. She made a little noise, scarcely a cry. When he opened the bathroom door, he found himself face to face with an absolutely naked stranger.

He shut the door, and then there was that nearly metronomic stillness that precedes a howling confrontation. It was she who broke the silence. "I do not know who he is, and I have been trying to make him go away. . . . I know what you are thinking, and I do not care. It is my house, after all, and I did not invite you into it, and I do not have to explain everything that goes on to you."

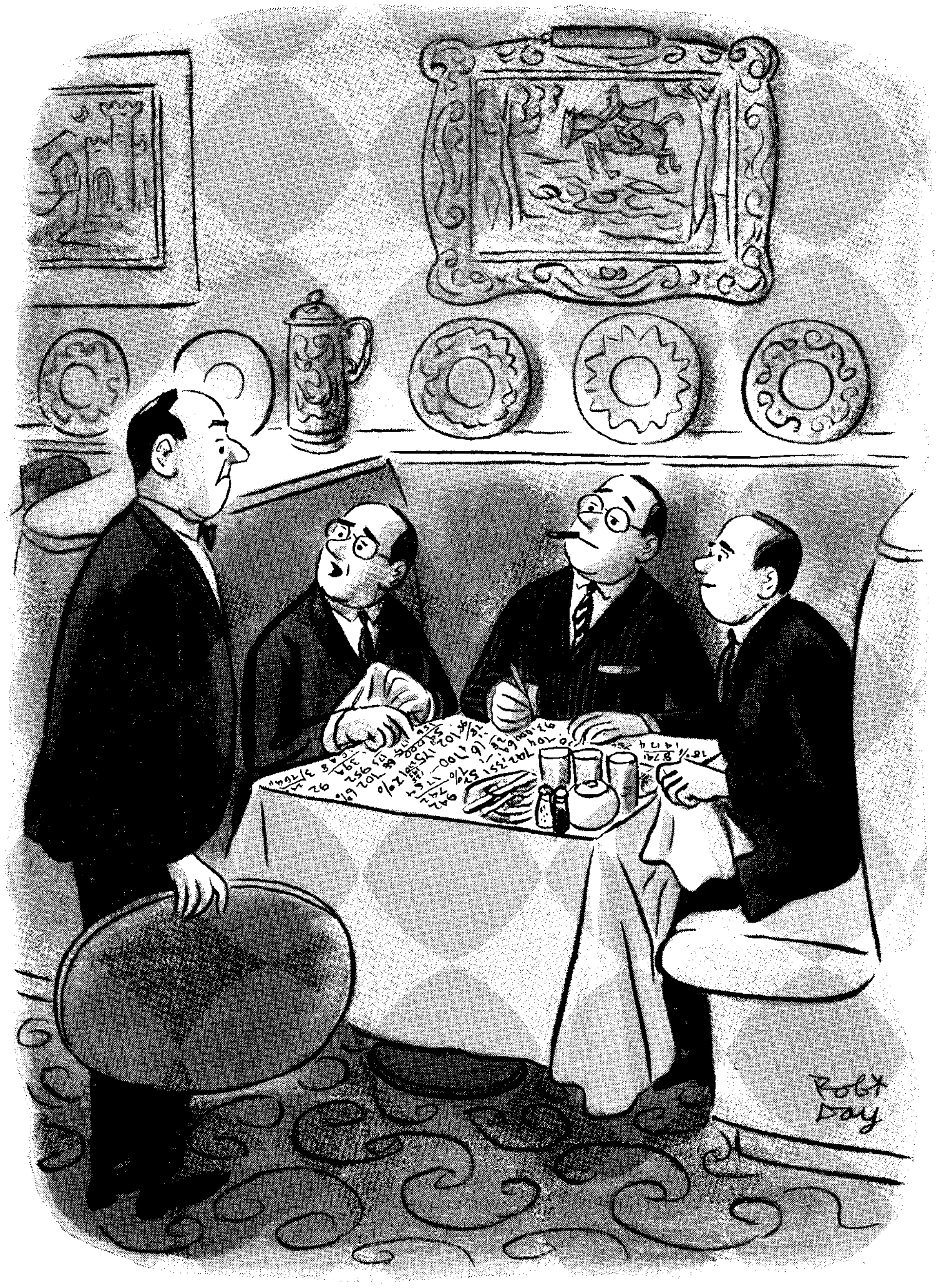
"Get away from me," he said. "Get away from me or I'll break your neck."

He drove home through the rain. When he let himself in, he noticed the noise and the smell of cooking from the kitchen. He supposed that these sounds and odors must have been one of the first signs of life on the planet, and might be one of the last. The evening paper was in the living room, and, giving it a shake, he shouted, "Throw a little nuclear hardware at them! Show them who's boss!" And then, falling into a chair, he asked softly, "Dear Jesus, when will it ever end?"

"I've been waiting for you to say that," said Mrs. Pastern quietly, coming in from the pantry. "I've been waiting nearly three months now to hear just that. I first began to worry when I saw that you'd sold your cufflinks and your studs. I wondered what was the matter then. Then, when you signed the contract for the shelter without a penny to pay for it, I began to see your plan. You *want* the world to end, don't you? Don't you, Charlie, don't you? I've known it all along, but I couldn't admit it to myself, it seemed so ruthless—but then one learns something new every day." She walked past him into the hallway and started up the stairs. "There's a hamburger in the frying pan," she said, "and some potatoes in the oven. If you want a green vegetable, you can heat up the leftover broccoli. I'm going to telephone the children."

WE travel with such velocity these days that the most we can do is to remember a few place names. The freight of metaphysical speculation will have to catch up with us by slow train, if it catches up with us at all. The rest of the story was recounted by my mother, whose letter caught up with me in Kitzbühel, where I sometimes stay. "There have been so many changes in the last six weeks," she wrote, "that I hardly know where to begin. First, the Pasterns are gone and I mean gone. He's in the county jail serving a two-year sentence for grand larceny. Sally's left college and is working at Macy's, and the boy's still looking for a job, I hear. He's living with his mother somewhere in the Bronx. Someone said they were on home relief. It seems that Charlie ran through all of that money his mother left him about a year ago and they were just living on credit. The bank took everything and they moved to a motel in Tansford. Then they moved from motel to motel, travelling in a rented car and never paying their bills. The motel and the car-rental people were the first ones to catch up with them. Some nice people named Willoughby bought the house from the bank. And the Flannagans have divorced. Remember her? She used to walk around her garden with a silk parasol. He didn't have to give her a settlement or anything and someone saw her on Central Park West in a thin coat on a cold night. But she did come back. It was very strange. She came back last Thursday. It had just begun to snow. It was a little while after lunch. What an old fool your mother is but as old as I am I never cease to thrill at the miracle of a snowstorm. I had a lot of work to do but I decided to let it go and stand by the window awhile and watch it snow. The sky was very dark. It was a fine, dry snow and covered everything quickly like a spread of light. Then I saw Mrs. Flannagan walking up the street. She must have come out on the two-thirty-three and walked up from the station. I don't suppose she can have very much money if she can't afford a cab, do you? She was not very warmly dressed and she had on high heels and no rubbers. Well, she walked up the street and she walked right across the Pasterns' lawn, I mean what used to be the Pasterns' lawn, to their bomb shelter and just stood there looking at it. I don't know what in the world she was thinking of but the shelter looks a little like a tomb, you know, and she looked like a mourner standing there with the snow falling on her head and shoulders and it made me sad to think she hardly knew the Pasterns. Then Mrs. Willoughby telephoned me and said there was this strange woman standing in front of her bomb shelter and did I know who it was and I said that I did, that it was Mrs. Flannagan who used to live up on the hill, and then she asked what I thought she should do and I said the only thing to do I guessed was to send her away. So then Mrs. Willoughby sent her maid down and I saw the maid telling Mrs. Flannagan to go away and then in a little while Mrs. Flannagan walked back through the snow to the station."

—JOHN CHEEVER



"Two small coffees—one regular—and send the tablecloth out for photostats in triplicate."

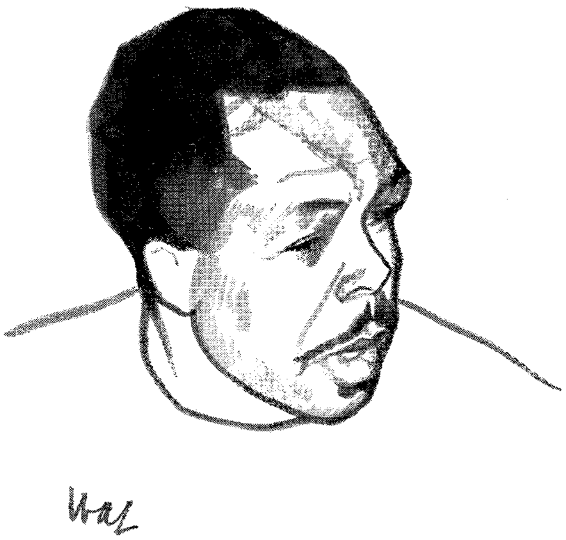
•

Twenty-six students are among the 586 freshmen enrolled this Fall at Newark College of Engineering.—*Plainfield (N. J.) Courier-News.*

That's not a bad percentage.

PROFILES

THE MONGOOSE



Archie Moore

Archibald Lee Moore, the light-heavyweight boxing champion of the world, is forty-four years of age by his own account and forty-seven by his mother's. She says that he was born on December 13, 1913, in Benoit, Mississippi, but he insists that the year was 1916 and, on occasion, that the place was somewhere in Missouri, or perhaps in Illinois. "My mother should know, she was there," he has conceded. "But so was I. I have given this a lot of thought, and have decided that I must have been three when I was born." Whoever is right, Moore is the most elderly champion in the history of boxing. By all the rules of the game, he should have faded into retirement long ago, like his contemporaries Joe Louis, Joe Walcott, Ezzard Charles, and Rocky Marciano, all of whom have settled into a sedentary life appropriate to their gray hairs and accumulating paunches. Moore's hair is gray and he is often grievously overweight, but he just doesn't seem to age. "I don't worry about growing old, because worrying is a disease," he says. Not long ago, he was chatting with a friend in a Los Angeles gymnasium after a workout when he chanced to overhear a couple of young fighters discussing him. "That old man should quit," said one of the apprentices, nodding toward Moore. "He should get out and let us take over. Look at him, with his old gray head!" Moore walked lightly over to where the two fighters were standing, tapped the nearer one on the shoulder, and said, smiling, "It isn't this old gray head that worries you young fellows, it's this old gray fist."

Moore has been a professional boxer for twenty-six years, starting as a middleweight, winning his championship as a light heavyweight in 1952, by beating Joey Maxim in fifteen rounds, and on two occasions fighting for the heavyweight title—first, in 1955, against Rocky Marciano, and then, in 1956, against Floyd Patterson, both of whom knocked him out. He has had two hundred and fourteen fights to date, and has won a hundred and eighty-three, a hundred and thirty-one of them by knockout—a record unmatched in pugilism. However, because his build is undistinguished and his countenance unscarred, there is nothing about his appearance that hints at the violent nature of his trade, and he affects a wispy bebop goatee that gives him more the look of a jazz musician than of a fighter. His taste in wearing apparel is something less than severe—he usually goes into the ring draped in a gold or silver silk dressing gown festooned with sequins, and he has been photographed at Epsom Downs in England wearing a gray topper, striped pants, and a cutaway, and on Fifth Avenue strolling along, cane in hand, in a white dinner jacket and Bermuda shorts—but his natural poise and his almost regal bearing enable him to carry off such trappings with dignity. Moore calls himself "the Mongoose," but although he is sharp-sighted and agile and fearless, like a mongoose, he has practically none of the irritable nature of that ferocious little animal. Moore's warm personality and rough-and-ready wit make friends for him everywhere. People come up to him on the street to shake his hand, and motorists wave to him. He can go unannounced into a night club in Harlem or its Los Angeles counterpart and soon the management will have him on the bandstand, entertaining the customers with his light patter. Children respond to him enthusiastically. "Wouldn't it be awful if a man had to go through a day—even one day—without a little music and laughter!" he once said when somebody complimented him on his happy disposition.

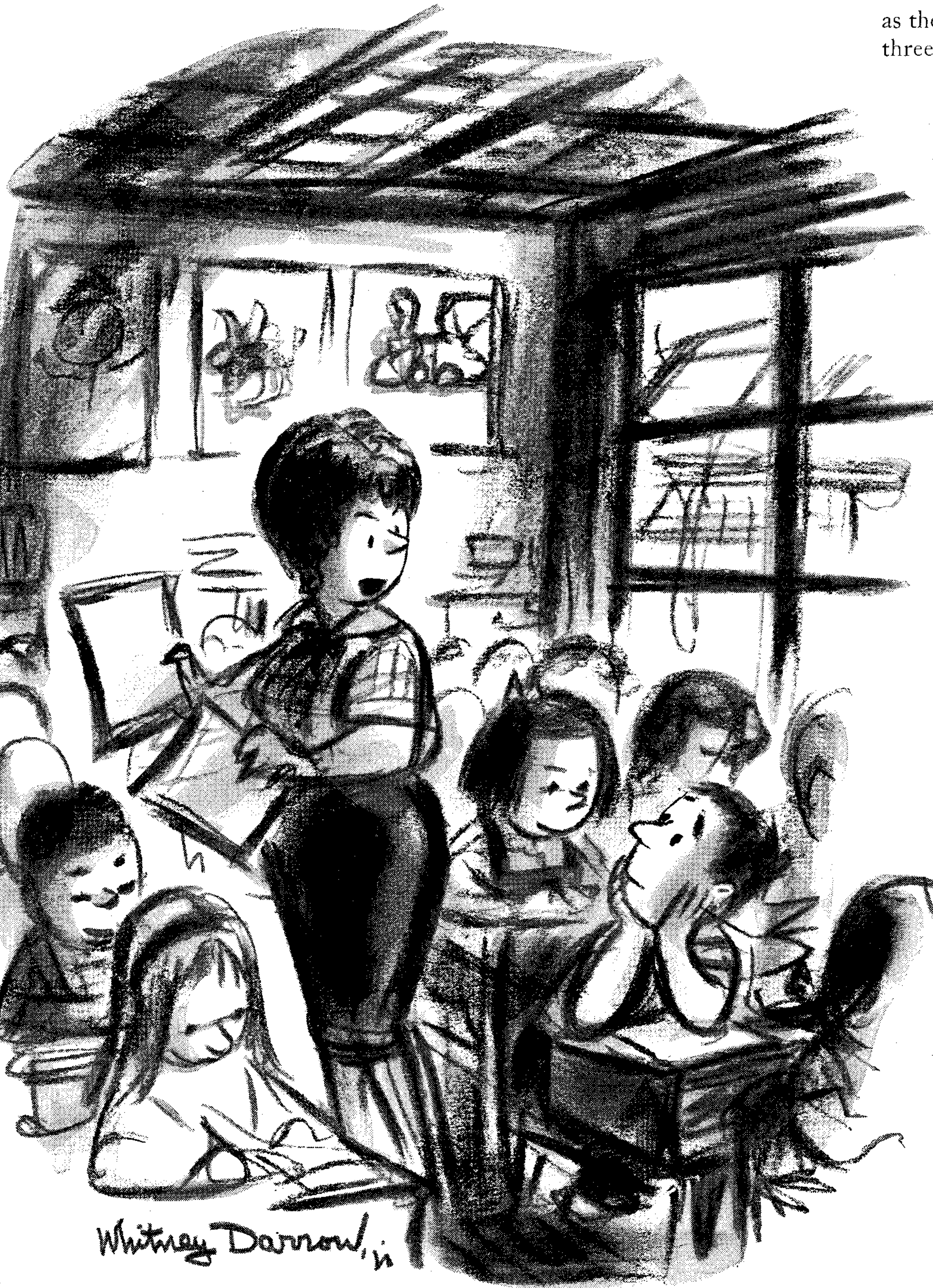
Moore is probably the most widely travelled boxer of all time—largely because there was a period of some years when it was impossible for him to get fights in this country with anyone near his class—and he is proud of the attention he has received from Toronto to Tasmania. "I have passed the time of day with President Eisenhower and, if you will pardon me, several dictators," he remarked some time ago. "I was once criticized for some newspaper pictures showing Juan Perón with his arms around me. I can only reply that when the head of a government invites me to meet him, I think it is judicious to do so. I have been to Germany, too. I posed with all the West German politicians, policemen, generals, and fighters. When I ran out of dignitaries, I went to the parks and posed with the statues. I really dig that historic stuff, you know. However, I am not a political person. I am an ambassador of good will."

In actuality, Moore isn't quite the political innocent he often pretends to be. He is a registered Democrat and, as a San Diego resident of some twenty years' standing, has worked in behalf of several California office seekers. Moreover, in 1960 he ran for a lame-duck term as assemblyman in California's Seventy-ninth Assembly District, but he was beaten, probably because he didn't bother to train—a tendency that he had carried over from his professional life. (Instead of campaigning for the office, Moore went off to Rome and rounded up a suitable challenger for his championship—an Italian fighter named Giulio Rinaldi, who outpointed him in a non-title bout.) When Moore took out his nominating papers, he listed Mississippi as his birthplace on one affidavit and Missouri on another. Advised that he'd have to make a choice, he protested, on the ground that both states deserved this honor. Eventually, he decided in favor of Mississippi. (In Nat Fleischer's "The Ring," though, he is quoted as having said he was born in Collinsville, Illinois.) He also listed his occupation as "the light-heavyweight champion of the world," but a deputy registrar pointed out that California law permits only a three-word description on the ballot, so he reluctantly settled for "light-heavyweight champion."

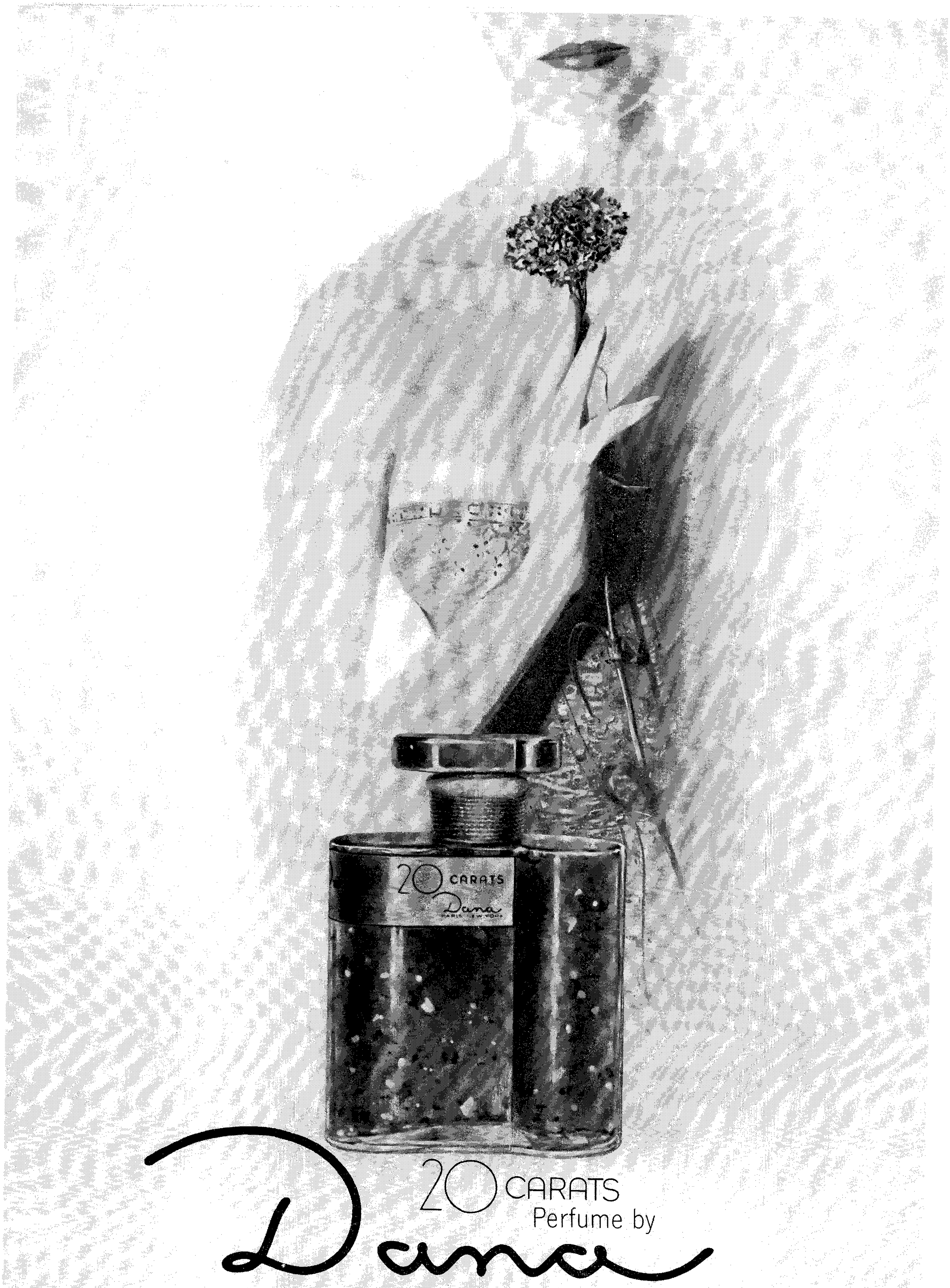
If the deputy registrar had chosen to make a point of it, he might have questioned that capsule description as well, for although Moore is the recognized champion where it counts—in New York, Massachusetts, and California, and abroad—the National Boxing Association, which presides over the small-time, or remaining forty-seven states, decided late last year that he was not defending his championship often enough and declared the title vacant. Moore, who has had a running feud with the National Boxing Association for years, appealed to the United Nations. It hadn't previously occurred to anybody that the United Nations had jurisdiction over boxing, but when Moore's camp sent a telegram to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge asking him to help a "great internationalist," the N.B.A. backed up and granted Moore an additional period of grace in which to contract for a championship fight. Moore paid no heed. "When I wanted the N.B.A. to recognize me as a challenger, they let me wither for five solid years," he said. "I think I've made a definite contribution to boxing; if everybody is going to forget that, why, I'll get a job or go into the movies or something." When the deadline was up, the N.B.A. defrocked Moore a second time and arranged for a fight between the two leading contenders—Jesse Bowdry, a twenty-three-year-old St. Louis fighter, and Harold Johnson, whom Moore had fought five times and defeated four times, the last fight being a championship bout at Madison Square Garden in 1954, when Moore knocked him out in fourteen rounds. Johnson knocked out Bowdry in nine rounds, and the N.B.A. said he was champion. The fact remains that Moore is in the big money and Johnson is not.

Johnson currently declares that he is no longer interested in fighting Moore. "Archie is an old man, and they can put you in jail for beating up old men," he said not long ago. "Why, Johnson is my protégé," Moore countered. "I have always looked after Harold and said nice things about him. The trouble with Harold is that he is under the impression the clock of time has stopped. As soon as the young man"—Johnson is thirty-three—"makes a reputation for himself, I'll be glad to give him another shot at my title." At various times, Moore has announced that he intends to keep his championship for sixteen years, or until 1968 ("That would help me get even for the sixteen years I waited until they finally let me fight Maxim"), and that he will continue to defend his title until he can pass it along to his son Hardy Lee. Hardy Lee recently observed his first birthday.

MOORE loves to talk. "I am a great sidewalk talker," he once said. "I can talk Mexican-fashion, squatting on my heels, or big-city style, with my spine up against a lamppost or a building, or even garment-center technique, with my backside at the edge of a curb." He is a frequent after-dinner speaker, and he plans his post-fight speeches, which are usually addressed to a nationwide radio and television audience, with loving care. "When I am invited to speak at a prison, I usually accept, because nobody walks out in the middle of my speech, and there is no heckling," he says. Moore sometimes talks while he is fighting, too. In 1957, when he knocked out Tony Anthony in the seventh round of a championship fight in Los Angeles, Anthony's manager, Ernie Braca, complained that his man had been befuddled by Moore's line of chatter. "Archie is a smart old guy," he said. "He talked his way to victory." "Please remind Mr. Braca



"Just concentrate on today's assignment and stop worrying about your opposite number in Russia."


20 CARATS
Dana
PARIS NEW YORK
20 CARATS
Perfume by
Dana

A&F

Poppies for Christmas

A&F picks a bouquet of deep scarlet poppies for your favorite at Christmas. This handsomely tailored blouse is of fine, light Swiss wool challis. Also with royal blue poppies. 8-18. . . . . **19.95**

Order by mail or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK

CHICAGO SARASOTA PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO

Sparkling Diamonds

Top—A dome ring, $1,375 . . . A feathery leaf brooch, $1,350 . . . A ring of golden swirls, $595.

18kt. gold Actual size Fed. tax incl.

Cartier

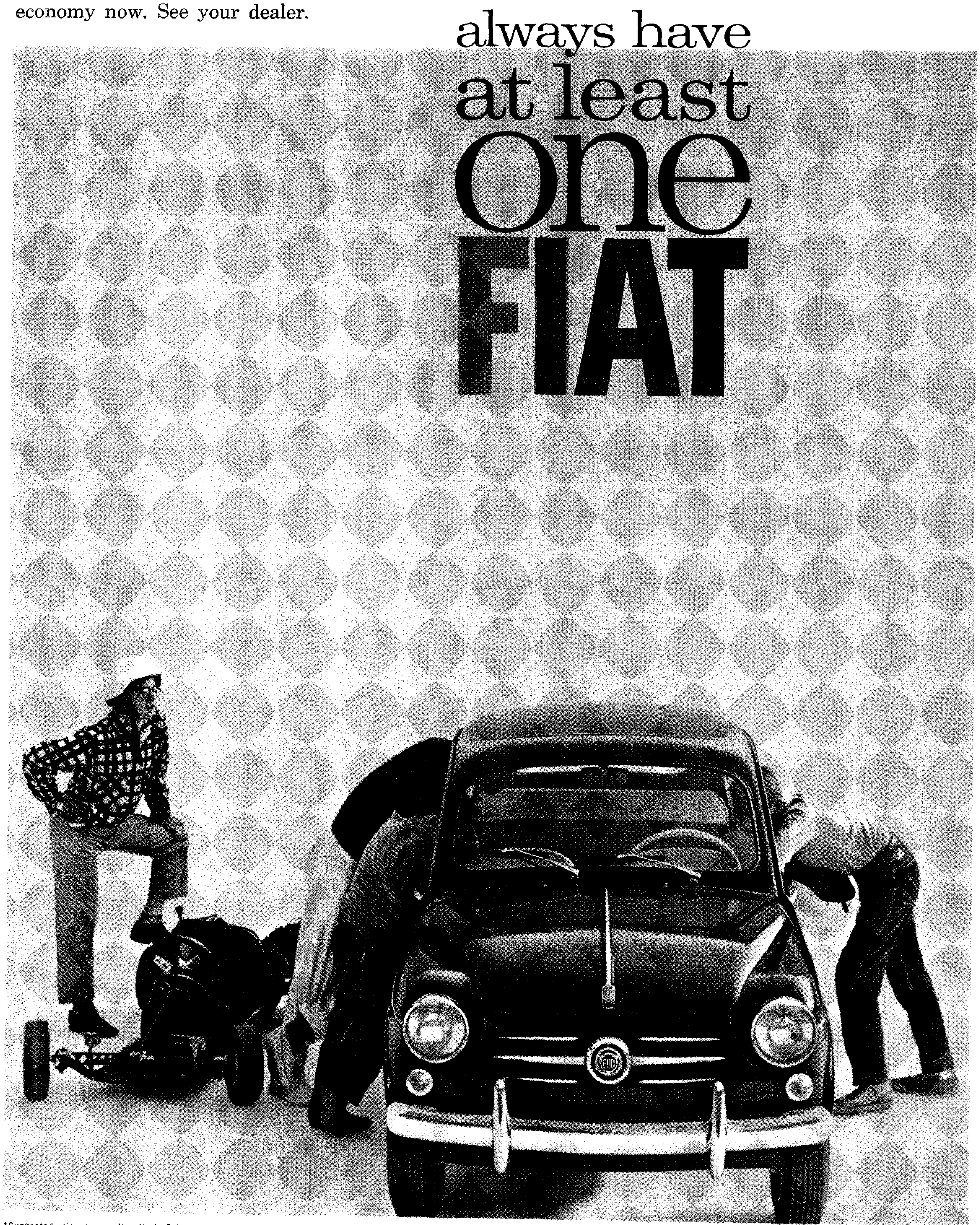
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111

that I mixed a few punches into the conversation," Moore responded. And not only does Moore like to talk but he also has a knack of getting his utterances into print, as he demonstrated on the occasion of a fight with Willi Besmanoff at Louisville in 1958. The fight was scheduled for the night before the Kentucky Derby, and when Moore arrived, several days ahead of time, he made the horrifying discovery that while the town was full of journalists, most of them had their minds on horses rather than on boxers. A day or two before the fight, he showed up in the stable area at Churchill Downs early in the morning and chatted amiably with his friends among the sportswriters as they made their rounds of the Derby horses. "I want to thank all of you gentlemen for coming to Louisville to see me fight," he said, sounding genuinely pleased. Then, his eyes twinkling, he added, "Oh, by the way, why don't you stay over and see the Kentucky Derby? I understand it's an excellent race."

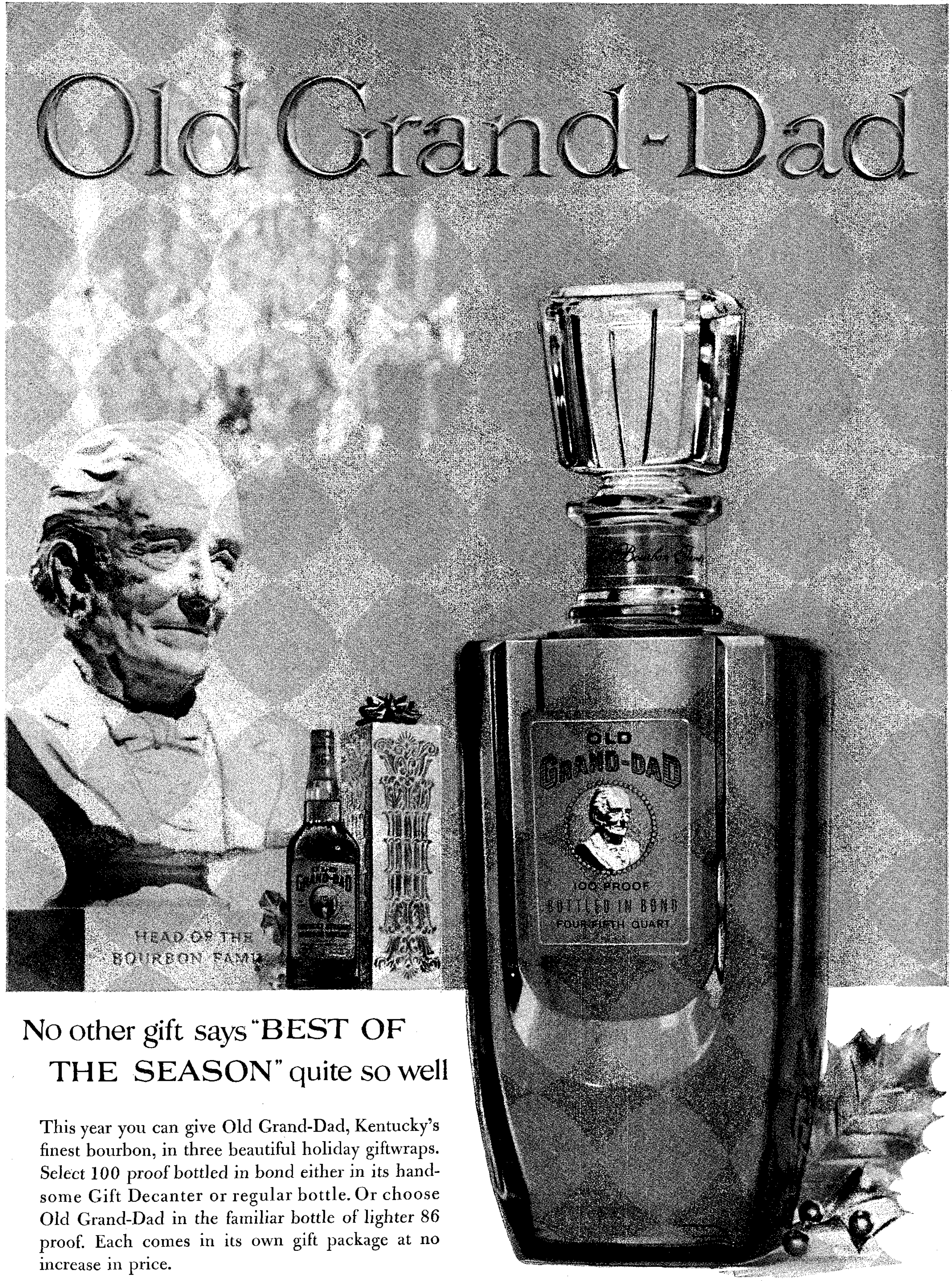
Moore acknowledges certain defects in his conversation. "I'd rather use six little words than one big one," he says. "I tend to draw a pitch out. I say this to say that. Eventually, however, my meaning comes clear. Like the night I was fighting Bobo Olson. I hit him in the belly with a left hook and followed with a right to the head. The right was slightly high, but Bobo got the message. Still, there is, I fear, that one chink in my armor. I am inclined to waste words. In fact, I throw them away. It is my only excess." The last statement is not entirely accurate. Moore has such a tremendous fondness for food that he regularly eats himself out of shape—so far out that every time he has defended his championship he has been obliged to take off from twenty-five to forty pounds in order to reach a hundred and seventy-five pounds, the weight limit of his class. The sports columnist Jimmy Cannon once accused him of gluttony, to which he replied, with all possible solemnity, "No, Jimmy, I am not a glutton—I am an explorer of food." According to his associates, the difficulty is that he chooses the wrong terrain to explore, and Moore himself admits that "the things I like to eat are not becoming to a fighter." He is particularly attracted to starches and to fried foods, and between meals he finds an icebox irresistible. Some months ago, when he was in New York with his lawyer on business, the two men shared a hotel room, and one night, a couple of hours after they had retired, following a seven-course dinner, the lawyer, awakened by a stealthy

JUST ONE FIAT! A prestige car for more than 60 years, yet peerless in economy of price and performance. What a difference it can make in your family's life! The new Fiat model 600/D brings you new styling and greater economy—more horsepower, 10 mph more speed, reduced fuel consumption—in a car as easy to drive and park as the famous model 600 it replaces. Whether you are a one, two or ten-car family, just one Fiat can average down your travel costs and fully satisfy your pride. At $1249*, Fiat 600/D is hundreds of dollars less than any compact or comparable import. Save on gas, oil, tires. Start this economy now. See your dealer.



*Suggested price, p.o.e., New York. Sales and service throughout U.S. and Canada. For overseas delivery or rental, see your Fiat Dealer, travel agent, or write Fiat Motor Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KY. • DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.


Old Grand-Dad
HEAD OF THE
BOURBON FAMILY
OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND
FOUR FIFTH QUART

No other gift says "BEST OF THE SEASON" quite so well

This year you can give Old Grand-Dad, Kentucky's finest bourbon, in three beautiful holiday giftwraps. Select 100 proof bottled in bond either in its handsome Gift Decanter or regular bottle. Or choose Old Grand-Dad in the familiar bottle of lighter 86 proof. Each comes in its own gift package at no increase in price.

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

noise in the room, turned on the light just in time to see Moore walking in his sleep through the door. Leaping out of bed, the attorney grabbed him by an arm and steered him back into the room. "Archie! What are you doing?" he demanded. Moore mumbled sleepily, "Where is the icebox in this house?" He then awakened, ate a bagel he had bought that evening from a street vender, and slept quietly until it was time for breakfast.

Although Moore contends that "fat is just a three-letter word that was invented to confuse people," his battles with the scales have often provided more excitement and suspense than the ring battles they prefaced. He always waits until the last possible minute to start reducing. "In order to lose weight, I must get myself into the proper frame of mind," he once said when he was facing such an ordeal. "I'm circling the problem now, looking it over carefully. I may pounce at any time." When Moore pounces, the mongoose in him comes out. He believes in trimming down the hard way, by means of a low-calorie diet and savage exercise—a combination that would almost certainly hospitalize a lesser man—and the regimen makes him a bit snappish. In the summer of 1955, while Moore was training for his championship fight with Bobo Olson at the Polo Grounds, he took off twenty-three pounds, the last few at Ehsan's Training Camp, a dreary, unpainted sweat pit in Summit, New Jersey. His trainers closed the doors and windows of the gymnasium early every afternoon, quickly transforming it into a steam cabinet, and in this suffocating atmosphere Moore, swaddled in a skintight rubber costume, went through his ritual of shadowboxing, sparring, bag-punching, and rope-skipping, giving off sprays of water like a revolving lawn sprinkler. The close air was almost unbearable, but he drove himself furiously, and during the last twenty-four hours before the weigh-in had nothing to eat or drink except half a lemon. The method seemed extreme, particularly for a middle-aged athlete, but it was effective. Moore made the weight by two pounds, and knocked out Olson in three rounds.

Last May, when Moore started training for his most recent title defense—on June 10th, at Madison Square Garden, against Rinaldi, the man who had outpointed him in a non-title match in Rome the year before—he weighed a hundred and ninety-eight pounds. For the Rome fight, Moore had agreed to weigh in at a maximum of a hundred and eighty-five pounds or

Your
Alligator
goes
with you
...everywhere

SAMTHUR.® Smart new styling—extra fine cotton gabardine. $22.95.

For every man, for every occasion—Alligator is the coat you'll live in, anywhere, any weather. You get smart fashion, excellent fit, and a wide choice of styles and fabrics. All wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Eastman Kodel polyester, Dupont Dacron polyester, Courtaulds Topel cross-linked rayon. All with Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent. Fine Dacron waterproofs, too. America's most wanted coats—$11.95 to $70.75—all great values. See them now at better stores everywhere.

Alligator®
THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

The Alligator Company · St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

HERBAL DETAIL OF LATE 15TH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, COMMEMORATING LEGEND: THE UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS COLLECTION, GIFT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. THE UNICORN IS A MYTHICAL ANIMAL, SOUGHT IN LEGEND FOR HIS DISTINCTIVE HORN WHICH HELD MAGIC POWERS. ONLY A MAIDEN COULD CHARM HIM INTO CAPTIVITY. THE UNICORN HAS COME DOWN TO US IN MODERN TIMES AS A SYMBOL OF THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

Now legendary beauty is yours with Helena Rubinstein's new masterpiece

THE HERBESSENCE COLLECTION

From nature's herbs, fabled storehouses of beautifying essences, Helena Rubinstein creates a new promise of dewy, natural radiance. Each HERBESSENCE™ preparation in the Collection plays an essential part in revealing the miracle of beauty...to help replace dryness with bud-like softness...to brighten, smooth...to make another of your beauty dreams come true. And each preparation is accompanied by a complete yet simple guide to the Helena Rubinstein Salon method of application. Your most beautiful years are ahead with her new HERBESSENCE COLLECTION. Highlighted are just three from the Collection:

HERBESSENCE SKIN LIFE® CREAM is a unique combination of rare herbals and other ingredients—with our exclusive bio-natural extracts imported from France—and blended in the United States. Helps smooth and soften while you sleep. 10.00, 17.50. **HERBESSENCE SKIN LIFE EMULSION.** Another remarkable blend of rare herbals and other ingredients. This rich moisturizer is instantly absorbed to help beautify all day and to form a perfect foundation for make-up. 10.00, 17.50. **HERBESSENCE CREAM CLEANSER** gives skin a finer-textured look as it frees it of dust, make-up! 2.50, 4.00.

Herbessence Skin Life Emulsion
Herbessence Skin Life Cream
Herbessence Cream Cleanser
Helena Rubinstein

Helena Rubinstein®

© 1961, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, INC.
PRICES PLUS TAX. 29161

forfeit a thousand dollars. He started taking off surplus weight, mostly in steam cabinets, only six days before the match, and the best he could do was a hundred and ninety, so he lost the thousand. Furthermore, Rinaldi took the decision. For the New York match with Rinaldi, when the title was at stake, Moore diminished himself with such a desperate crash diet ("You can eat as much as you like, as long as you don't swallow it," he was fond of saying at the time) that the fight crowd began speculating on whether he would have enough strength left to mount the steps into the ring. Rocky Marciano, who visited Moore's training camp, called Kutsher's In the Catskills, was appalled by his training methods. "I don't believe Rinaldi can lose the fight," he said. "The weight-making will beat Archie—that's the big thing." The promoters of the bout, alarmed by the possibility that the star would either collapse from exhaustion or be disqualified by excess poundage, invited the *alter* champion, Harold Johnson, to serve as a standby. "Hasn't Harold always stood by?" Moore asked when he was told about it. Moore made the weight by half a pound, and Dr. Alexander Schiff, who examined him for the New York State Athletic Commission, marvelled at his condition. "I don't know his age, but he has the body and the reflexes of a man of thirty or thirty-two," the Doctor said. A great sigh of relief was heard from Harry Markson, general manager of boxing for Madison Square Garden. "I feel as though I had lost that weight myself," he said, beaming. Johnson was not surprised. "I knew he'd make it," he said. "Archie wasn't going to let me have all that money." Moore won an overwhelming fifteen-round decision, and seemed as fresh at the finish as he had at the start. Fascinated by this time with the whole subject of weight removal, he issued an invitation to newspapermen: "Come to my home town a year from now and you won't find a fat man in San Diego. I'm going to open a chain of health studios." He hasn't got around to it yet, but at last report he was still thinking about it.

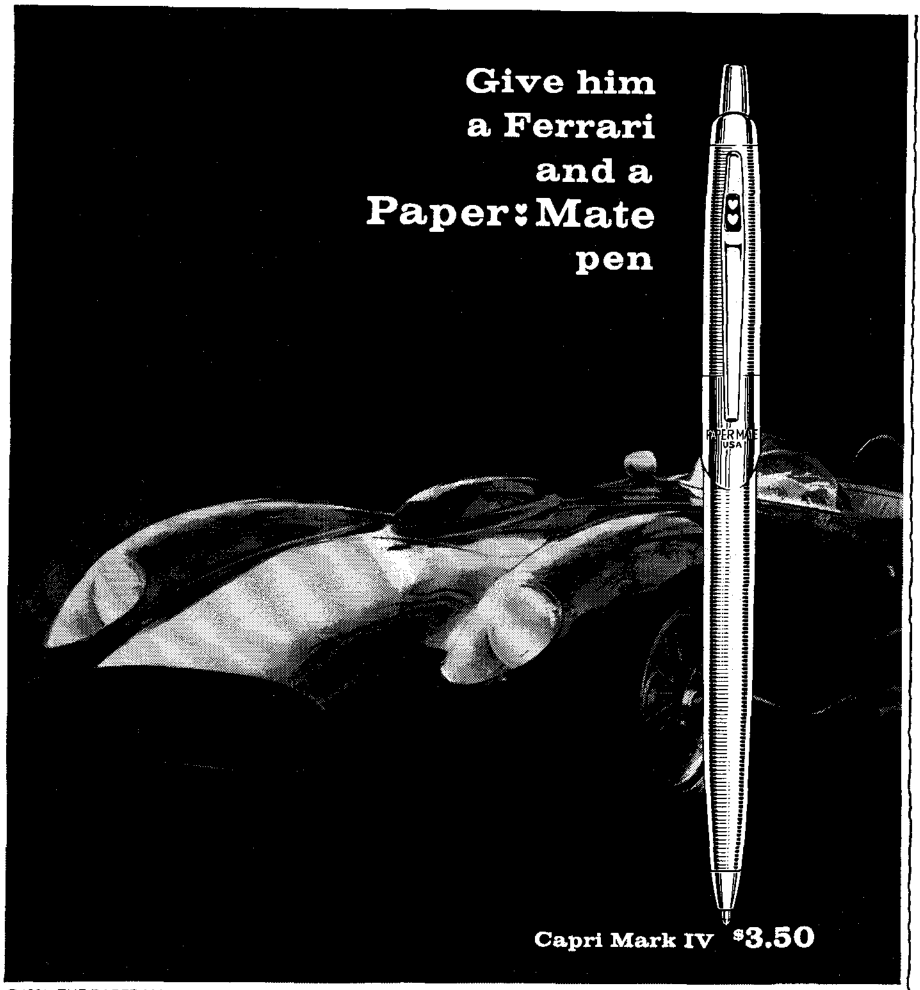
A self-styled expert on nutrition, Moore frequently speaks of a "secret diet" that he says he obtained from an Australian aborigine in the course of his travels. ("Did you ever see a fat aborigine?" he asks.) He declares that he got the diet in exchange for a red turtleneck sweater, and he regarded it as a professional secret up until last year, when he included it in his autobiography, "The Archie Moore Story," writ-

Jack Winter
a toast to the most
the pants that really fit
Metallic rayon brocade, about 18.00; printed cotton velveteen, about 20.00.
BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York, JACK WINTER, 1410 Broadway, New York.

ten in collaboration with Bob Condon and Dave Gregg, and published by McGraw-Hill. The diet proved to be about like most other diets, except that it placed uncommon emphasis on the drinking of hot sauerkraut juice for breakfast—an idea that the aborigine had somehow overlooked. Unfortunately, the appearance of the diet coincided with the embarrassing disclosure that Moore was asking postponement of a fight with Erich Schoeppner, a German light heavyweight, because he was unable to make the weight.

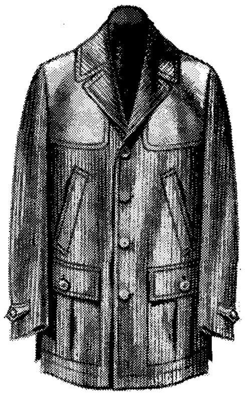
Moore's alternating periods of feast and famine subject his physique to such drastic restyling that he finds it convenient to buy clothes in three sizes. There's one rack of suits for the heavyweight Moore, at around two hundred and fifteen pounds; another for the junior-heavyweight Moore, at a hundred and ninety; and still another for the championship weight. Moore tends to regard his smallest self as something of a stranger. Studying his profile in a mirror before one of his title fights, he said critically, "I look sort of funny when I get down to seventy-five. I'm not skinny, exactly, but I don't look like me."

ONCE a fight is over, it doesn't take long for Moore to become recognizable to himself again. When he is in residence in San Diego, he likes to entertain his friends with cookouts at which the staple item is barbecued spareribs, and when he is fooling around at his rural fight camp, a small ranch situated on a ridge of rocky but oak-shaded hills thirty miles northeast of San Diego, and known as the Salt Mine, he often takes a skillet in hand and fries up a tasty batch of chicken, which is one of his favorite dishes. "Fried chicken has a personality of its own," he says. "You can eat it hot or cold, with a fork or freehand style." As a matter of fact, Moore's home, a two-story brick house on the edge of downtown San Diego, was built on the site of a restaurant that he owned and operated for a number of years and that was called the Chicken Shack. Under his personal supervision, the house has been remodelled and expanded, at a reported cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, until it has become one of the show places of the city. The creature comforts include a swimming pool in the shape of a boxing glove; a poolside cabaña that is equipped, fittingly, with both a barbecue pit and a steam room; a soundproof music studio where he plays a piano or a bass fiddle in occasional jam sessions,



©1961, THE PAPER MATE CO. PAPER MATE and CAPRI, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Our British Sportsman's All Purpose Coat



Our exclusive import . . . long staple cotton corduroy, permanently rain and stain proofed, with pure new wool fleece lining . . . rich suede gun patches, carved horn buttons . . . tailored with English craft and care . . . a truly handsome and remarkable fingertip coat. In tan with red lining, brown with sand lining. $75.

Rogers Peet company
NEW YORK BOSTON
WASHINGTON
Fifth Avenue at 48th St. • Fifth Avenue at 41st St. • Broadway at Warren St.
Boston: Tremont at Bromfield St. • Washington: 14th at G St., N.W.

Honor on Crane's

". . . accept this award, Sister Theresa, on behalf of your mission school. Surely, there is no place on earth where guardian angels play such a wicked game of soccer." Cordially, Thornton D. Hamilton, *Chairman of the Board*

When it comes to bestowing deepest praise, the highest merit, a letter on Crane's paper impresses as it commemorates. This letter from Thornton D. Hamilton was written to Sister Theresa on Crane's White Bond paper, Senate size, engraved with a business heading. Crane's Fine Papers are made in Dalton, Massachusetts, and have been since 1801.

Crane's MAKES ONLY 100% RAG EXTRA NO. 1 QUALITY PAPERS FOR CURRENCY, SECURITIES, CARBONS, STATIONERY, SCIENTIFIC AND ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

© CRANE & CO. INC., 1960

or listens to an extensive collection of jazz records; and three rumpus rooms—one for himself, one for his wife, and one for his children. In his rumpus room, Moore has a regulation-size pool table, imported from England. "I play piano, but will shoot pool with tone-deaf guests," he says. "After all, a man can't spend his whole life just fightin' 'n' fiddlin'."

He is also an expert pistol shot (he practices frequently on targets at the Salt Mine), a skilled angler, a student of boxing history, and a handyman who is equally at ease with an electric drill or behind the steering levers of a bulldozer. "The main secret of true relaxism is diversion," he says. "A person who has no hobby has no life." He is devoted to the current Mrs. Moore—the former Joan Hardy—a tall, attractive, light-complexioned woman, who has borne him two daughters and two sons in six years of marriage. Because she is a sister-in-law of the actor Sidney Poitier, she is not much awed by her husband's celebrity, and she cheerfully makes allowances for artistic temperament. She didn't complain, for example, when Moore insisted that she shorten the heels on her shoes by a full inch. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and she is only an inch less. The champion didn't want his wife towering over him, and he refused to wear elevator shoes. Since he wouldn't go up, she agreed to come down. (When Moore first sprouted his goatee, along with a light mustache, a reporter asked him if his wife didn't object to the new growth when he kissed her. Moore smiled indulgently and replied, "A girl doesn't mind going through a little bush to get to a picnic.") Mrs. Moore—she is his fifth wife—has been a stabilizing influence on her husband. Not only has she given him domestic happiness but her quiet efficiency has brought a measure of order to his once disorganized social and business affairs. Until she assigned herself the duties of secretary, bookkeeper, and business manager, Moore was surrounded by clutter and chaos. Well-meaning but irresponsible, he would accept half a dozen speaking engagements for the same date and ignore them all. Now his appointments are cleared through his wife, and he usually shows up on schedule.

Mrs. Moore is also secretary of Archie Moore Enterprises, Inc., a firm that was established two years ago for the purpose of supervising the champion's investments and maintaining amicable relations with the Director of Internal Revenue. Moore is the president

Announcing *the* DORAL *Country Club* ...perhaps the world's finest luxury golfing resort with a staff of eight pros headed by Jay Hebert (U.S. Ryder Cup Team), Bill Collins (U.S. Ryder Cup Team), George Bayer and Lighthorse Harry Cooper...318 decorator-designed suites and rooms...continental cuisine...two eighteen-hole championship golf courses—home of the PGA Doral $55,000 Invitational Tournament (Mar. 21-25, 1962)...a par-3 nine-hole course...pitch-and-putt greens...driving ranges... lake boating, fishing, water-skiing...tennis courts...archery range...Olympic swimming pool...riding stables...stud and boarding farm for saddle and race horses...the ultimate in country club living on a 1200 acre preserve in Miami, Florida...a scant 10 minutes west of the Miami International Airport. Reservations are now being accepted for the premiere season (Winter 1961-1962). Call or write Doral Country Club, Miami, Florida; or 12 East 48th Street, New York 17, New York. PLaza 2-7117-8.

R
Réplique
RAPHAEL
PARIS
EVERY PRECIOUS DROP BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

"Just wash it"

It's time for this '62 Buick to have its 2,000 mile inspection but the only way to know it is to read the odometer. The owner can't think of a thing his new Buick needs except a wash job.

This is happening hundreds of times every day in Buick Dealers' Service Departments right across the country.

The 1962 Buick is setting records for trouble-free performance. And this is no accident. This '62 Buick is the end product of intense "reliability programming" at every step of the way, in design, in engineering, and in the manufacturing and inspection of every one of its nearly 7500 components.

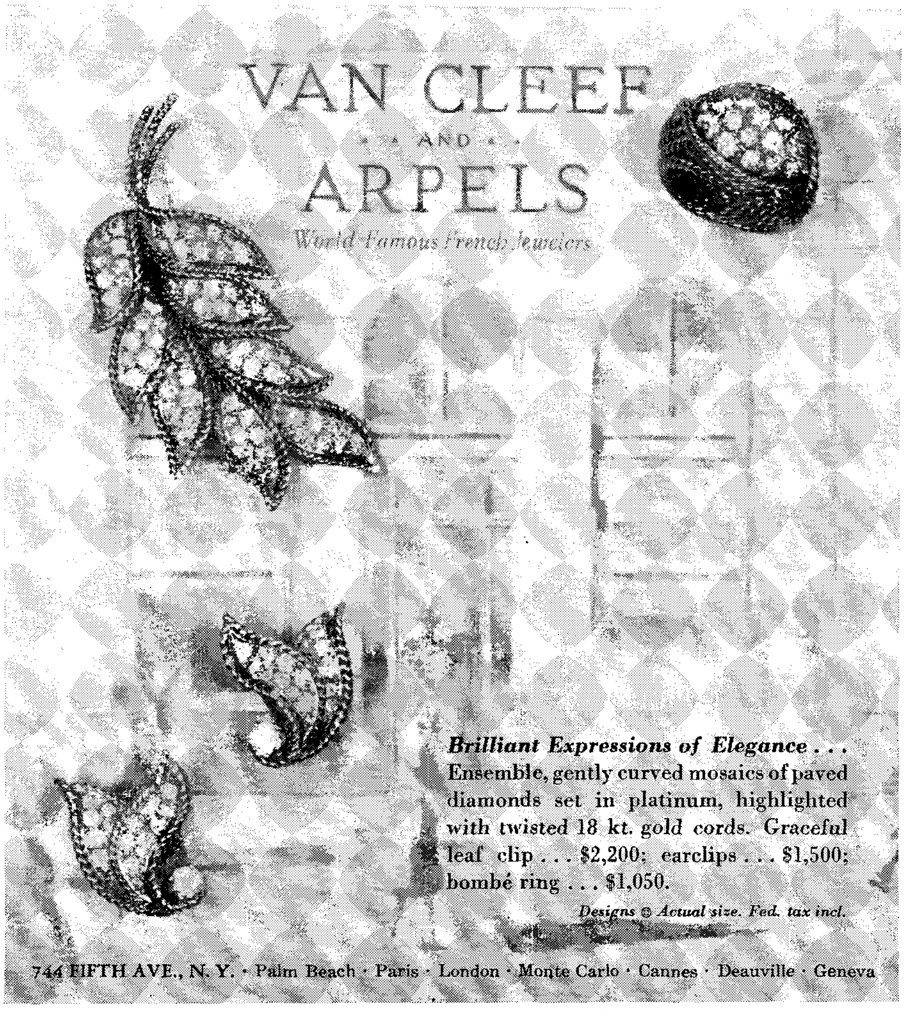
Behind this car is 3,400,000 miles of testing in 33 states—over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather, through all kinds of traffic. Why has all this been done? A matter of pride and good business . . . to make certain that the 1962 Buick will be as fine a performer and as reliable a car—regardless of price—that anyone can own today.

By the way, this Buick Service Manager will do more than wash this car. He'll give it a good thorough check-up, just because he loves it.

It's a great experience to own and drive a 1962 Buick. Why not make this your Buick year? Your nearest quality Buick Dealer will put you at the wheel of any Buick you choose. Buick Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

'62 BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



VAN CLEEF
AND
ARPELS
World Famous French Jewelers

Brilliant Expressions of Elegance . . . Ensemble, gently curved mosaics of paved diamonds set in platinum, highlighted with twisted 18 kt. gold cords. Graceful leaf clip . . . $2,200; earclips . . . $1,500; bombé ring . . . $1,050.

Designs © Actual size. Fed. tax incl.

744 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. • Palm Beach • Paris • London • Monte Carlo • Cannes • Deauville • Geneva

Aurora Chinchilla®
(The Ultimate Fur)

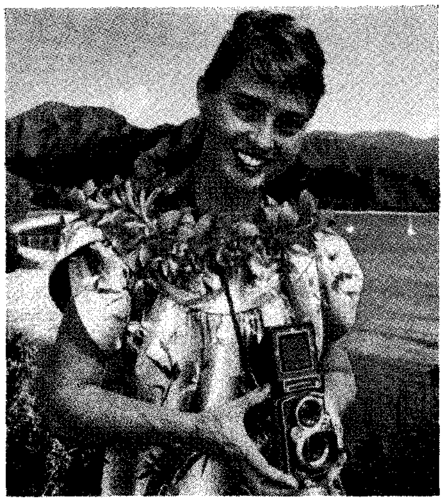
BEN KAHN 130 WEST 30TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
CREED/ TORONTO, CANADA

of the corporation; the vice-president is Bill Yale, a young San Diego attorney; and the treasurer is Clarence Newby, a San Bernardino C.P.A. who serves as Moore's accountant and tax expert. The president's income from boxing and related activities goes to the corporation, which pays him a salary. Moore doesn't like to talk about his financial affairs. "I am wealthy in terms of happiness, because I have a wonderful wife and fine children," he says, "but I still must scratch for a living."

MOORE's professional entourage, whose members wear uniform blue coveralls as they go about their various duties at the Salt Mine, includes an odd assortment of friends. There is, for instance, Redd Fox, a sort of court jester, whose admiration for Moore is so extravagant that he once had his hair barbered to form the letter "M." There is a wizened little man in his late seventies, known as Poppa Dee (his real name is Harry Johnson), whom Moore calls "the medicine man of boxing." "I like to have Poppa in my camp because he makes me feel good," Moore says. Then, there is a sparring partner called Greatest Crawford, who has made a substantial reputation in the ring on his own hook, and a masseur called the Big Bopper (his real name is Richard Fullylove), who stands six feet two and weighs two hundred and ninety-eight, and who used to play football for a small Negro college in Texas. At one time, Moore planned to farm him out between fights to the San Diego Chargers, of the American Football League, but the Big Bopper was unable to pass the Charger physical examination. He had high blood pressure. Moore has had three trainers in recent years—Cheerful Norman, Hiawatha Grey, and the incumbent, Dick Saddler. Cheerful Norman left the Moore entourage five years ago, and Hiawatha has quit several times after minor disputes with Moore, but the two men remain firm friends. Hiawatha, like Archie's other trainers, and like Archie himself, is a Negro. "He is a very wise old owl," Moore has commented. "It would be wise to be married to him fourteen years before you call him Hiawatha, because he doesn't like the name. Most people just call him Hi. He goes his own way." Saddler has been the most enduring of Moore's trainers, and his staying power can probably be attributed as much to a happy nature and a talent for playing the piano as to his technical qualifications. Moore's authority is unquestioned when he's in

We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii

One of the most delightful things about Hawaii is the sincere friendliness of its people. Come soon and share their lovely land . . . just 4½ hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½-day luxury liner cruise ($380 round trip). Currency and language, pure U. S. A. No passports, visas or "shots" required. Many fine new hotels . . . no waiting for rooms. Plan to see all the Islands: Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. Climate's mild . . . travel light. All things considered . . . isn't this *your* year to visit Hawaii?

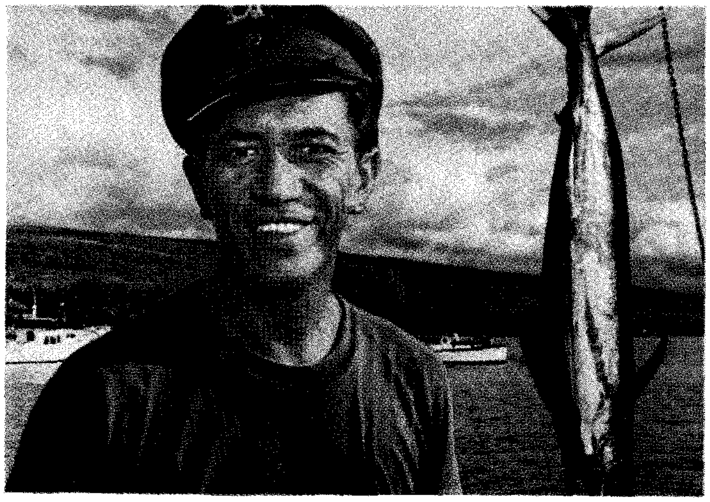


I never tire of taking pictures in Hawaii. Lovely Hanalei Bay on Kauai Island is one of many *you'll* want.

My background is Oriental, but our tradition-steeped culture is only part of Hawaii's rich heritage.

I'll guide you through Maui's newly dedicated Haleakala National Park, a vast, ancient crater where the exotic Silversword grows.

In Hawaii, we call newcomers *"malihinis"* . . . a friendly Hawaiian term for new arrivals. And how the *malihinis* love our *luaus* . . . true royal feasts . . . with music and laughter as accompaniment.



Want to hook a giant Swordfish? We have plenty, off Hawaii's Kona Coast. They call this the playground of Hawaii's kings, and there's no place like it for the easy life!

As director of Honolulu's Academy of Arts, I'll show you one of the world's great collections of Oriental art and works of many of the masters.

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or Write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** 2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. A, Honolulu, Hawaii • Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco

Caution: The Scots make this all-cotton broadcloth so soft and lustrous that you may easily mistake it for silk.

Hathaway announces a totally new stripe: rather costly and very discreet

UNLIKE the blatant solid stripes that all the world is wearing, *this* stripe will never clash with your tie or leap off the shirt at you. It is much too discreet.

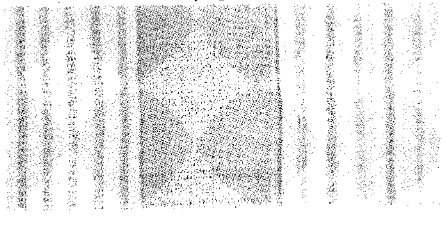
The secret of its subtlety is in the weaving. Each stripe is actually three hair-fine lines interwoven with white.

Put your magnifying glass on one of those swatches to see how it's done.

Of all the weavers on earth only *one* weaves this stripe exactly the way we want it. And that's the old Scottish firm of D. & J. Anderson.

Sniffy fellows, D. & J. They won't sell an inch of their cloth to any American ready-to-wear shirtmaker *except* Hathaway. Above, you see what we've done with their garnet stripe. The same shirt also comes in solid shades and in other quiet stripes, including these ⟶

About $12. For names of stores, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.



training, but Saddler's clowning relaxes him, and when he's relaxed, he willingly takes orders. (Nevertheless, Moore insists on taping his own hands before a workout or a fight—he is the only pugilist of stature to do so—and won't wear protective headgear while sparring in the gymnasium, lest he come to depend on it.) When Moore is skipping rope, a routine that invariably attracts a crowd at training headquarters, Saddler accompanies him on the piano, usually pounding out a boogie-woogie beat. "My only trouble with Dick is that he is a ham," says Moore. "He tries to upstage me. I put the piano behind a curtain, but he insists on being seen." Saddler is satisfied with the relationship. "I guess Archie hired me because I can play piano," he says, "but he admits I know a little about fighting, too." Another long-time friend and camp follower is Norman Henry, a drowsy sort of man who is always welcome at the Salt Mine, even though he is a fight manager and fight managers, collectively, are anathema to Moore. Moore simply enjoys his company. One afternoon when Henry was cat-napping in a chair, Moore nodded toward him and remarked to a visitor, "At the dawn of civilization there were three men. One, watching lightning strike, saw the possibilities of fire. Another invented the wheel. Norman? Well, Norman was asleep. He had already invented the bed."

Last winter, Moore's Salt Mine sparring partners included a handsome young boxer out of Dallas named Buddy Turman, who a short time later turned up as Moore's opponent in a ten-

Norelco
Norelco

Pack the shaver that packs its own power!

NEW Norelco® SPORTSMAN

Now you can "get away from it all" and still enjoy the comfort of world-famous Norelco rotary blade shaves. The new Norelco Sportsman packs its own power—two flashlight batteries tucked right into the case. No worry about sockets, voltages, AC or DC. Easy to pack! The Sportsman gives you 'flip-top' cleaning, too. Attractive navy-and-white, pocket-slim case features a built-in mirror and push-button recoil cord. See this great new shaver at your Norelco dealer. Also available: New 'floating-head' Speedshaver, 110-220 volts (AC/DC); New 'flip-top' Speedshaver®, world's largest seller, 110 volts (AC/DC). Norelco shavers are priced to fit every purse. See them demonstrated on TV.

North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world.

round non-title bout in Manila. (Fighting one's sparring partners, it should be explained, is an old and cherished custom in the fight game. Rocky Marciano fought a series of harmless exhibitions with one of his relatives a few years ago, and Young Stribling, a fighter of an earlier era, was—until Moore deposed him—the all-time knockout champion, thanks in no small measure to his custom of flattening his chauffeur in one small town after another.) Moore usually has two or three rookie fighters on tap at his training camp, and for a brief period the cast included a distinguished young man named Cassius Marcellus Clay, who, having made a reputation by winning the Olympic light-heavyweight championship in Rome the summer before last, had decided to learn what he could at the feet of the Master. Accompanied by a woman lawyer, Clay flew to San Diego last fall and announced that since he planned to turn professional, he was going to spend at least a month studying under Archie Moore at the Salt Mine. Clay said he admired the Mongoose more than any other fighter in the world and would gladly do anything asked of him—that no sacrifice would be too great, no chore too mean or small. He devoutly hoped that Moore would become his manager. It sounded like an ideal arrangement, but within two weeks Clay had turned in his blue coveralls and left, saying, "I wanted Archie to teach me to fight, but the only thing I learned was how to wash dishes. Who ever heard of a fighter with dishpan hands?" Clay is now fighting under other management and remains unbeaten after eight bouts. He is considered a long-range threat to Patterson.

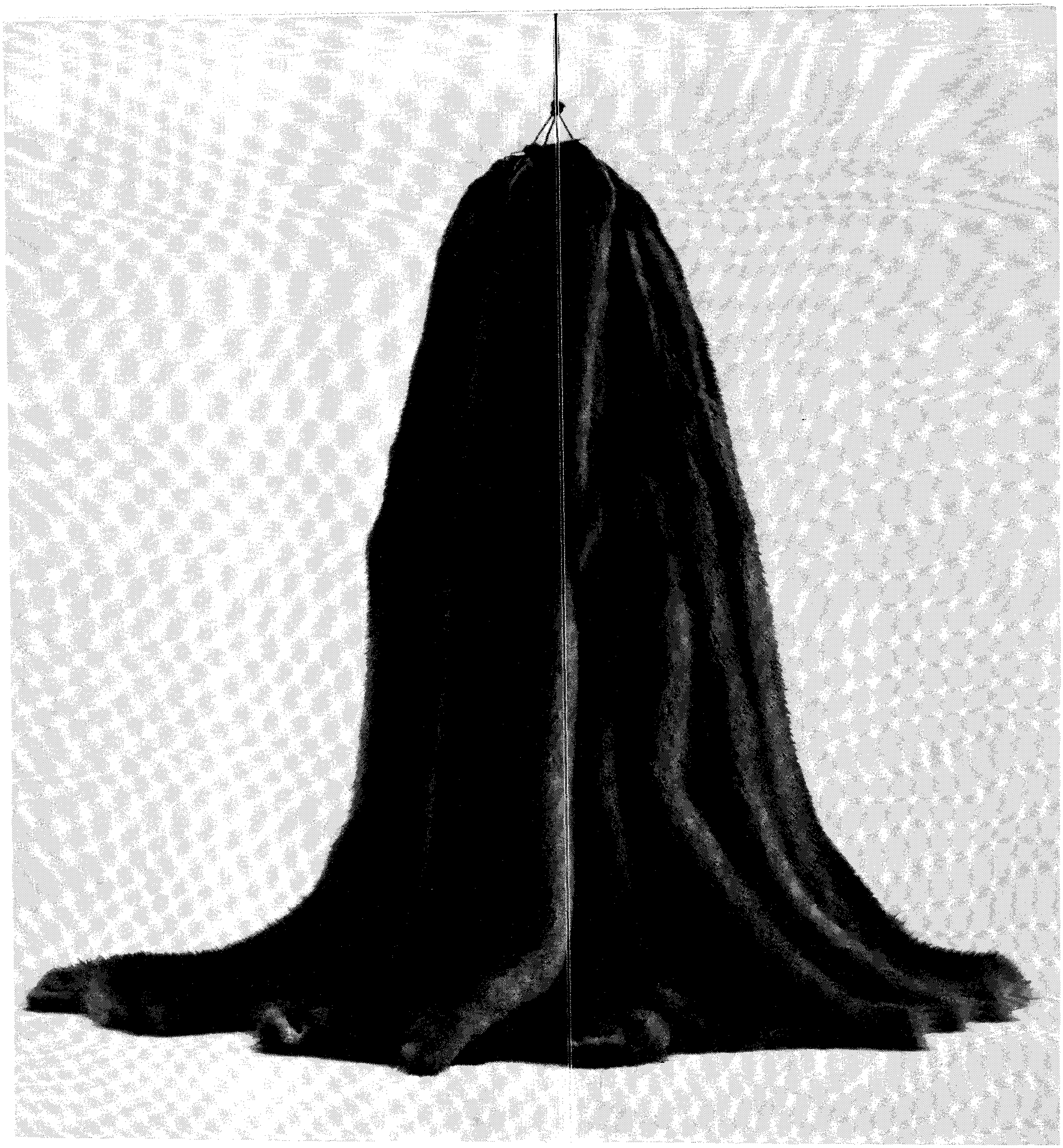
It was at the age of fifteen that Moore determined to become a fighter. His color was chiefly responsible for this decision, because boxing was the only way he could see for a Negro to rise above the kind of poverty he grew up in. He was born Archie Lee Wright, but his parents were separated shortly after his birth, and he and his sister Rachel and his half brothers Louis and Jackie were all brought up in a St. Louis slum by his Uncle Cleveland and his Aunt Willie Moore, whose surname he adopted as a convenience. His uncle died when Archie was fourteen, leaving only a small insurance policy, and it was up to Aunt Willie to support the family. "We had a tie of affection in our home—oh, it was so beautiful," Moore recalls fondly. "As they say, we were too poor to paint and

NECTAROMA . . .
goes with a woman
The perfume most like a woman . . . the perfume most women like
TUVACHÉ
RARE PERFUMES
730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
Perfume 4.00, 12.00, 20.00
Bath Perfume 4.00, 7.00

J. E. Caldwell & Co.
Jewelers • Silversmiths • Stationers
Since 1839
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Haverford, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.

For Christmas . . . sculptured pins hand-textured in gold

Inquisitive Cat, 14-kt. gold; collar set with rubies; sapphire eyes . . . $75 Collar set with diamonds, $110
Fed. tax inc.
Actual size
Galloping Horse, 18-kt. gold set with diamonds; ruby eye . . . $350
Eagle in Flight, 18-kt. gold; ruby eye . . . $125
Mail orders postpaid
SEND FOR THE CALDWELL GIFT BOOK



bundle of joy

This is what is known as a "top bundle". It bears the hallmark of the Great Lakes Mink Association, producers of American natural dark ranch mink. ☐ The top bundle reflects glory on the ranchers who produce it. Bred and raised with the extra care mothers give to a firstborn, these mink stir frenzied bidding on fur auction floors. Buyers from all over the world vie for its near-black radiance – and the high price it brings makes headlines. ☐ The top bundle causes triumph in the House that acquires it, for members of the fur couture build their reputations on capturing prize matched pelts. It inspires their finest designs, and deserves the costly hand skills lavished upon it. The mink fine furriers choose most consistently is American – because American mink is known for its lasting magnificence, its special depth of color and lustre. ☐ Again, the top bundle brings joy to the woman who receives it as a coat. Wearing it, her beauty shines forth, because Great Lakes mink makes the most fabulous setting for every complexion, and always reflects a woman's unerring taste. ☐ And that's our bundle of joy. American natural dark ranch mink.

GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, PRODUCERS OF AMERICAN NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK

MUMM'S

the word for champagne

G.H.MUMM & C.
BRUT
REIMS
G.H.MUMM & C
CHAMPAGNE

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY
G. H. Mumm & Co. Ste. Vinicole De Champagne, Succr.
Sole U.S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

too proud to whitewash, so we kept everything spotless. We had bare wood floors, and on Saturdays we scrubbed them with lye soap. We kept our house so clean it was like a hospital. My auntie taught us that we might not have the best furniture or wear the best clothing, but we sure could keep them clean." Despite the best Aunt Willie could do to bring them up properly, however, both Archie and Louis had brushes with the law in their teens (as Moore recalled in his autobiography, "Louis was light-fingered by nature, and somehow a man's watch got tangled up in his hand, and the man sent the police to ask Louis what time it was"), and Archie spent a twenty-two-month term in the Missouri reformatory at Booneville for hooking coins from a streetcar motorman. Of the reformatory experience, he says, "I don't say I enjoyed it, but I'm grateful for what it did for me. It was a glorious thing in my life, because it forced me to get eight to ten hours of sleep every night; it gave me an opportunity to have three hot meals a day; it gave me a lesson in discipline I would never have got at home. They used to pay me a little something for the work I did, but it should have been the other way around. I should have paid them for what they did for me."

Shortly after Archie returned home from Booneville, he and his aunt had a conference about his future. "I had thought about what I could do, and I told my auntie I wanted to fight," he said recently. "I had to fight. For a Negro starting a career, that was the only way. It was the last road. I considered the other possibilities. I could get an education and become a postman or a teacher; I could become a policeman or a fireman; I could play baseball. There weren't many opportunities then, even for an educated Negro. As a teacher, the most I could become was a school principal. As a policeman, I couldn't advance beyond the rank of lieutenant or captain. I couldn't be a police chief or a fire chief; my color made that impossible. Professional baseball didn't offer much, because at that time all the colored ballplayers were in Negro leagues, and Satchel Paige was the only one of them who was making big money. He had a reputation and his big drawing power, so he took a percentage of the gate. The other colored ballplayers were lucky to earn three hundred dollars a month. Remember, this was right in the middle of the depression. I began to read in the newspapers about the boxers. Kid Chocolate was my first hero. I suppose I liked him because his name sounded

Southwick

DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Cincinnati, O.	Vonder Brink and Baron
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-Deboe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush-Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Hanover, N. H.	James Campion, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Honolulu, Hawaii	Andrade & Co., Ltd.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lexington, Ky	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Silverstone's
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	*Fishback & Lea, Ltd.*
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Burks, Inc.
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Miller and Rhoads
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	*Robert Kirk, Ltd.*
Santa Ana, Cal.	Gene Ronald
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Pierone's, Inc.
Springfield, Ill.	Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	Pym's
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Andy Anderson, Ltd.
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	*Arthur A. Adler*
Waterbury, Conn.	Minicucci's, Inc.
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

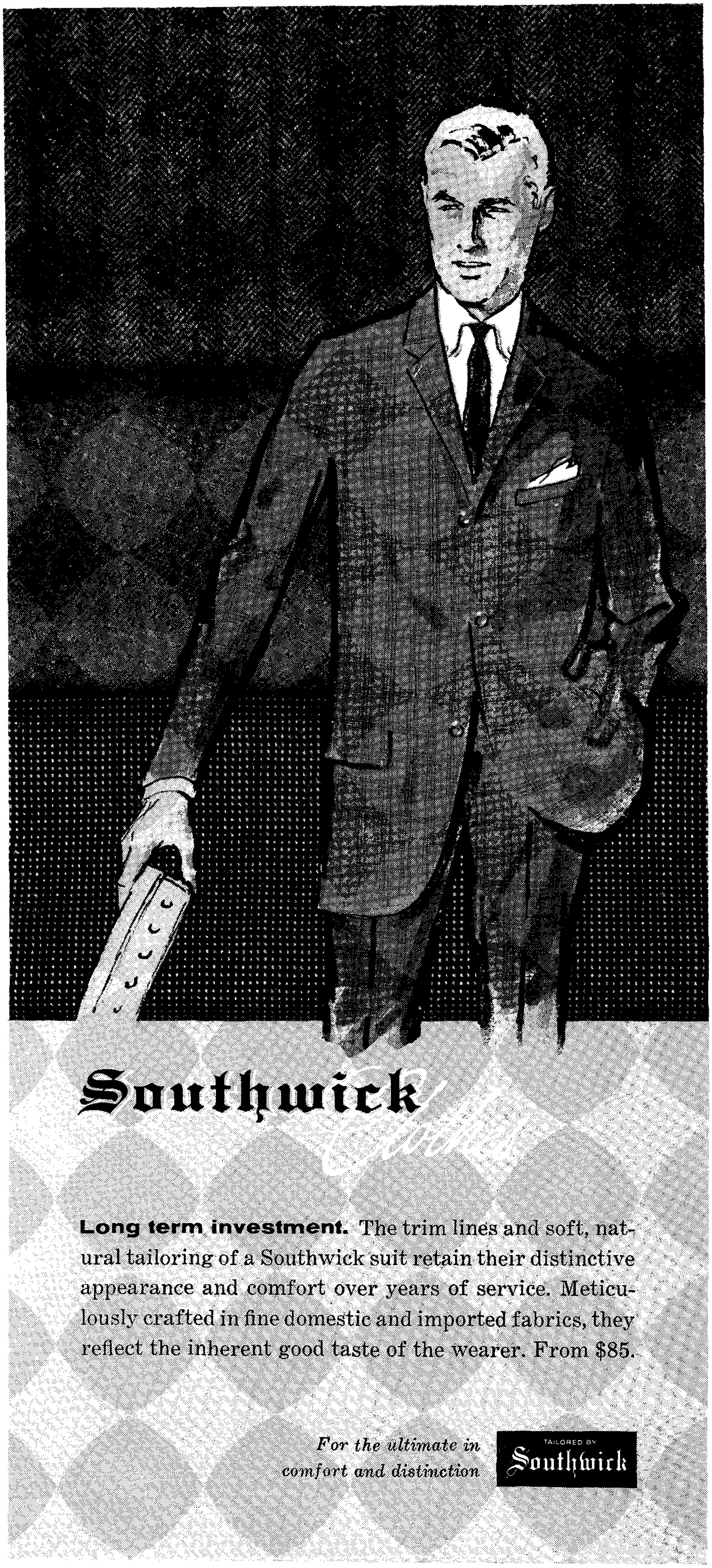
For stores in other cities write Southwick, 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

TAILORED BY
Southwick

so sweet. His skin was ebony; he was like patent leather. Most of all, the money intrigued me. I read that Kid Chocolate was fighting for a gate of ten thousand dollars, and that seemed like all the money in the world. I knew Kid Chocolate got twenty-five per cent of the purse. According to my figures, that was around twenty-five hundred dollars, and he was a rich man. *Twenty-five hundred dollars!* Do you know what kind of money that was then? Do you know how much it was to a family that depended on the government for a basket of food each week—for a family that waited for a government check each month to pay the rent? It was fabulous. It was my way out."

It is unlikely that any fighter has ever put more thought and effort into learning the boxing trade than Moore did. He was skinny as a boy, but he developed unusual strength with exercises of his own invention. One of his stunts was walking on his hands. He'd go up- and downstairs on his hands, and sometimes around the block, or around several blocks. The boy also developed his arms and shoulders by exercising phenomenally on a chinning bar. While still in his teens, he once chinned himself two hundred and fifty-five times, and he used to shadowbox hour after hour in front of a mirror. "The idea was to take myself out of Archie and put me into my image," he says. "I tried to visualize what I would do to Archie if I were the fellow in the mirror. I wanted to anticipate the reaction to my moves. I learned boxing from beginning to end and from end to beginning." To develop his jab, he got the idea of practicing before a mirror with a five-pound weight in each hand. He would wrap his fists around a pair of his Aunt Willie's flatirons and spar for six minutes without a rest. Then he'd pause for breath and repeat the procedure. "I knew I'd be wearing six-ounce gloves in the ring," he explains. "If I could spar with five-pound weights, the six-ounce gloves would feel as light as feathers. I'd never have to worry about becoming arm-weary." He credits his stinging jab to the flatirons. "I had the best jab in the business, Joe Louis notwithstanding," he says proudly.

In the course of events, Moore went to work in one of the Civilian Conservation Corps camps, at Poplar Bluff, Missouri, and there had a chance to take part in the Golden Gloves competitions, which gave him excellent training. After a while, he was fighting and winning what are known in the trade as "bootleg



Southwick Clothes

Long term investment. The trim lines and soft, natural tailoring of a Southwick suit retain their distinctive appearance and comfort over years of service. Meticulously crafted in fine domestic and imported fabrics, they reflect the inherent good taste of the wearer. From $85.

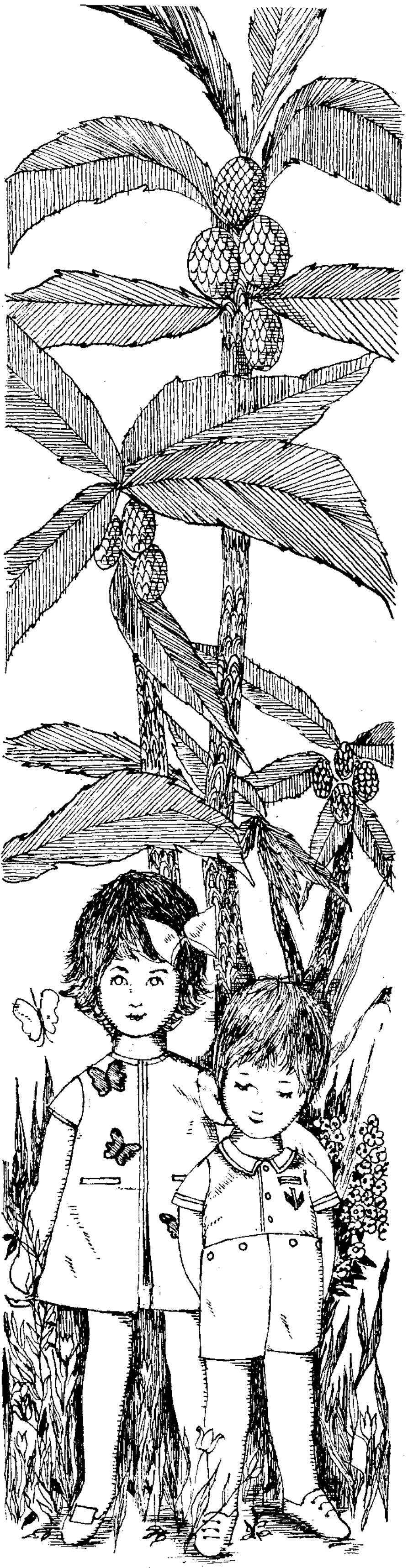
For the ultimate in comfort and distinction

TAILORED BY Southwick

BEST DRESSED CHILDREN
WEAR FLORENCE EISEMAN
for Christmas at home. MOYGASHEL linen was just made for baby tars in pale green or blue with matching stripes. Sister's middy and skirt set comes in 1 to 4T, 3 to 6X and 7 to 12. Little brother's sailor suit in 1 to 4 sizes. Available at fine stores in America.

fights," in which technically amateur fighters make a little side money fighting anybody they can get a match with. One of the earliest such bouts he remembers was with Bill Simms, at Poplar Bluff, in 1935. Moore knocked him out in two rounds. This sort of campaigning—in Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Illinois—kept him on the go, and he was learning fast. "When I was fighting as an amateur, I used to ride the freight trains, and once I had an experience I'll never forget," Moore recalls. "I was on a freight returning to St. Louis when a brakeman got after me. I had been standing there on the side of a tank car—it had molasses in it, I think—and I was daydreaming, without a care in the world, when a sixth sense told me I was in danger. I pulled back just as the brakeman swung at me with a club. He missed, and the club splintered on the handrail of the car. It would have killed me sure if he had hit me. I was scared and excited, but I got away from him. I ran. I was as sure-footed as a goat. I've always wondered why that fellow wanted to kill me. I was just a harmless hobo; I wasn't bothering anybody. I suppose that brakeman will never know the grief he caused me. When he swung that club, I dropped the little bag I was carrying. I lost all my fighting equipment. I had a pair of nice white trunks, a pair of freshly shined shoes, and my socks all neatly rolled. Those things meant a lot to me, and I was heartbroken over losing them."

Moore's first professional fight, to the best of his recollection, was against Murray Allen, in 1936, at Quincy, Illinois, and he won a decision, breaking his right hand in the process. His share of the gate was three dollars, which was two dollars less than the sum required for a boxing license. ("The commission was very generous," says Moore. "When they told me that I'd have to take out the license, they agreed to waive the other two dollars. I didn't fight in that state again until 1951. By then, I guess the license had expired.") The newspapers and the record books had not yet deigned to take notice of young Archie Moore, but before the year was out he had begun to establish himself. According to the latest edition of "The Ring," Moore won thirteen fights in a row that year, all by knockouts, and then lost the next three, by decisions, and won the seventeenth, by a decision. The first of the recorded knockouts was over Kneibert Davidson. The following year, 1937, he fought a dozen times and won the middleweight championships of Kansas, Oklahoma,

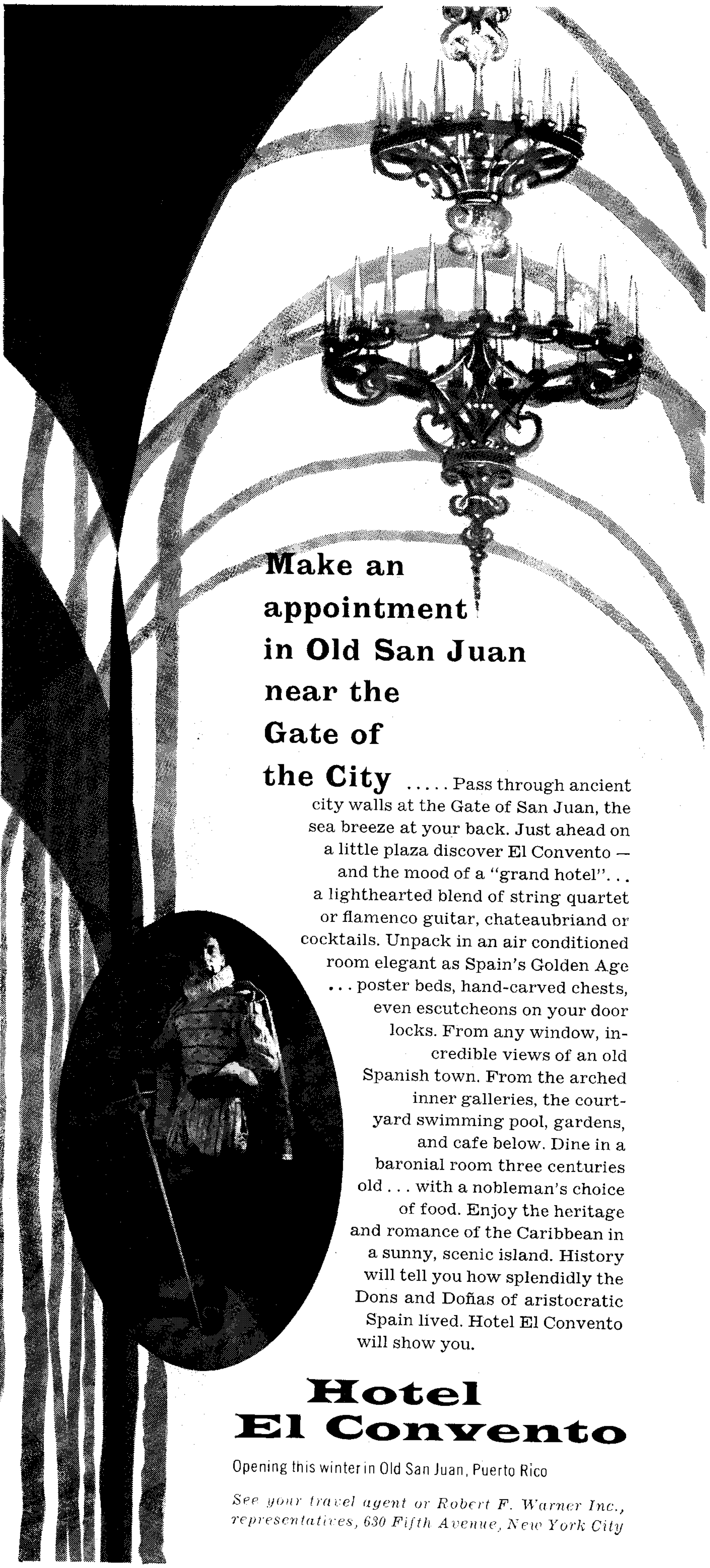


BEST DRESSED CHILDREN
WEAR FLORENCE EISEMAN
for Christmas in the sun. Big sister's dress is MOYGASHEL linen in Bizerte blue with three appliqued flutterbies on it. 1 to 4T, 3 to 6X, and 7 to 12 sizes. Brother's matching sunsuit has a more masculine motif. Comes in 1 to 4 sizes. Available at fine stores in America.

and Missouri, all twelve bouts by knockout.

Early in 1938, Moore headed for California, where he hoped to establish himself by fighting the prominent middleweights of the day—Bandit Romero, Eddie Booker, Swede Berglund, and others. He was riding in an automobile driven by a St. Louis mechanic named Felix Thurman, who was his manager at the time, when, near Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a car in the opposite lane suddenly bore down upon them. Thurman had a split-second choice—meet the other car head on or pile into an irrigation ditch. He chose the ditch. The car flipped over and landed on its roof, knocking Thurman unconscious. Moore, unharmed but frightened, tried to pry open a door, but it wouldn't budge. Then he heard the sound of dripping liquid. It was water dribbling from the upturned wheels, but Moore thought it was gasoline, and was afraid the car would catch fire. In a panic, he smashed a window with his right fist, and then crawled out through the jagged glass, cutting an artery in his right wrist. Unaware that the cut was bleeding badly, he made a desperate effort to lift his unconscious companion from the wreckage, but he couldn't, so he stood beside the road, helpless and bewildered, until a car came along—carrying, as luck would have it, two internes. They quickly administered first aid to Moore and revived Thurman, who was not seriously injured. "Do you know how long you would have lived with the blood spurting like that?" one of the internes asked Moore. "About fourteen minutes!" Moore still speaks with awe about the kindness of the two men who saved his life. "It was almost too much for me to understand," he said some years later. "I figured that anybody in Oklahoma seeing two Negroes overturned in a ditch would drive on. Yet the first car stopped and came to my aid. I don't know whether God is a white man or a black man, but I knew then He truly made us all."

Fortunately, the automobile, once it had been turned right side up and towed to a filling station, proved to be still navigable. Thurman straightened the dented top with a mallet he had brought along in his tool chest, and the two resumed their journey. The tow job had cost them twelve dollars, leaving them with a capital of twenty-three dollars, and this was reduced by five dollars the next day, when Thurman developed a toothache and was obliged to go to a dentist and have the tooth pulled. When they ran out of money completely,



Make an appointment in Old San Juan near the Gate of the City ..... Pass through ancient city walls at the Gate of San Juan, the sea breeze at your back. Just ahead on a little plaza discover El Convento — and the mood of a "grand hotel"... a lighthearted blend of string quartet or flamenco guitar, chateaubriand or cocktails. Unpack in an air conditioned room elegant as Spain's Golden Age ... poster beds, hand-carved chests, even escutcheons on your door locks. From any window, incredible views of an old Spanish town. From the arched inner galleries, the courtyard swimming pool, gardens, and cafe below. Dine in a baronial room three centuries old ... with a nobleman's choice of food. Enjoy the heritage and romance of the Caribbean in a sunny, scenic island. History will tell you how splendidly the Dons and Doñas of aristocratic Spain lived. Hotel El Convento will show you.

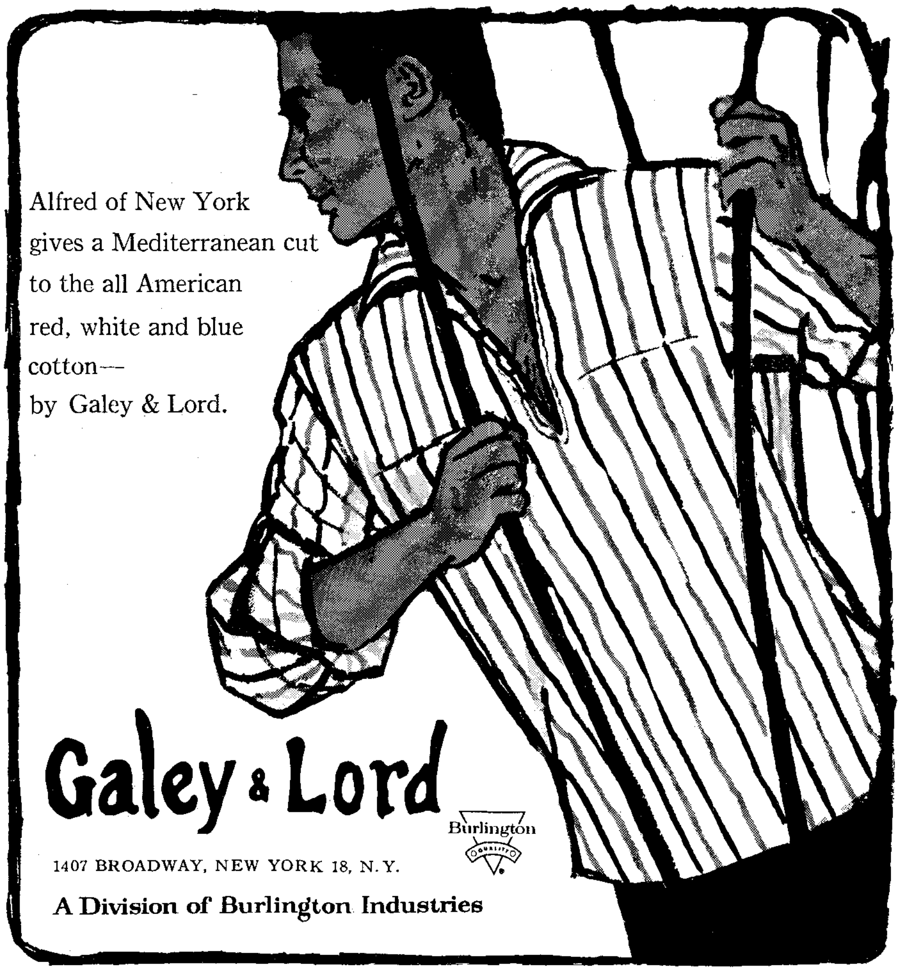
Hotel El Convento

Opening this winter in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner Inc., representatives, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Thurman began trading his expensive mechanic's tools for gasoline, yielding his treasures piece by piece. A spray gun got them their last tank of gasoline, and they arrived in La Jolla, where Thurman's wife had preceded them, at three o'clock in the morning, weary and hungry, having driven several hundred miles and eaten only a sack of peanuts and two oranges in the past twenty-four hours. Moore, always an early riser, awoke at six-thirty and went for a pre-breakfast sprint along the beach, in the course of which he noticed a great column of smoke arising from the direction of nearby San Diego. He wondered idly where the fire was, and later that morning, when he and Thurman called on a San Diego boxing promoter named Linn Platner, he learned that it was at the Coliseum. The aspiring young fighter had arrived in San Diego on the day the boxing arena burned down.

For the next several years, Moore moved around a great deal but moved upward in the boxing world only a little. He toured Australia and Tasmania and came off very well, winning four of his seven fights there by knockout and the others by decision, but when he returned to this country, there still seemed to be no place for him in the big time. Not long ago, Moore was asked whether he thought racial bias had kept him out, and he said, "I would rather believe it didn't. In fact, I would be making excuses for myself if I blamed my troubles on color. Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, and John Henry Lewis were Negroes, and they all won championships during that period. Racial prejudice couldn't have been the main reason. My problem was that the people who handled me didn't have good enough connections. Looking back, though, I'm glad that's the way it was. The people who handled me did not deliver me to the element that controlled boxing. I don't want to talk about that element; I'm just happy I never came under the control of those people. I'm not saying, mind you, that I have any affection for fight managers. If it weren't for managers, a lot of fighters would have been millionaires. I have emancipated myself from the pit of boxing, and I am no longer tied down by managers." Moore was particularly aggrieved, it seems, because the last manager to hold his contract—Charlie Johnston, with whom he parted company in July of 1958—insisted on doing some of the talking for the firm. "Charlie was the sort who always wanted to speak for his tiger," Moore says. "But he didn't bother to call when our



Alfred of New York
gives a Mediterranean cut
to the all American
red, white and blue
cotton—
by Galey & Lord.

Galey & Lord
Burlington
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

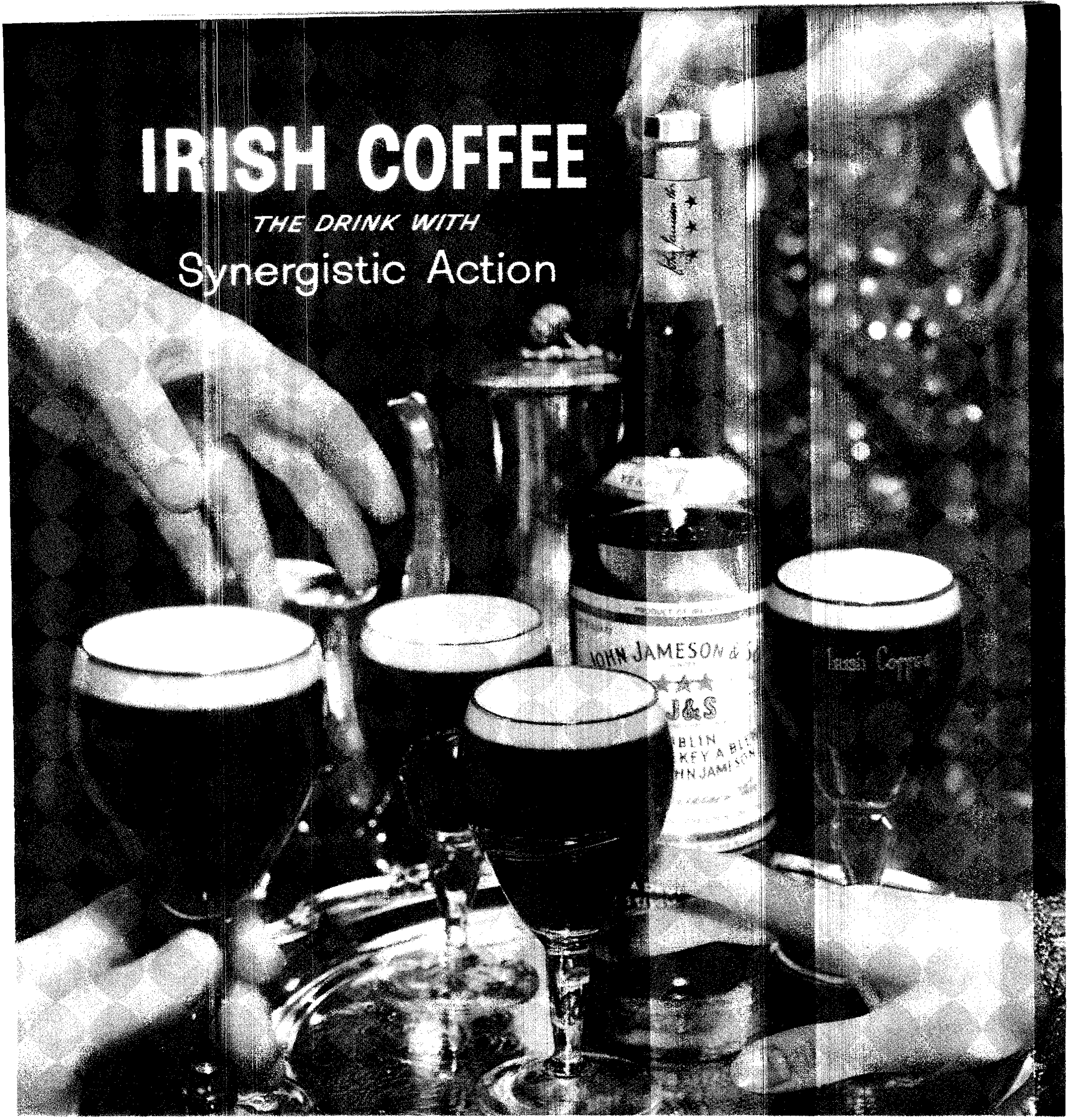
FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS BAY RUM
VIRGIN ISLANDS

More than a lotion. A mood.

A fragrance suave yet swashbuckling, bright as sunlight on a gold piece. St. Johns Bay Rum is aged, blended and sealed in the West Indies according to an original Virgin Islands formula. Use it after shave or bath. Eight ounces, three dollars; sixteen ounces, four dollars and fifty cents—plus tax. Handsomely garbed in handwoven palm frond jacket.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York.



IRISH COFFEE made with famous John Jameson Irish whiskey! It looks so [illegible] tastes so grand. Its magic lies in the fact that the coffee, John Jameson and the cream combine in some mysterious way to create a seductive [illegible]. It is what scientists call synergistic action which means that the cooperative action of the ingredients is infinitely more delightful than any of them taken independently.

The synergistic action of Irish Coffee is a wonderful conversation piece. But do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—matured 7 years in oak casks.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH COFFEE

Into prewarmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet, put jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Stir in *strong* black coffee to ½ inch of top. Carefully float *chilled* whipped cream to brim. Drink *through* the cream.

P.S. *A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.*

JOHN JAMESON

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

JOHN JAMESON & SON
J&S
DUBLIN

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The time is ripe for color in silver by Reed & Barton

Silver bursts into color—lucent, lustrous Color-Glaze in jewel tones: sapphire blue, emerald green, ruby red. Developed by Reed & Barton, Color-Glaze is impervious to salt, sulphur and extreme temperatures, gives brilliant new protection to fine Reed & Barton silverplate

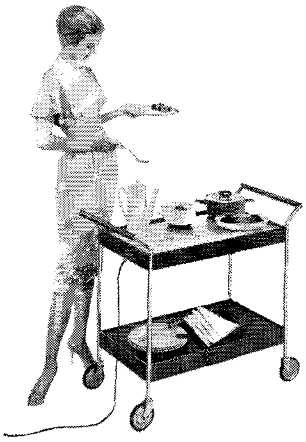
Beginning at top, left to right: green Bridal Bowl 7¼″, $9.75; red Jamestown Bowl 6¾″, $14.50; red Triangular Dish 6″, $10.95; blue Embassy Bowl 8″, $18.75; green Embassy Tray 11″, $16.50. Prices include Federal Tax. Reed & Barton, Silvermasters since 1824, Taunton, Massachusetts contract ended; he knew better. I have finally earned the right to meet the press and public the way a fighter should." Not long ago, Moore outlined a plan for turning his ranch into a haven for aged and indigent managers. "Every day, I would come in with a blacksnake whip and get them up. Then I'd have them do five miles of roadwork around the ranch. That would be good for their health and also give them a chance to understand their fighters a little better. But I wouldn't be altogether harsh. I'd furnish them with cheap cigars, and give them plenty of time to lie and boast to each other. Of course, I'd have a small problem remembering all their names, because most fight managers look alike to me. But I'd overcome that. I'd have a common name for them—Bum. That's what they spend their lives calling the kids they live off."

Moore's current manager, Jack (Doc) Kearns, has the official title of boxing representative, because the champion can't stand the word "manager." A veteran of the boxing world, Kearns gives his age as sixty-nine, though eighty is probably closer to the mark. He has been part of Moore's life since Moore won the championship from Maxim, in 1952. Maxim was then managed by Kearns, and Moore had to guarantee Maxim a hundred thousand dollars for the fight. This gave Moore a clear idea of the value of the championship and of the value of Kearns, and when the title changed hands, Kearns came along with the franchise. Moore, who received only eight hundred dollars for winning the championship, not only adopted Kearns but adopted his policy of demanding a hundred-thousand-dollar guarantee for putting his title at stake. The only contract between him and Kearns is a handshake. "I cut my purses with Doc because I like him," says Moore. "Doc is for his fighter. He made my big matches with Olson, Marciano, and Patterson. We've had a fine relationship. Doc is a promoter, a talker, a guy who knows how to maneuver. You could give Doc two hundred pounds of steel wool and he'd knit you a stove."

IN 1941, Moore was industriously beating his way through thickets of contenders on his way to the middleweight title, and had achieved the eminence of fifth rank in that division, when, in March, he collapsed on the sidewalk in San Diego and was taken unconscious to a hospital. His illness was diagnosed as a perforated ulcer, and an emergency operation was necessary to save his life. The newspapers reported

This is a Salton HOTRAY®

...I just cannot manage without it!



The Continental Hotable $99.50

Top illustration,
The Patio Master Hotray $27.50

It's unique... this automatic electric food warmer keeps cooked foods ready for you, hot and appealing, until *you* are ready to serve. It's the perfect solution when dinner is ready but your husband or guests are delayed. Superb, too, as a kitchen assistant to ease the tension of timing your cooking—as each dish is "cooked to perfection" just place on your Salton Hotray until the complete meal is done. At the dining table, it keeps second helpings as hot as the first, without up-down trips to the kitchen. And you can stay cool and charming as a party hostess—no more nagging worry about lukewarm food or beverages—your Salton Hotray will preserve their "just cooked" flavor for hours. Elegant and efficient for serving indoors or outdoors—in nursery, playroom or sickroom—around TV, or for defrosting frozen foods. A lovely gift to give (or receive) for better living everyday.

Salton Hotrays from $5.95 to $59.50. Hotable Serving Carts with Hotray tops from $64.50 to $200. All with shatterproof radiant glass heating surfaces that clean effortlessly. Can't burn fingers or mar surfaces. Adjustable temperature controls. Send for free recipe and "Gracious Living Begins with a Salton Hotray" booklets. Available in these and other fine stores in the USA and Canada: Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Abercrombie & Fitch, Chicago; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver; I. Magnin, California; W. C. Stripling Co., Fort Worth; G. Fox & Co., Hartford.

Salton MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC. 517-N EAST 72nd STREET, NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE CUTTY SARK THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

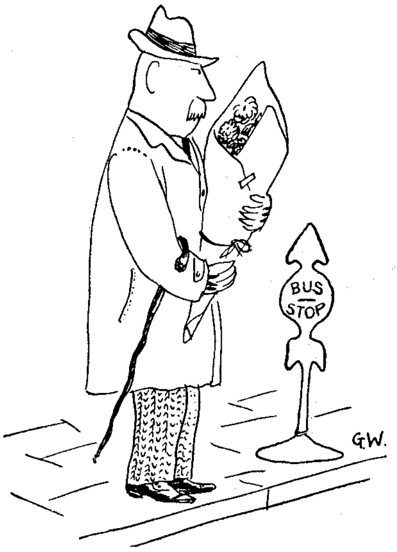
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

Imported oils compounded in U. S.
warning:
carven can be fatal! do not spray near innocent boys or married men!

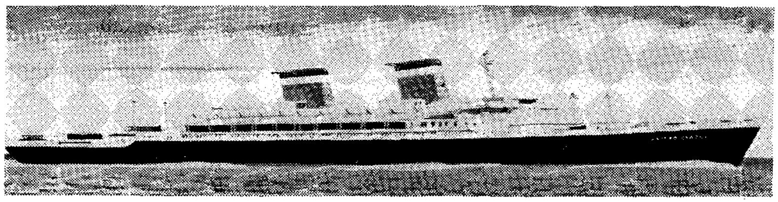
"mis-s-s-st-i-fier" by carven-parfums

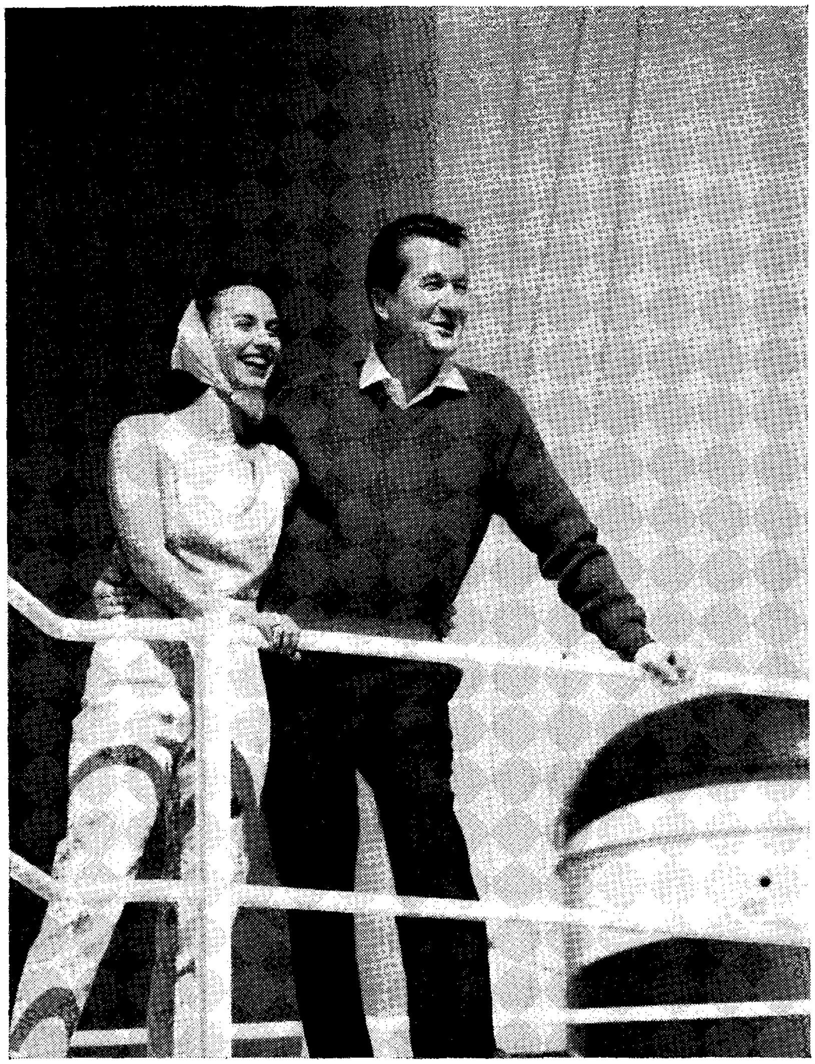
ma griffe • robe d'un soir • vert et blanc. From $5 to $6.50 plus Fed. tax.

that if Moore survived, which seemed doubtful, he would never fight again. He was in the hospital thirty-eight days, and spent an even longer period convalescing, and then came down with appendicitis, which necessitated another operation. Then, late in the summer, gaunt and wasted, he appeared in the office of Milt Kraft, who at that time was overseer of a government housing project that was about to get under way in San Diego, and asked for work as an unskilled laborer. "When Archie came to see me, he was so weak he could barely stand," says Kraft, who now owns a wholesale sporting-goods business in San Diego. "Three different kids who were working for me put in a word for him, separately. They all said he was sickly but a good worker. 'Don't worry about this guy—we'll see that his work gets done,' they said, but I didn't want it that way. If I hired a man, he had to be able to do a job, to pull his own load. Archie obviously wasn't in shape for heavy work, but I decided to find something for him. You don't turn away a man when three people speak up for him. When that happens, the fellow is pretty sure to be something special. I had an opening for a night watchman, and I offered the job to Archie. We had a big trailer camp where the workmen were going to live, and about five hundred and fifty empty trailers to look after. I gave Archie a key to one of the trailers, and told him to lie down and rest. I asked only one thing—he'd have to get out every hour during the night and check the trailer area. 'I'll do anything,' he said. 'I'm desperate.' " Moore had been on the job about a week when Kraft began receiving reports of strange activity in the trailer camp. People in the neighborhood complained of a phantom runner in the night, and, investigating, Kraft found Moore jogging along



For the first time, the s.s. United States and the s.s. America will cruise to the West Indies. Send for free folder. Write U.S. Lines, 1 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.





Mr. and Mrs. William Styron of Roxbury, Conn., survey the ship from top deck. The s.s. United States is 5 city blocks long, 12 stories high! Their 3 children made this trip with them. Mr. Styron authored the best seller, "Set This House on Fire."

You can set your own lazy pace to Europe on the fastest ship afloat

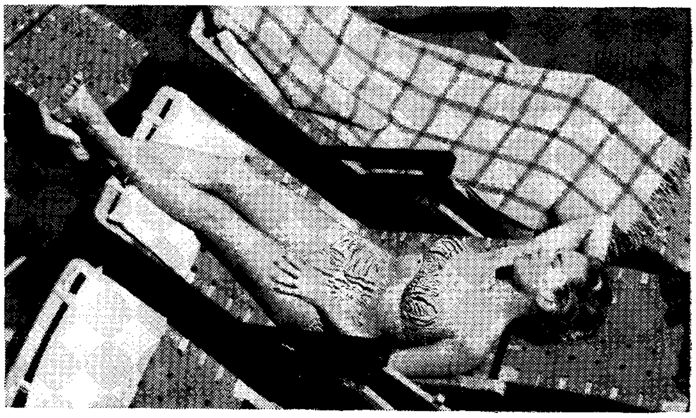
Aboard the s.s. United States, you have 5 fabulous days to enjoy the almost lost art of gracious living.

And this is Thrift Season with low off-season rates plus a 10% reduction on round trips. You can save 25% with excursion rates in effect November through February. Ask your travel agent.

The s.s. United States, world's fastest ship, calls regularly at Havre and Southampton, makes special trips to Bremerhaven.

The s.s. America, renowned for her first-class luxury, now offers new comfort and spaciousness for Tourist passengers. She calls regularly at Cobh, Havre, Southampton and Bremerhaven.

Mr. Herbert Lanning, of Fairfield, Connecticut, prominent New York antique dealer, is a frequent passenger. He is a connoisseur of wines: his favorites are in our wine lockers. You dine on specialities from 5 continents. For example, Kangaroo tail soup, Scotch grouse, South African fruit.

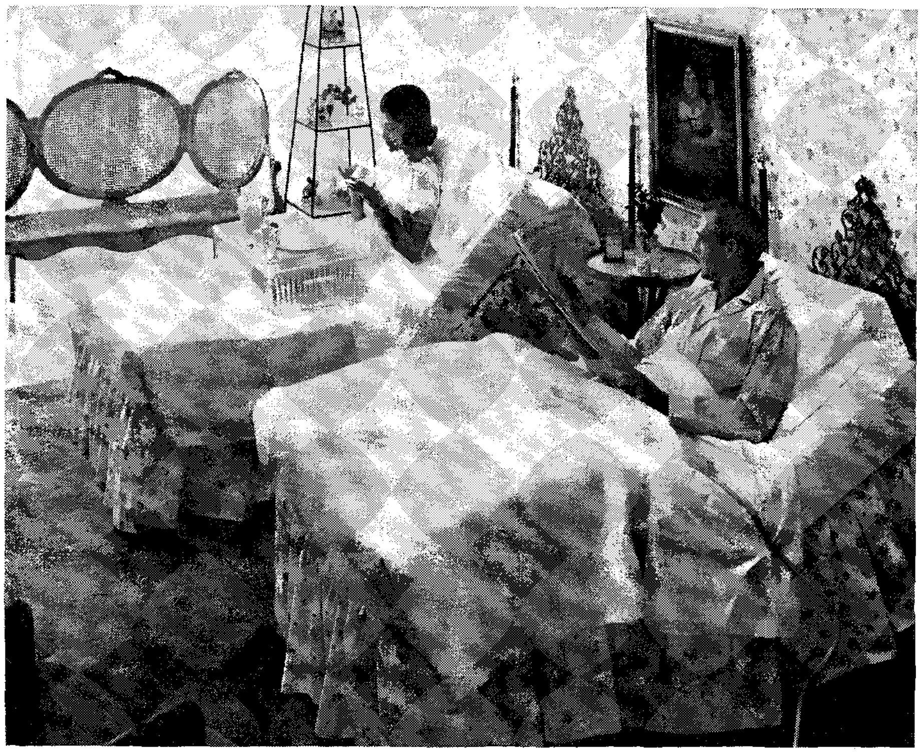


Mrs. Benjamin Thau of Beverly Hills, whose husband is studio manager for MGM. They say, "The s.s. United States is an elegant ship."

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

United States Lines

Owner-operators of the s.s. United States, the s.s. America, and a fleet of 53 fast cargo vessels to Europe, the United Kingdom, the Far East, Australia



Go ahead . . . live a little!

GET A BEAUTYREST ADJUSTABLE BED. Here's Beautyrest® comfort in a new dimension. Dual-motor electric control raises your legs. Or your head and shoulders—or both. For breakfasting, TV-ing, reading . . . or just living in bed. Twin-Bed Size, Normal or Extra-Firm models with Dual Motor, $379. Single Motor, $279. Manual, $189.50. Fits any standard bedstead or adjustable frame.

SIMMONS

light and shadow

. . . subtly reflected in these
handcrafted shapes of Georg Jensen Danish sterling silver.
"Illusion" bracelet, $63. Matching ear-rings, $17.
"Fawn in Ivy" brooch, $27.
Shown actual size. Fed. Tax included. We love mail orders.
Write for our 1961 Christmas catalog.

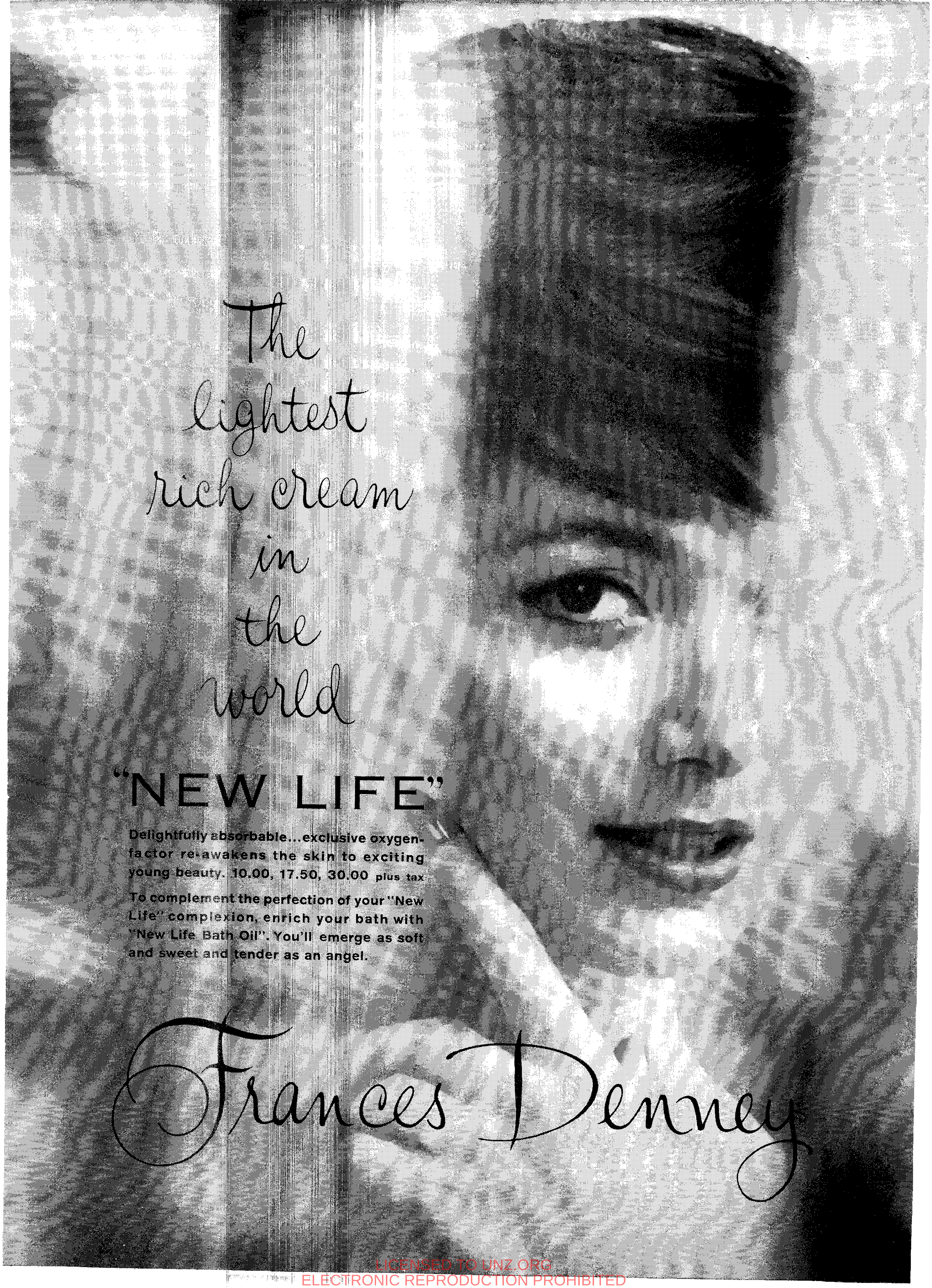
667 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22 WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC

among the trailers as he made his rounds. "My association with Archie was the most inspiring experience of my life," Kraft says. "I've never seen a man with such determination. Here was Archie, down on his luck, a physical wreck, the doctors telling him he would never fight again—yet he was positive in his own mind that he'd become a champion."

Kraft and Moore soon became firm friends, and the fighter got into the habit of reporting early for work each evening. "Archie came early because he wanted to talk," says Kraft. "He told me about himself and he wanted to know about me. Somebody told him I had won the national bait-and-fly-casting championship in 1939, and he began examining me like a trial lawyer. He had to know everything about me. He asked me if I had been confident before the tournament, if I had been sure I was going to win. He wanted to know at what point I became sure of myself, whether I had been afraid or excited. I told him I had been very confident, and positive that I would finish high among the leaders. That made his eyes shine. He told me, 'Mr. Kraft, I feel exactly the same way. I'm absolutely certain I'll be champion of the world someday.' "

Many years later, after Moore had indeed become champion of the world, the two men went fishing on the Colorado River, in California. It was the first time Moore had ever held a casting rod. Kraft showed him how to grip it and where to throw the plug. "When he reeled it in, he had *two* bass, weighing two pounds apiece," Kraft says, smiling happily at the memory. "Imagine catching two bass with one cast the first time you wet a hook! A man who can do that can do anything."

MOORE, disqualified for military service because of his two operations, returned to the ring early in 1942, and won his first five fights by knockout, but it was not until eleven years and fifty-four knockouts later that he got a chance at a world's title, and by this time he was officially a light heavyweight and was occasionally taking on heavyweights. He met Maxim, the light-heavyweight champion, in St. Louis on December 17, 1952, won a decisive victory on points, pocketed his eight hundred dollars, and shook hands with Doc Kearns. Prosperity was just around the corner. During the next nineteen months, he won thirteen fights, including two more with Maxim, and he was just beginning to get his share of the big money when, in the course

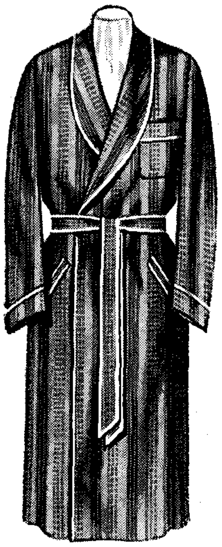


The lightest rich cream in the world
Frances Denney

"NEW LIFE"

Delightfully absorbable... exclusive oxygen-factor re-awakens the skin to exciting young beauty. 10.00, 17.50, 30.00 plus tax

To complement the perfection of your "New Life" complexion, enrich your bath with "New Life Bath Oil". You'll emerge as soft and sweet and tender as an angel.

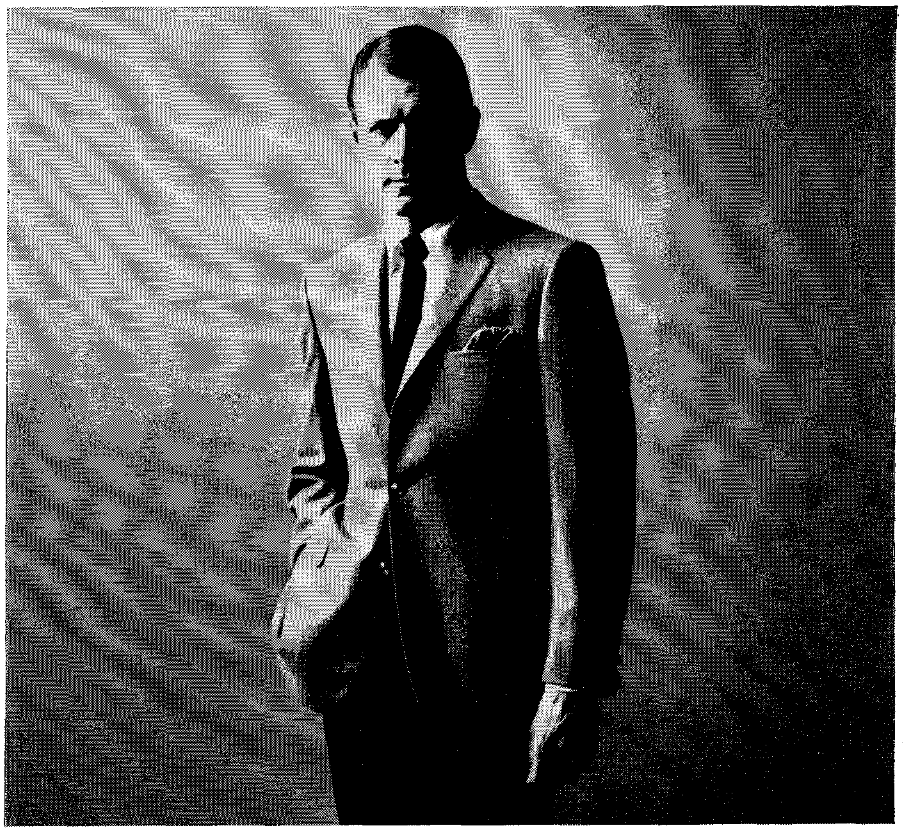


Sulka pajamas deserve a Sulka robe.

Sumptuous silk crepe with a jacquard stripe pattern. Luxurious yet masculine this robe is unlined except for silk lined sleeves. Contrasting piping on maroon, navy, light blue, red, brown, grey or green. Sizes small, medium, large and extra large. $125.00.

Sample selection and catalogue sent on request.

A. SULKA & COMPANY, 405 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
6 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
305 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH
278 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • PARIS



The Cashmere Blazer with blazer buttons, from an outstanding collection of cashmere patterns and solid colors, under $100. At Mark Cross, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Norton-Ditto, Houston; John Wanamaker's Men's Shop, Philadelphia; Bullock & Jones, San Francisco. Bernhard Altmann, 100 West 40th Street, NYC

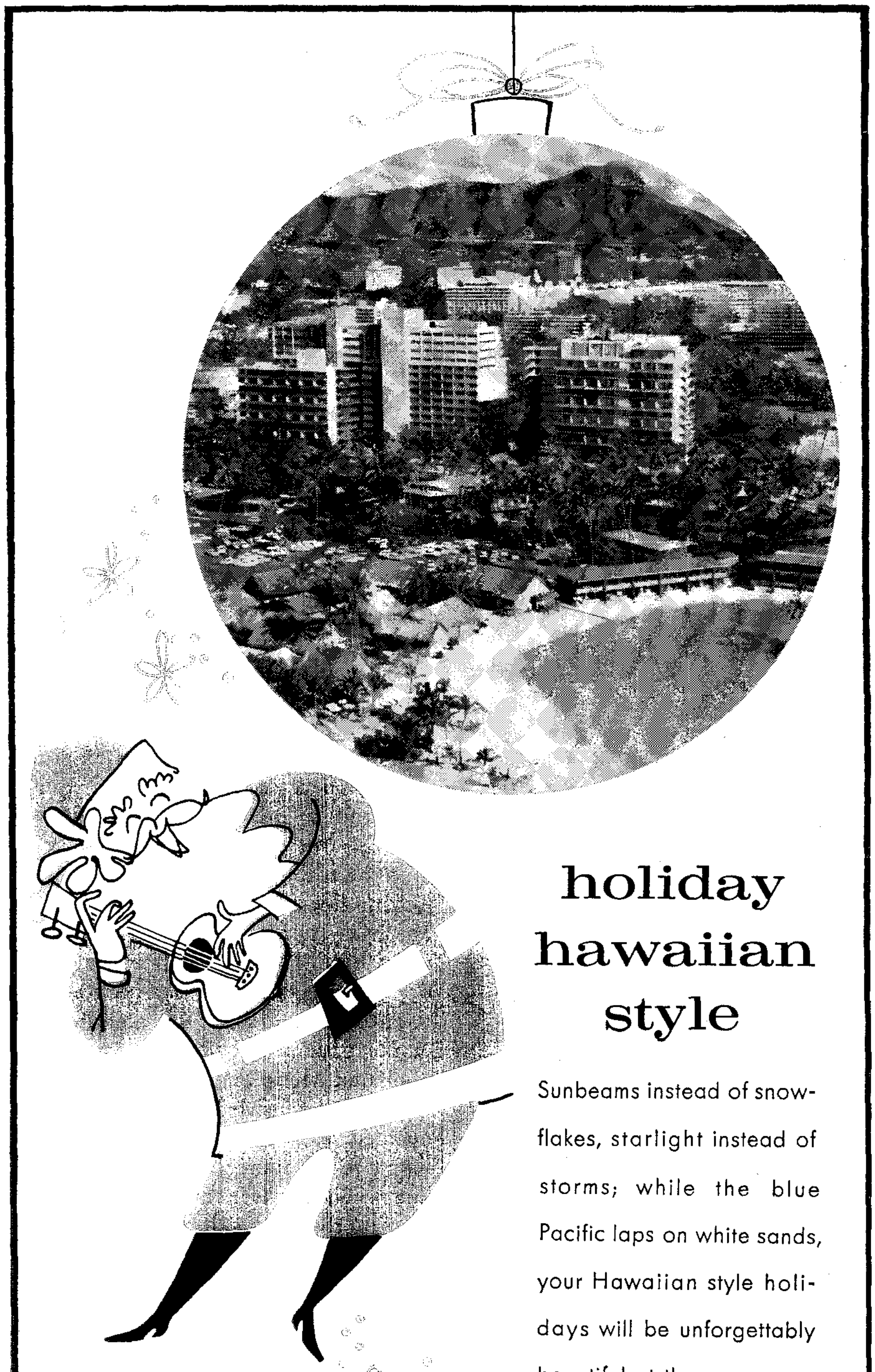
Bernhard Altmann

of a routine physical examination for the California Athletic Commission before a scheduled bout with Frankie Daniels, in San Diego, in April, it was discovered that something was wrong with Moore's heart. The boxing world was stunned. The Daniels fight, which was called off, was to have been a warmup for a bout at Las Vegas between Moore and Nino Valdes, who was then the No. 2 ranking heavyweight. Moore was ordered to bed in a San Diego hospital, and the diagnosis was confirmed by a heart specialist. The doctors held out little hope. Moore's heart ailment was organic; he would never fight again, and he would have to forfeit his championship. Friends who visited him in the hospital at the time found him close to despair. "This is so cruel," he said, clenching his fists in anguish. "I've been fighting all these years and I've never made any real money. Now I've got a chance to cash in, and this happens." He turned away, rolling on his side to face the wall. For the first time that anybody could remember, he seemed utterly defeated.

Doc Kearns was the only person who didn't lose courage. With nothing to go on but faith in his fighter (the title "Doc" was conferred on him by Jack Dempsey, and not by a medical school), he convinced himself that Moore's heart condition was correctable. At any rate, he was certainly not going to accept the judgment of two local doctors as final. He obtained Moore's release from the San Diego hospital and flew with him to San Francisco to consult another specialist. The verdict there was the same: Moore had a heart murmur, and fighting was out of the question. Then Kearns, Moore, and a friend named Bob Reese—an automobile dealer from Toledo, Ohio—took off for Chicago, where they went to Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, for advice. Ward himself, as they knew, was receiving treatment for a heart ailment, and he recommended that they see the Chicago specialist who was treating him. Once more the news was bad: Moore dare not fight; no commission would license him. Ward, who later died of a heart attack, wrote a column urging Moore to retire. Then Moore and Kearns decided to go to the Ford Hospital, in Detroit, for an examination by Dr. John Keyes, of the cardiology department. "Detroit was our last hope," Kearns recalls. "I'd been told that they had the greatest heart doctors in the world at the Ford Hospital. If they couldn't help Archie, I knew he was finished." Dr. Keyes' findings brought the sun up again for Moore and Kearns. The heart condition wasn't organic, after all; Moore had a fibrillation—an irregular heart rhythm that was correctable with medication. "They put me to bed, and I began receiving medication every two hours," Moore says. "This continued for four days. On the fifth day, I had another electrocardiogram, and the heartbeat was regular again. The doctor gave me a clean bill of health, and I got my walking papers."

A month and a half later, on May 2, 1955, Moore fought Valdes as scheduled, in the Las Vegas ballpark. Many of Moore's friends thought that he was foolish to fight so soon after recovering from a heart ailment, and some sports columnists were ghoulishly speculating that he might die in the ring; they warned the Nevada State Athletic Commission against assuming responsibility for the bout. Sportswriters arriving in Las Vegas a couple of days before the fight found Moore exercising before a paying audience in a ballroom above the Silver Slipper gambling casino. He looked terrible. Free to enter the ring at whatever his weight happened to be on the day of the fight, he had allowed himself to balloon to two hundred pounds, and he was in such poor shape that he had difficulty lasting three minutes with a sparring partner. He spat out his mouthpiece after thirty seconds in the ring, because he could barely get his breath. The fight itself was scheduled for fifteen rounds. When it began, Valdes was as trim as a panther, and Moore looked like the winner of a pie-eating contest. Silhouetted against the evening sky, he shuffled about the ring, his long trunks flopping in the breeze. He landed few blows and was clearly exerting himself as little as possible. The crowd began to jeer him, and Valdes steadily piled up a lead on points. Then, starting in the eighth round, the old man suddenly became the aggressor. He began scoring with his left hook, he jolted the Cuban with right-hand leads, and now and then he banged Valdes with stinging combinations. It became obvious that Moore was using the bout as a training fight—that this was merely the first step in his preparations for bigger bouts later in the year, with Olson and Marciano. As the contest progressed, Moore became stronger and Valdes faded. There were scattered boos when the referee, Jim Braddock, who was the only official, awarded the decision to Moore, but most of the working press at ringside agreed with Braddock.

Seven weeks later and twenty-five



holiday hawaiian style

Sunbeams instead of snowflakes, starlight instead of storms; while the blue Pacific laps on white sands, your Hawaiian style holidays will be unforgettably beautiful at the

Hilton Hawaiian Village

Waikiki,
Honolulu

Guest accommodations from $14 double. Family plan available.

See your travel agent, phone your nearest Hilton Reservations Office or write direct.

Conrad N. Hilton, President
Edwin K. Hastings, General Manager

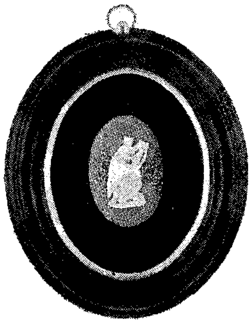
Only the look is priceless

And the soft touch is Arnel. If you want the softest, most comfortable brushed knit ever, be sure it's made with Arnel. Helen Bencker for Flair takes french fabrics corporation brushed knit of *Arnel triacetate and nylon* and gives mother and daughter an Arnel treat. White with red, blue or turquoise cross-stitching; pink with pink; turquoise with turquoise. Sizes S, M, L, about $9. Sizes 4-14, about $7 at Stern's, N. Y. & branches. Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
contemporary fibers

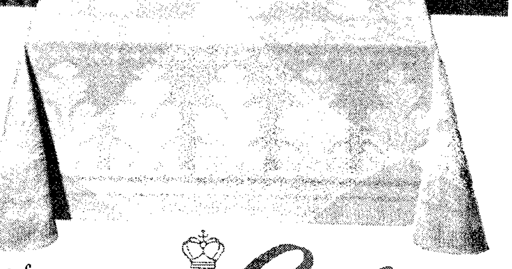
pounds lighter, Moore defended his light-heavyweight championship against Olson at the Polo Grounds, and knocked him out in three rounds. In September, back up to a hundred and eighty-eight pounds, Moore attempted to take the heavyweight title away from Rocky Marciano, at Yankee Stadium, and succeeded in flooring him with a short right uppercut in the second round, but Marciano got up and pounded Moore down and out in the ninth. (A year or so later, the two were reminiscing about the fight, and Marciano said, "When you had me down in the second round there, Archie, it was too close." Moore replied graciously, "Rocky, it's like I've always said—it was a pleasure to fight you.") Marciano never fought again. The next spring—in April, 1956—he announced his retirement from the ring, and on November 30th of the same year Moore and Floyd Patterson, who had been adjudged the ranking contenders, met in the Chicago Stadium for the vacant title. Moore's best fighting weight is between a hundred and eighty-two and a hundred and eighty-five pounds, but he came into the ring at a hundred and ninety-six pounds, looking like a Buddha in boxing gloves. He was thirty-nine (or forty-two) years old. Patterson, at a trim hundred and eighty-two and a quarter, and twenty-one years old, knocked him out in the fifth round with a looping left hook that Moore, normally an extremely clever defensive fighter, should have avoided easily. It was probably the worst performance of Moore's career, but when the writers trooped into his dressing room after the fight, he received them with his customary aplomb. Instead of sulking, he stood on a bench and courteously answered questions during a long interview, but his lame explanation that he was overtrained obviously failed to satisfy the critics. Nevertheless, when the inquisition finally ended, he thanked the writers for their time and their company. "God bless you, Archie, you're wonderful!" shouted the late Caswell Adams, then boxing writer for the New York *Journal-American*. Boxing writers are a cynical breed and seldom applaud anybody, but this time they cheered.

FOR all Moore's popularity with the sportswriters and with other students of boxing, who were aware of his artistry from his early days, the public regarded him as just another good colored fighter, though one with a flair for publicity, up until three years



SPECIAL OFFER TO "COLLECTORS" OF BATES WEDGWOOD CAMEO

Every century brings new lustre to the name of Josiah Wedgwood. His works are notable for the purity of their design, the splendor of their color, the perfection of their finish. These same qualities are glowingly apparent in the new Bates Wedgwood Cameo bedspreads honoring his name. To authenticate your status as a "collector" of Bates Wedgwood Cameo, you can order this genuine Wedgwood plaque (valued at fifteen dollars) for only five dollars, with certificate included with each spread. Offer limited to purchasers of Bates Wedgwood Cameo bedspreads.

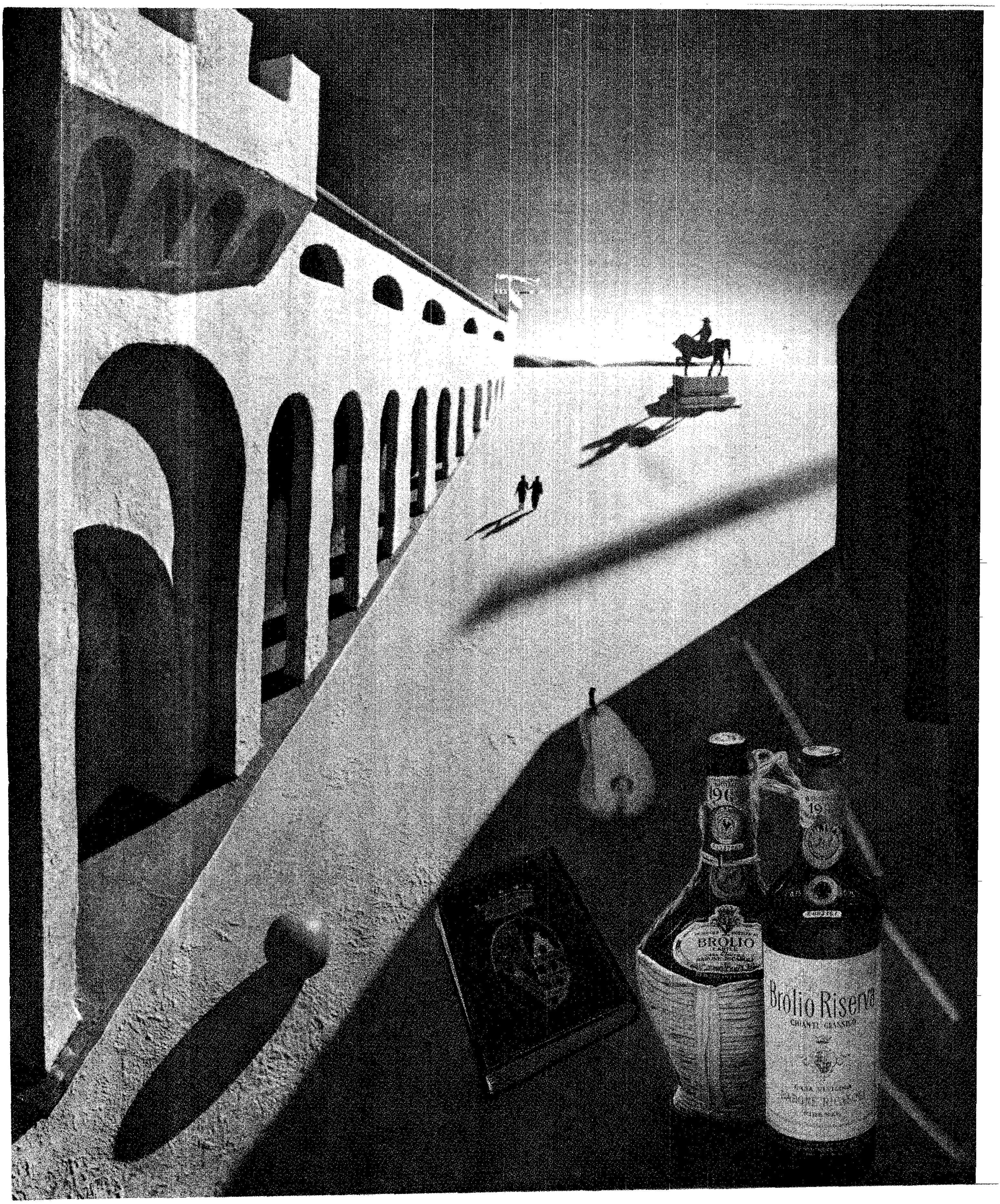


ELEGANT ENOUGH TO WEAR...

Bates Wedgwood Cameo transforms a bedspread into enchantment for a queen. It's as elegant as a coronation gown . . . too beautiful for any bed but *yours!*

Bates®

BATES WEDGWOOD CAMEO COMES IN GOLD, WHITE, PINK, BLUE, LILAC. SINGLE BED $50. DOUBLE $55. BATES FABRICS, INC., 112 W. 34TH ST., NEW YORK 1 ©1961



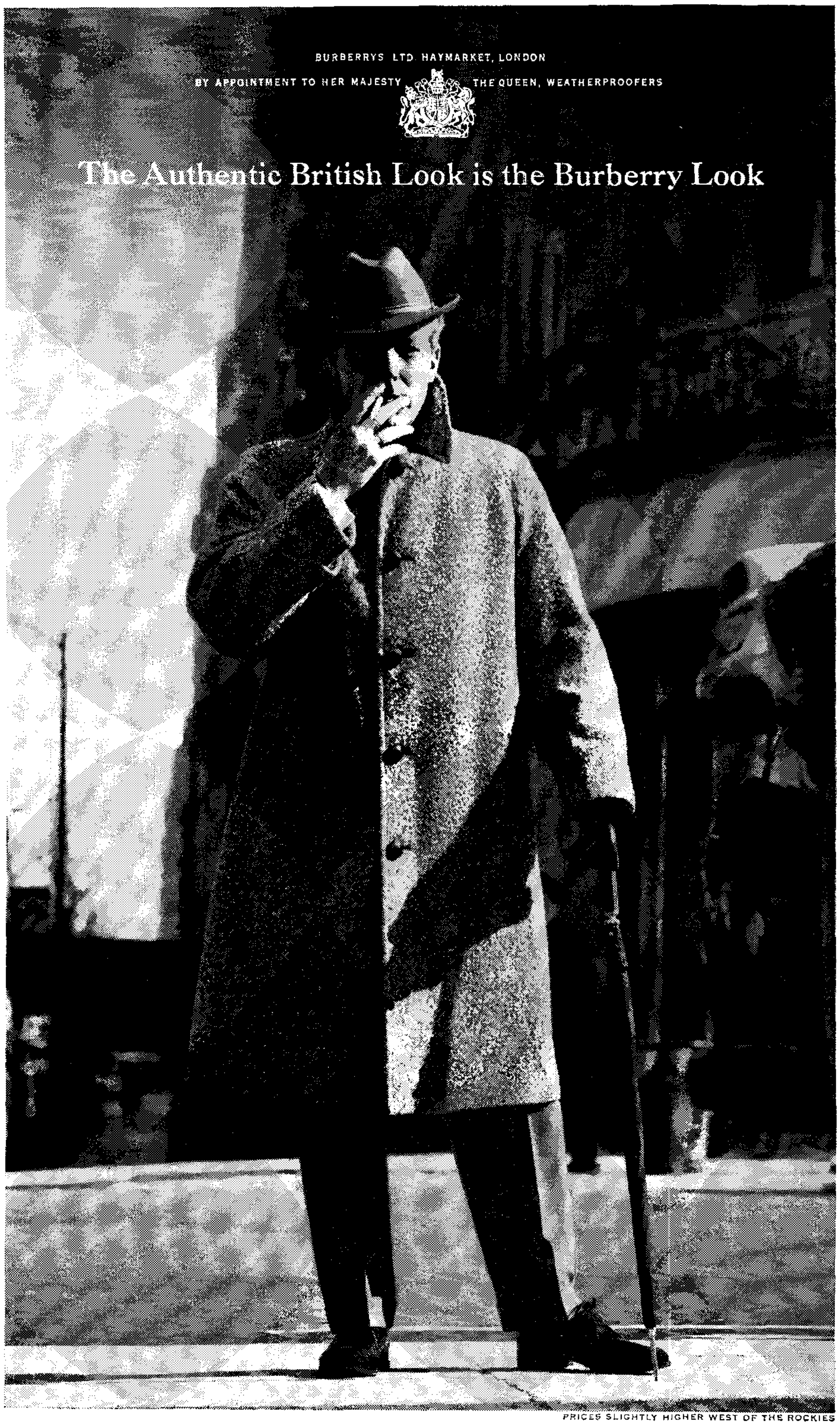
BARON RICASOLI'S ITALIAN CLASSIC BROLIO

People who know choose Brolio. It's the classic Chianti produced by the Baron Ricasoli at ancient Castle Brolio, near Florence—from the vineyards that filled his ancestors' wine casks, over 800 years ago. Delicious with Italian specialties, Brolio is equally rewarding with American dishes or French *haute cuisine*. Take your choice of either *vintage Brolio* in the typical basket bottle or the even older *Brolio Riserva* in the traditional chateau bottle. Two choices—one name—Brolio!

NOTE the black rooster on the Brolio seal—the mark of a 'Chianti Classico', a true Chianti from the de-limited district of *that name*. Note, too, this seal's golden border—inscribed 'Chianti Superiore'. Of all imported Chiantis, only Brolio bears this gilt-edged assurance of the highest quality grading. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y. Sole Distrib. for U.S.A.

ago. He was suspected of being something of a fraud—a glib con man who, incidentally, could punch. Then, after twenty-two years of struggling for recognition, he suddenly became a celebrity. The transformation came on the night of December 10, 1958, in Montreal, when Moore was pitted against a brawling twenty-nine-year-old Canadian fisherman named Yvon Durelle. For the official weighing-in ceremonies at the Montreal Forum, Moore showed up wearing a homburg and a midnight-blue shawl-collared tuxedo, and carrying a silver-headed cane. The fight mob was transfixed. "I'm only trying to give boxing a touch of class," Moore explained. "Why, Durelle, there, is dressed like a farmer!" Moore got his deserts a short time later, when Durelle nearly slaughtered him in the first round. He knocked Moore down three times then, and once more in the fifth, but Moore somehow weathered the merciless beating, outlasted his younger opponent, and, in the eleventh round, battered him unconscious. It was as wild and savage a spectacle as anything that has been seen in the television era of boxing, and it did more for the Mongoose than any other victory or combination of victories in his long, improbable career. For the first time, he had earned the respect, affection, and sympathy of the public. Instead of a personification of bravado and bluster, the public saw a resourceful and cunning fighter of surpassing grace and skill, a man of fierce pride, a man with a special kind of valor. There was a certain majesty about him, and when the end finally came, and Moore's hand was raised in tribute to the hundred-and-twenty-seventh knockout of his career, the emotion of the crowd was so powerful as to be almost overwhelming.

When Moore crashed to the canvas for the third time in the first round, no one would have blamed him if he had called it a night. Instead, he recalls, he regarded himself with cool detachment ("I asked myself, 'Can this be me? Is this really happening to me?' ") and set about redeeming himself. He got through the first round largely on instinct, and from then on he fought with all the guile and mastery he had acquired through the years. At the end of the fifth round, when he had been knocked sprawling a fourth time, Doc Kearns wouldn't let him sit down but told him to stand there in his corner and wave to his wife in the audience. Moore couldn't see her, but he waved anyway, and Durelle, across the ring, thought Moore was waving at *him*, dis-


BURBERRYS LTD HAYMARKET, LONDON
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WEATHERPROOFERS
The Authentic British Look is the Burberry Look

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

The Burberry® Outercoat

Acknowledged as the world's most flattering rendition of masculine fashion, a Burberry Outercoat offers you the double enjoyment of outer warmth and matchless comfort. Impeccably London-tailored in cloths of rare character . . . . $110 to $200

Burberrys

All Burberry fashions bear this authentic Silver and Blue Label

Burberrys

Limited in distribution to the finest gentlemen's outfitters. For nearest shop, write: BURBERRYS LTD. 14 E. 38 St., N.Y. 16; or 64 Wellington St. W., Toronto

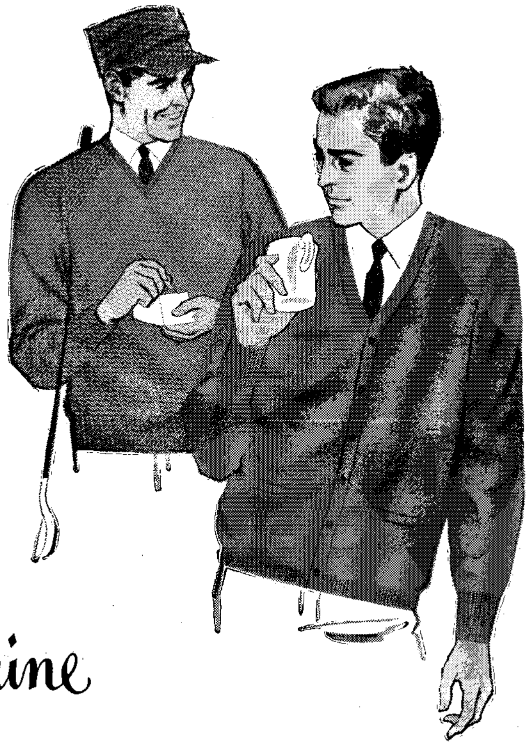
dainfully. It took the heart out of Durelle, and from then on Moore was in charge. Durelle wilted completely in the eleventh round, and as referee Jack Sharkey stood over him, completing the count of ten, Moore, according to Doc Kearns, was calling to the prostrate challenger, "Please get up, Yvon! I got up for you!"

All in all, it was probably the most violent and taxing night of Moore's life, but when they put a microphone before him and trained in the television cameras, he sounded as though he had been taking tea with the Governor-General. "I enjoyed the fight very much," he said. "I am happy everybody was satisfied with it." Later in the evening, when the furor in the dressing room had quieted, Archie behaved like an actor on opening night, waiting impatiently for the early editions. "Was it a good action show?" he asked a friend who had dropped in. Assured that it had been the hit of the season, he said, "I'm glad I gave them a good show. At my age and at this stage of the game, I just *had* to win!"

In 1959, largely as a result of his astonishing rally against Durelle, Moore was voted the boxing world's equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize—the Edward J. Neil Memorial Trophy as the fighter of the year—and on the occasion of its presentation he was given the full treatment as a newly arrived celebrity. The ceremony, which took place in the course of a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, was, of course, one of the grander moments of his life. When Moore got up to accept his award, instead of going directly into his speech he looked out into the banquet audience and requested permission to make an introduction. Then he asked Durelle to rise. "It takes two to make a fight," he said. Until then, few of the guests had realized that Durelle was in the room. From this time on, Moore was in great demand at public functions, and as the banquet season progressed, his account of the Montreal fight became increasingly entertaining. He would describe in rich and dramatic detail for his various audiences the thoughts that passed through his mind while Sharkey was counting over him. As he elaborated on this fascinating theme, it often seemed that he must have been on the floor for hours instead of seconds. One version began, "I was lying there and I said to myself, 'This is no place to be resting. I'd better get up and get with it.' Every time I looked up, I looked into Sharkey's face. I got tired of looking at that man." Another version featured his eldest

outstanding

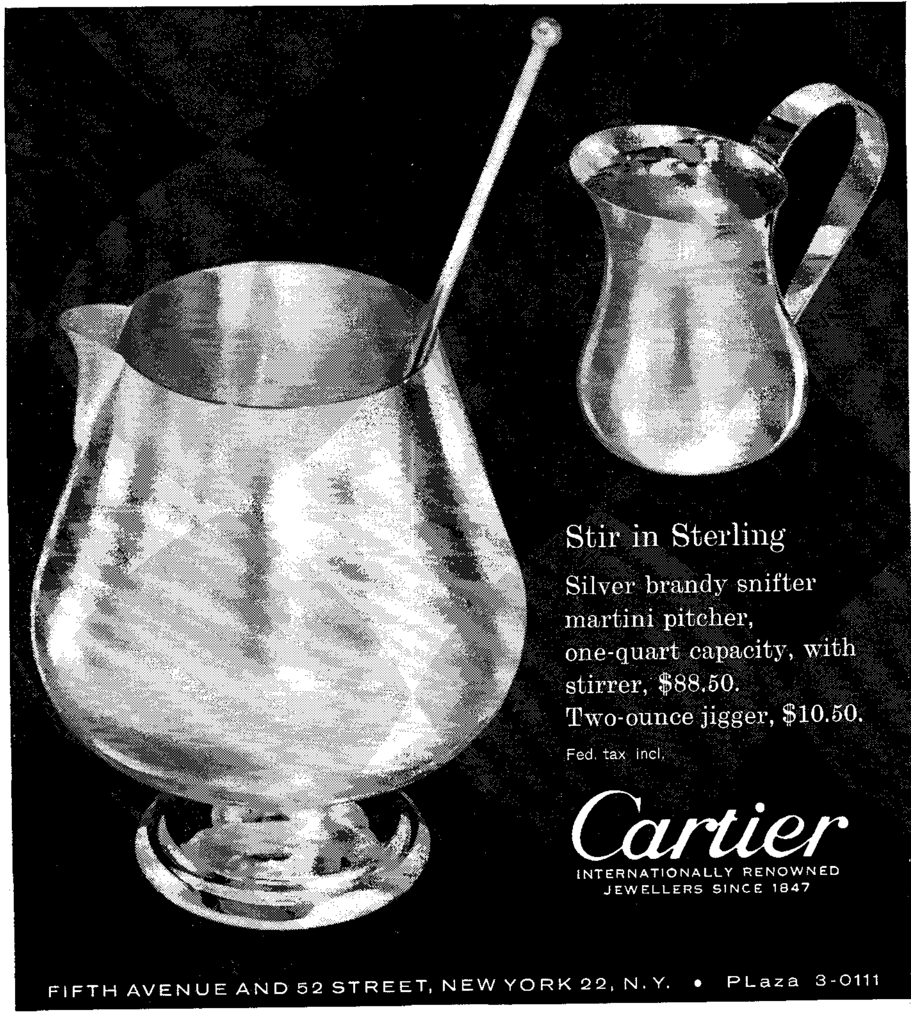
in all ways, these splendid lambswool sweaters made in England by Alan Paine. Fully fashioned and as meticulously detailed as the renowned Alan Paine cashmeres. Cardigan, about $18.50. Pullover, about $13.95. At most fine stores.



Alan Paine

Rich's, *Atlanta, Ga.* • **Merritt, Schaefer & Brown**, *Austin, Texas* • **Hutzler's**, *Baltimore, Md.* • **George J. Good**, *Berkeley, Calif.* • **R. H. Stearns Co.**, *Boston, Mass.* • **Wm. Hengerer Co.**, *Buffalo, N.Y.* • **Stern & Mann**, *Canton, Ohio* • **Derek Rayne, Ltd.**, *Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.* • **Belk Bros. Co.**, *Charlotte, N.C.* • **Capper & Capper**, *Chicago, Ill.* • **Harvey, Ltd.**, *Clayton, Mo.* • **The Halle Bros. Co.**, *Cleveland, Ohio* • **Jas. K. Wilson Co.**, *Dallas, Texas* • **May-D. & F.**, *Denver, Colo.* • **The J. L. Hudson Co.**, *Detroit, Mich.* • **Kepple & Kepple**, *Greenwich, Conn.* • **G. Fox & Co., Inc.**, *Hartford, Conn.* • **L. S. Ayres & Co.**, *Indianapolis, Ind.* • **Jack Henry**, *Kansas City, Mo.* • **Angelucci & Ringo**, *Lexington, Ky.* • **Stewart Dry Goods Co.**, *Lexington, Ky.* • **J. W. Robinson**, *Los Angeles, Calif.* • **Stewart Dry Goods Co.**, *Louisville, Ky.* • **MacNeil & Moore**, *Madison, Wis.* • **Phil A. Halle**, *Memphis, Tenn.* • **T. A. Chapman Co.**, *Milwaukee, Wis.* • **Godchaux's**, *New Orleans, La.* • **Bloomingdale's & Branches**, *New York, N.Y.* • **Hahne & Company**, *Newark, N.J.* • **John Wanamaker**, *Philadelphia, Pa.* • **Joseph Horne Co.**, *Pittsburgh, Pa.* • **Rosenblatt's**, *Portland, Ore.* • **Norman's, Inc.**, *Raleigh, N.C.* • **Miller & Rhoads, Inc.**, *Richmond, Va.* • **Sibley, Lindsay & Curr**, *Rochester, N.Y.* • **Arthur Frank**, *Salt Lake City, Utah* • **Frank Bros.**, *San Antonio, Texas* • **Robert Kirk, Ltd.**, *San Francisco, Calif.* • **Men's Quality Shop**, *Savannah, Ga.* • **Rosenblath's**, *Shreveport, La.* • **Arch Wilson**, *Springfield, Ill.* • **Vandervoort's**, *St. Louis, Mo.* • **Hubert W. White**, *St. Paul, Minn.* • **Root's**, *Summit, N.J.* • **Turner's**, *Tallahassee, Fla.* • **Julius Garfinckel**, *Washington, D.C.* • **Woodward & Lothrop**, *Washington, D.C.*

For other stores, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Stir in Sterling

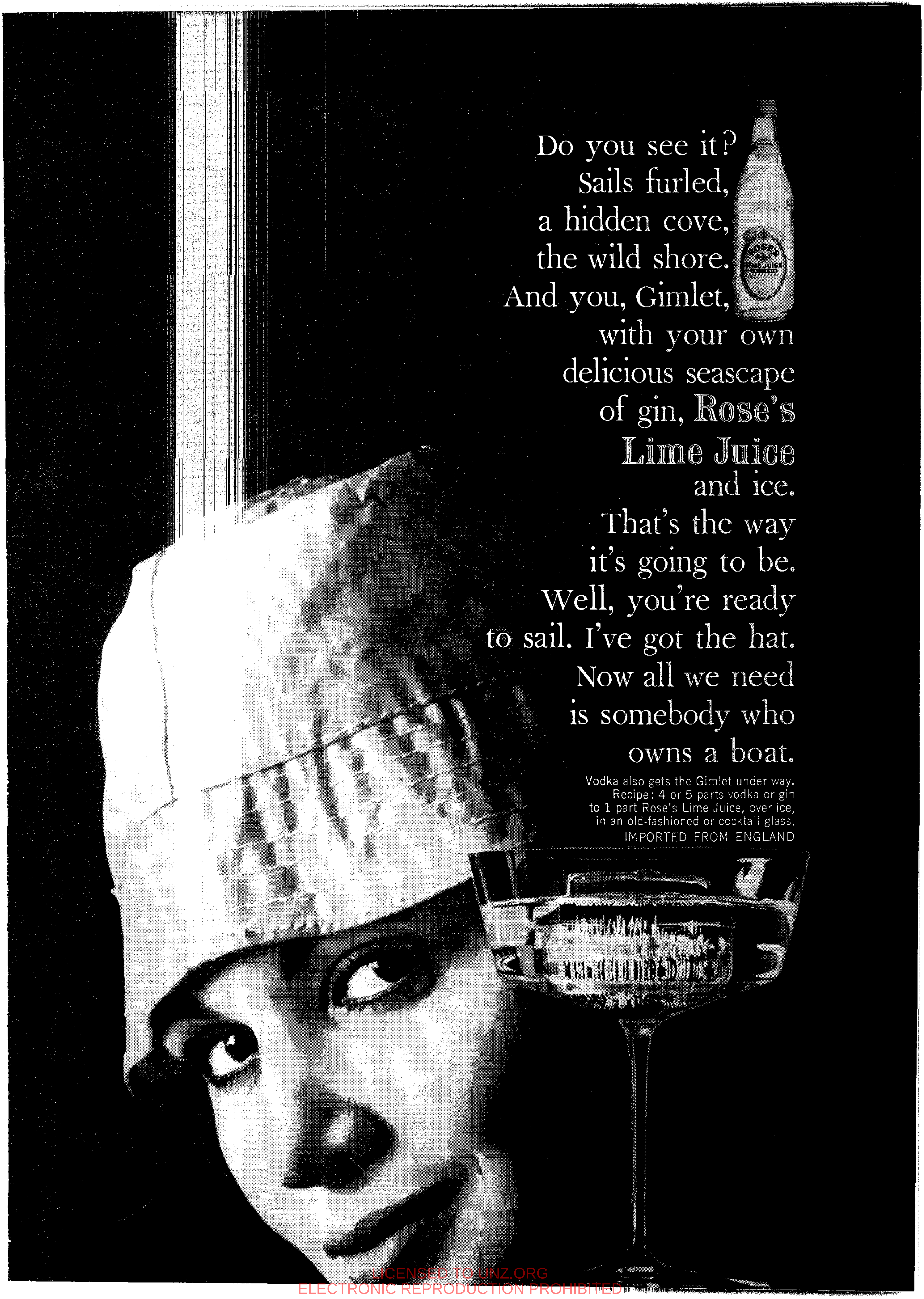
Silver brandy snifter martini pitcher, one-quart capacity, with stirrer, $88.50.
Two-ounce jigger, $10.50.

Fed. tax incl.

Cartier

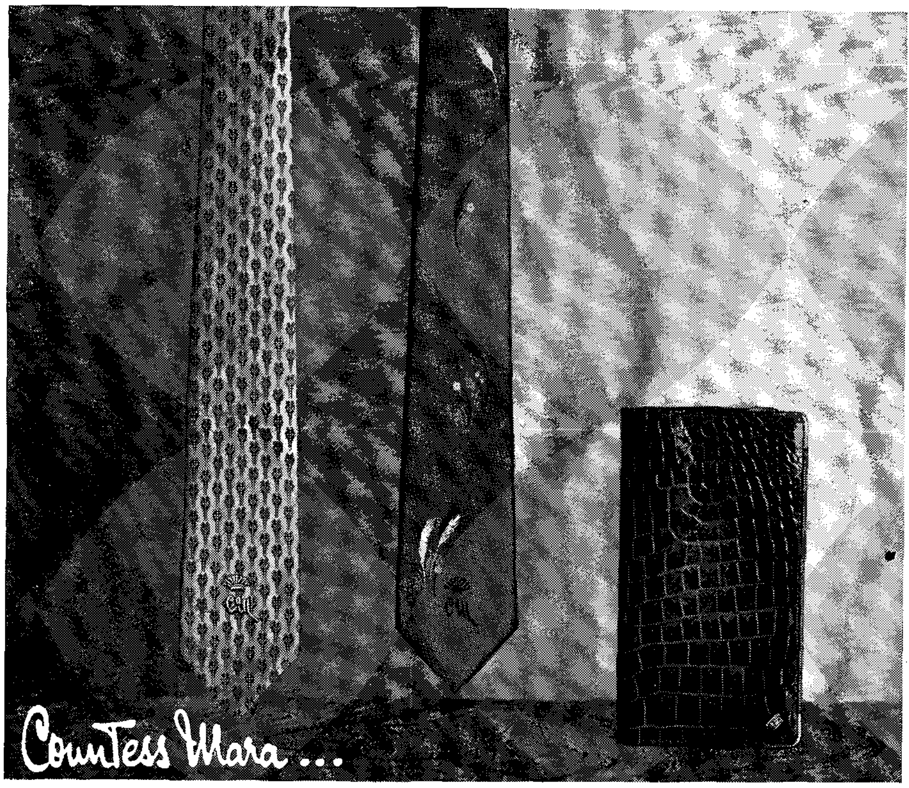
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • PLaza 3-0111



Do you see it?
Sails furled,
a hidden cove,
the wild shore.
And you, Gimlet,
with your own
delicious seascape
of gin, **Rose's Lime Juice**
and ice.
That's the way
it's going to be.
Well, you're ready
to sail. I've got the hat.
Now all we need
is somebody who
owns a boat.

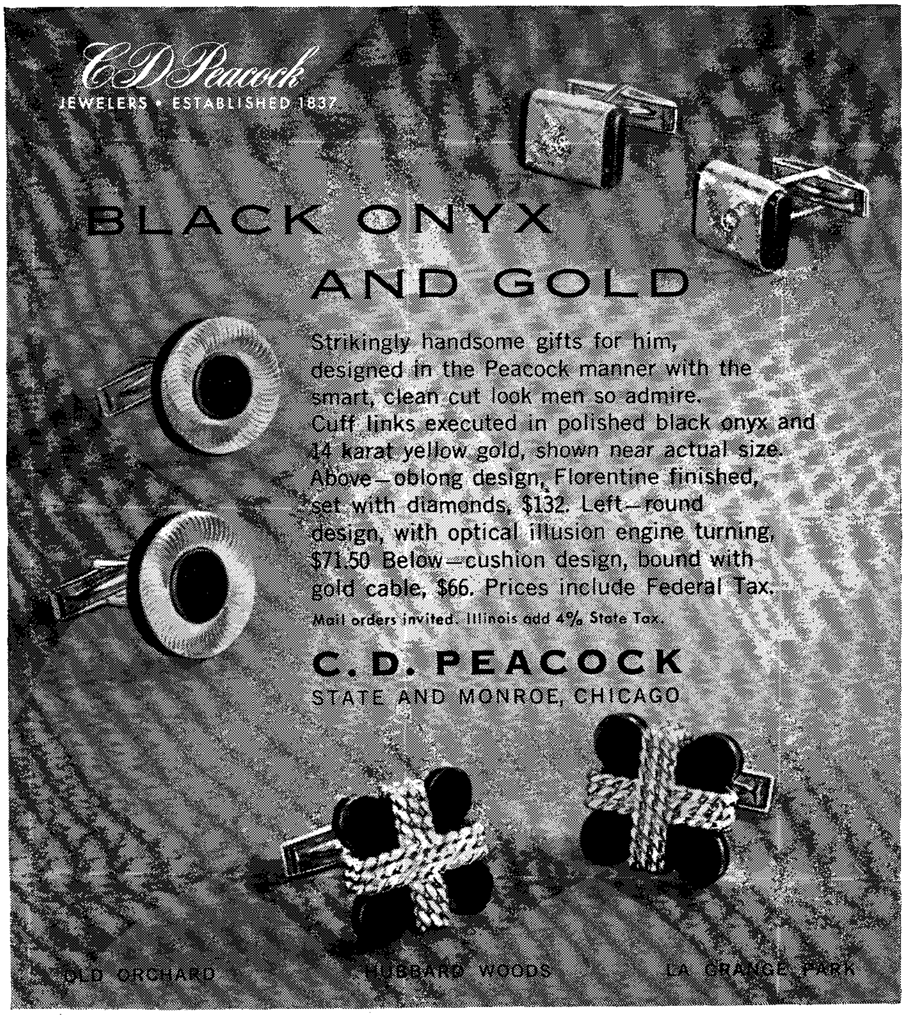
Vodka also gets the Gimlet under way.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts vodka or gin
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



Gifts for one man in a million

"LOVE BIRDS" Woven Silk Ritratti Tie in white, sky blue, garnet, gold, reseda or sand, 8.50. "SUN KISSED" Traditional Silk Tie in olive or medium grey, 15.00. CROCODILE WALLET with 14 kt. gold corners and CM coronet, 85.00 plus 10% Federal tax.

COUNTESS MARA 110 EAST 57TH ST., AT PARK AVENUE
3 EAST 58TH ST., AT THE SAVOY HILTON



BLACK ONYX AND GOLD

Strikingly handsome gifts for him, designed in the Peacock manner with the smart, clean cut look men so admire. Cuff links executed in polished black onyx and 14 karat yellow gold, shown near actual size. Above—oblong design, Florentine finished, set with diamonds, $132. Left—round design, with optical illusion engine turning, $71.50 Below—cushion design, bound with gold cable, $66. Prices include Federal Tax.

Mail orders invited. Illinois add 4% State Tax.

C. D. PEACOCK
STATE AND MONROE, CHICAGO

OLD ORCHARD HUBBARD WOODS LA GRANGE PARK

daughter, Rena, then just over a year old. "When Durelle knocked me down the first time," Archie related, "I had a peculiar idea. I remembered that I had left my baby, Rena, on the bed at the hotel. She was wearing red pajamas. I was dazed by the punch, and I got the idea that if I didn't get up somebody was going to take those red pajamas away from her. I loved to see Rena in those red pajamas, and I didn't want anybody taking them away. So—I got up."

The American Broadcasting Company sent Moore an unedited film of the famous evening, complete with commercials and curtain speech, and one evening Moore, in a darkened room at the Salt Mine, watched it for the first time, with immense enjoyment. As he saw himself on the canvas after the first knockdown, a pathetic figure groping in a shadowy world as he desperately tried to regain his balance, Moore jeered, "Look at the poor guy. He can't even find the floor." When Durelle dropped him for the third time, Moore seemed faintly amused. He watched himself clutching at the ropes and trying to get up before Sharkey's count reached ten. "Now he's so dazed he can't even find the ropes," said Moore, with a soft chuckle. When the lights went up, however, he seemed thoughtful. "That guy belted me so hard he knocked out my bridge," he said. "And my elbow was sore where I fell on it. Being hit like that isn't much fun. It won't happen again—not if I can help it."

The two fighters met again in August of 1959, and Moore knocked Durelle out in three rounds. The champion is a great one for putting away an opponent as soon as the opportunity presents itself. "In this game, you have to be a finisher," he says. "I call it 'finishing,' and you don't learn it in Miss Hewitt's school for young ladies."

MOORE is acutely aware of his special position as a champion—and, more particularly, as a Negro champion. "A Negro champion feels he stands for more than just a title," he says gravely. "He is a symbol of achievement and dignity, and it is tough to be a loser and let down a whole race." In 1959, not long after the Durelle fight, Sam Goldwyn, Jr., invited Moore to try out for the role of Jim, the runaway slave, in a movie version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Both Moore and his wife were leery of what they called "handkerchief-head parts," and a Negro publication cautioned him against

GGG . . . Acquisition

An investment in GGG outercoats merits the attention you would give to purchasing works of art — which is what they are. Examine the Lark on the right. It introduces the shorter look in the classic coat. Note the classic set-in sleeve, the tabbed cuff, the slightly peaked lapel, the diagonal welt pocket and what you can't see, a side-vented back. The Lawton on the other hand has the natural notch lapel, the sculptured sleeve with the raglan roll at the elbow, the cuffed sleeve and the flapped pocket. Both are worthy of your acquisition.

For free style booklet and name of nearest franchised store, write to Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. 38, 12 E. 14th St., New York 3, N.Y. In Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd, In Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.

"lilliput"
"oval"
"petite"
"self-winding"
"square"
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA

mystère®

It's a joy to watch the time!

Choose Mystère in the most flattering shape for you . . . oval, square, a perfect circle . . . in various sizes. **Transparent back** reveals 17 jewel movement at work. Vivid red hands keep time on jet black face. Each elegant member of the Mystère collection is available in stainless steel or yellow gold plate (from $95 to $110). Some also in solid gold.

Sold the world over at fine jewelers.

JUVENIA

Fabrique Juvenia
La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland
U. S. Agent: Juvenia Watch Distributors
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

ACCURACY AND ELEGANCE
SINCE 1860

You can watch them tick!

"Hobart"
by
Lord West

enriched with an
American Bemberg®
luxury lining

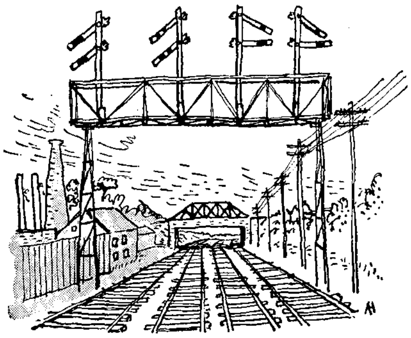
Natural shoulder styling,
notched silk faille lapels.
Crowning touch: an elegant
Bemberg rayon lining by Earl-Glo.
About $95 at fine stores.

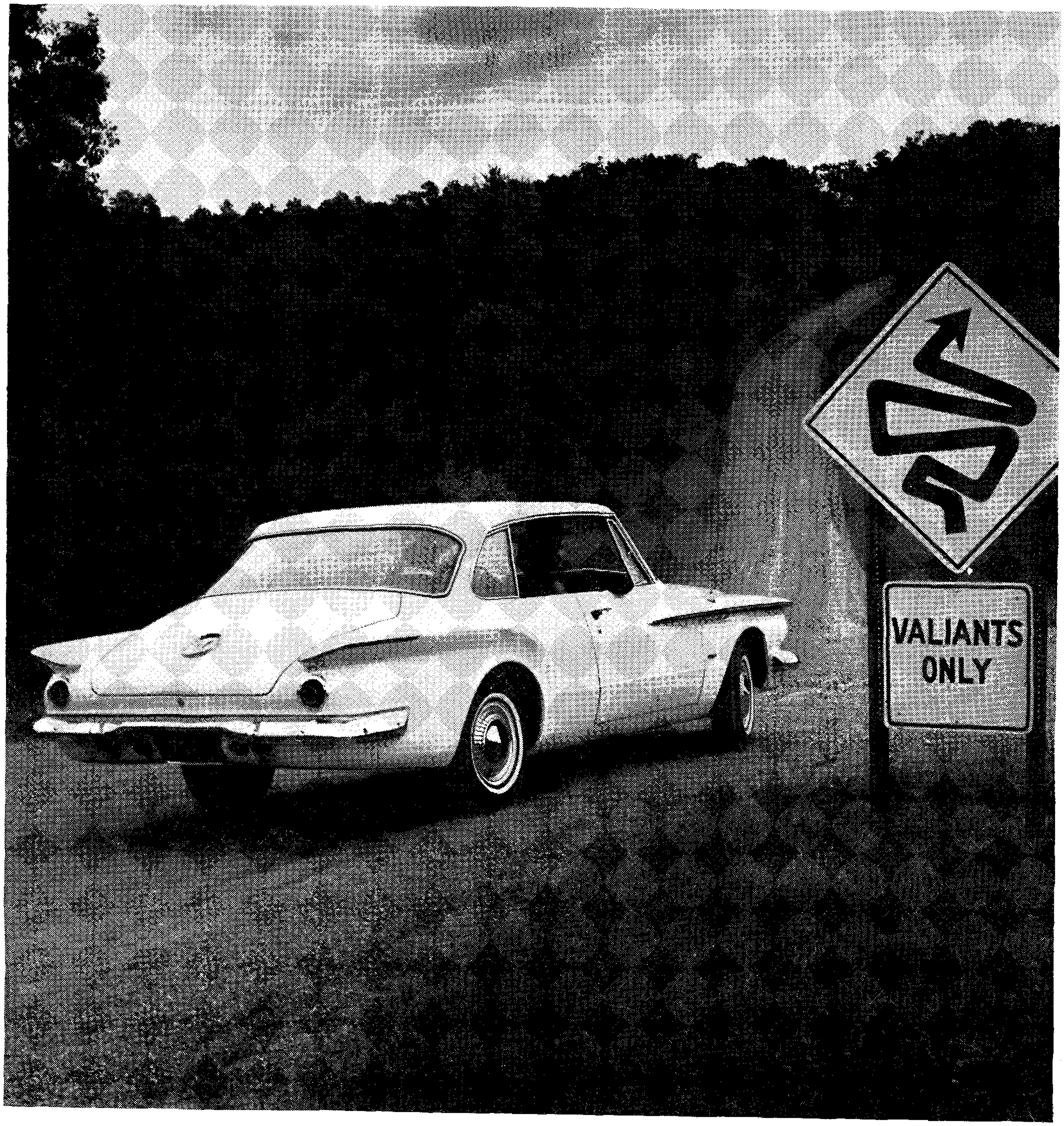
AMERICAN BEMBERG
AB
ARISTOCRAT OF RAYON YARN ®

BEAUNIT MILLS, INC. / FIBERS DIVISION, 261 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

taking an "Uncle Tom" role, but he proceeded with the screen test, was offered the part, and signed a contract with Goldwyn. Moore is unconscionably proud of the fact that he won the role in competition with professional actors as well as amateurs. (Among the latter was Sugar Ray Robinson, who was then the middleweight boxing champion. "Ray lost the part because he was too sleek," said Archie. "They didn't have sleek slaves in those days.") Moore has boasted about how, although he was training for a title fight at the time, he memorized a sixteen-page script for his screen test and went before the cameras after only one rehearsal. The way he tells it, his performance in the test alone entitled him to an Oscar. At the end of the scene, as he recalls it, the professionals on the set—electricians, stagehands, and the like—broke into spontaneous applause. "Tears came from the director's eyes," says Archie. "Goldwyn was dabbing his eyes and shaking his head in wonder. An electrician told me it was only the second time in thirty years that he had seen such emotion during a test." However accurate these recollections may be, the director of the movie, Michael Curtiz, appears to agree with Moore's own estimate of his talent. "Archie has instinctive acting ability," said Curtiz. "He seems to know just the right inflection to give a line, and his facial expressions are marvellous."

When Moore first saw the script of the movie, he noted that the offensive word "nigger" appeared in it now and again, but he said nothing about this until the part was his and the contract signed. Then he began maneuvering. "I'm not a clever man, but I know how to get things done," he said later. "The script used the word 'nigger' at least nine times. I went through it with a pencil and struck out the word everywhere I found it. Then I took it up with Mr. Goldwyn. I told him I couldn't play the part unless he would agree to the deletions. I told him, 'You are a young man, Mr. Goldwyn, and times are changing. How could I play this





The more a road resembles spaghetti, the better Valiant likes it.

Technical reasons. Resilient torsion bars in front, asymmetrical leaf springs in rear, and other hard-to-spell suspension features glue Valiant to curves.

But you don't need a Ph.D. from M.I.T. to appreciate the way the new 1962 Valiant takes tussle out of turns, trauma out of trips. Just a couple laps around the block—you'll get the idea.

There's a lively 101-horsepower engine up front that's mighty nice to have, too. Most other compacts simply don't offer this much oomph, except at extra cost. Makes a difference on hills, makes a difference when you want to pass.

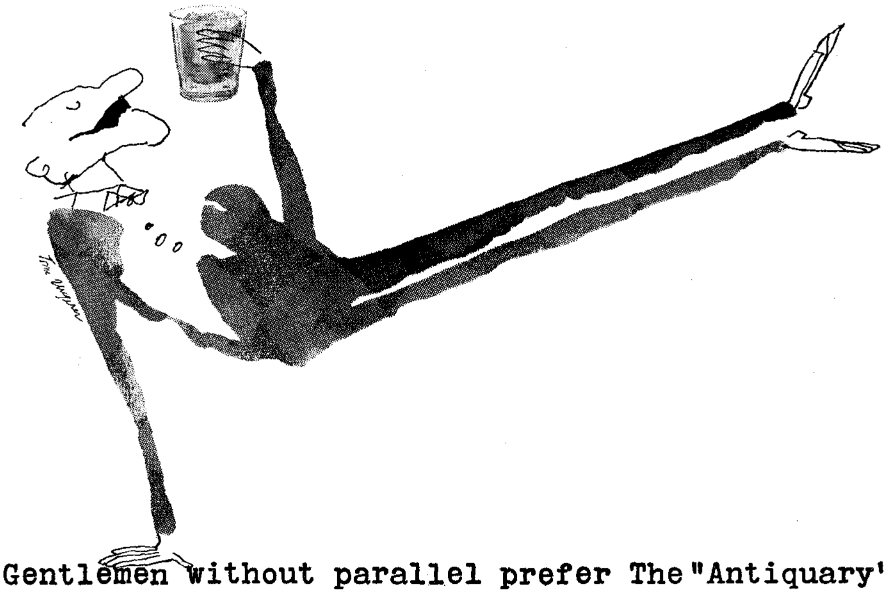
For all its virtues, Valiant is basically bashful about spending money. Your money, we mean. You'd swear Valiant's mother was frightened by a service station, the way Valiant shuns gas pumps, oil changes, and grease racks.

Tell you what: how about driving and pricing a Valiant this week? Your Plymouth-Valiant dealer is naturally the gentleman to see.

You'll find one good turn deserves another—and another—in a '62 Valiant.

Nobody beats VALIANT for value!

Quality-engineered by Chrysler Corporatio



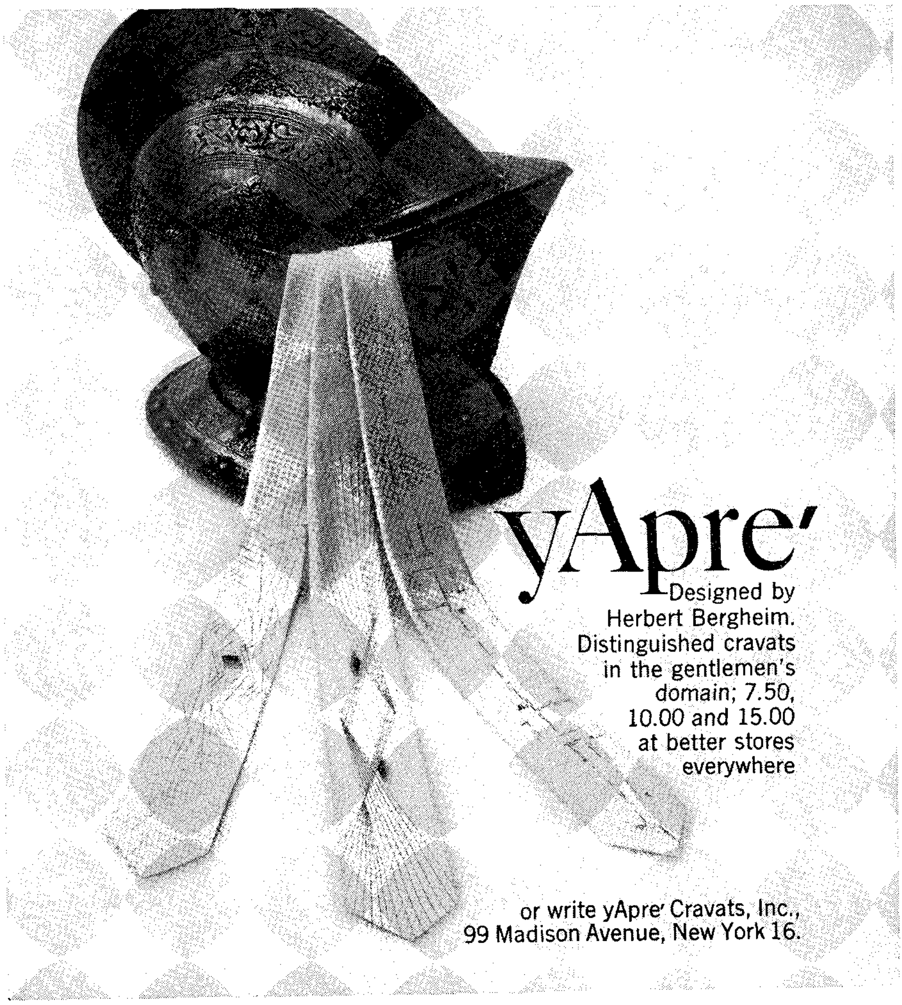
Gentlemen without parallel prefer The "Antiquary"

The "Antiquary"
De Luxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
Edinburgh

The "Antiquary"
THE SCOTCH
THAT TASTES GOOD

The "Antiquary"
De Luxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
Edinburgh

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK 19, N. Y. 86.8 PROOF



yApre'
Designed by
Herbert Bergheim.
Distinguished cravats
in the gentlemen's
domain; 7.50,
10.00 and 15.00
at better stores
everywhere

or write yApre' Cravats, Inc.,
99 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

part when it would cause my people to drop their heads in shame in a theatre?' Goldwyn thought about it and he agreed with me. He ordered the deletions. The man who wrote the script was furious; his anger meant nothing to me. I had saved my people from embarrassment." (Actually, the word was used only once in the movie, and then when Moore was offstage.)

During the filming of the picture, Moore's career was the subject of a program in the television series "This Is Your Life," broadcast from a studio in Burbank. Since surprising the honored biographee is the cream of this show's jest, Moore was not told what was in store for him but was whisked away from the "Huckleberry Finn" set with the explanation that he was needed at Burbank for some publicity shots. He had grown a stubble beard for the part, and, being vain about his appearance, he was momentarily thrown off stride when he realized that he was being seen on television screens all over the country in this woefully unbarbered condition. By the time some of his cronies got a chance to tease him about it, though, he had recovered his aplomb, and retorted, "Us slaves can't afford razor blades."

Moore the character actor became quite a lion at Hollywood cocktail parties during this period, and on one occasion a determined actress shouldered her way through a swarm of publicity men, actors' representatives, and newspaper people surrounding him and demanded his attention. "Archie, there's something I must know, and I must have an honest answer," she declared in a compelling voice. "What was your greatest thrill—getting a starring role in 'Huck Finn' or winning the championship?"

Moore seemed surprised. "Why, it was winning the championship, of course."

The woman persisted, "But you're an *actor* now, remember that."

"I am a fighter," he said softly. "A fighter first, last, and always."

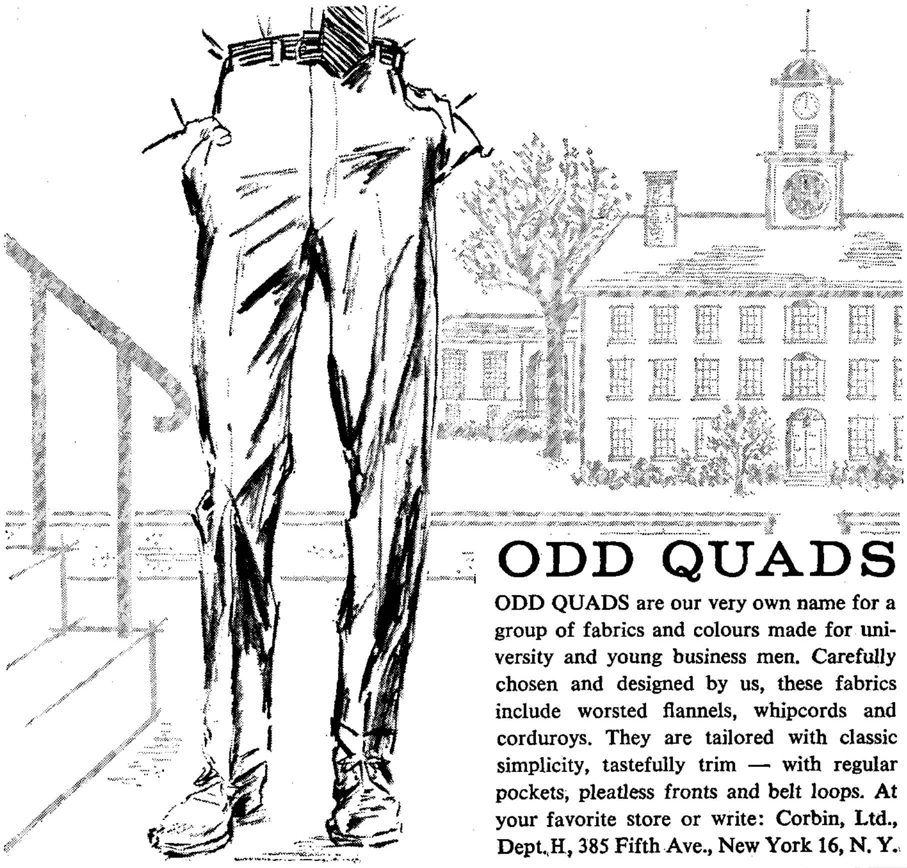
After the whole Hollywood episode was over, an old friend asked him why—aside from the monetary reward, which was far from negligible—he had got so wound up in the part of Jim. "I wanted to prove that I could act without losing any dignity," he said. "I don't agree with those who say the role belittled the Negro. Slavery was a fact at the time; there's no escaping that. Jim had something to say that was important even for today. He was a man searching for freedom. This man Jim is really every man who is trying to be free. Jim

go comfortable . . . go casual . . . go corduroy

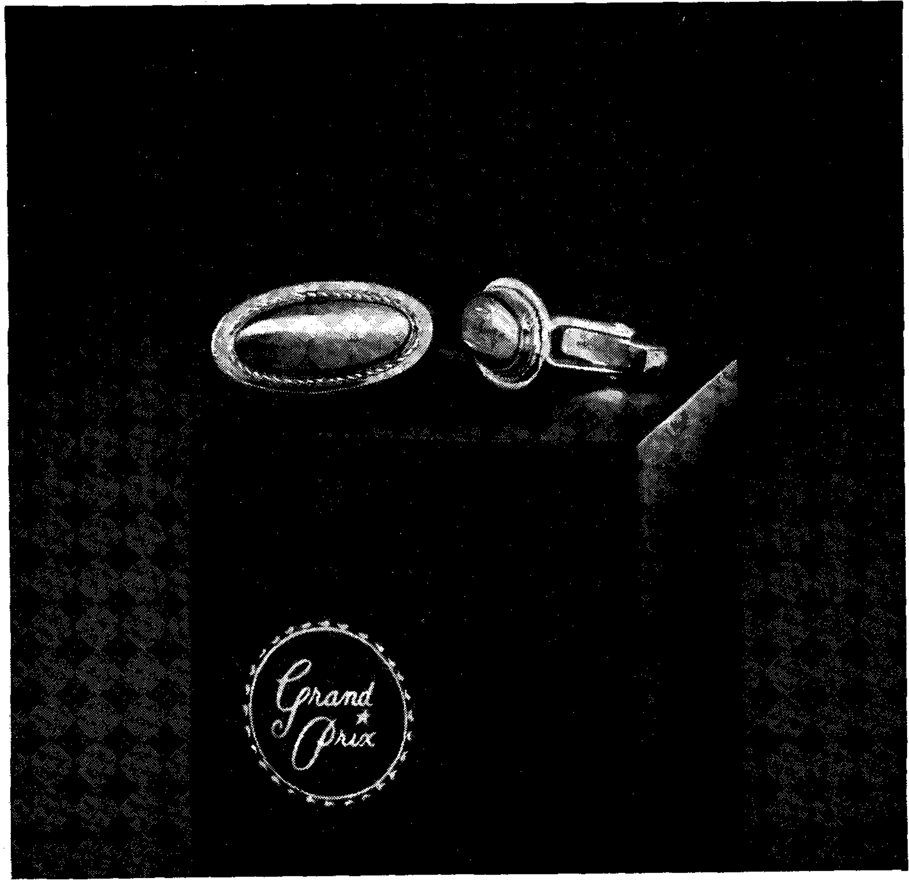
Zero King's stylish Soho coat. Corduroy never looked so dapper. And neither have *you until* you've donned this rugged coat from Zero King. 100% wool tattersall lining provides weightless warmth with a dash of color. Deftly styled front and back yokes and set-in sleeves give shoulders breadth without bulk. Flap hacking pockets, leather buttons, two inside book-bottle pockets, and detachable half belt with retractable tabs are added style features no self-respecting sportsman would be without. Try the Soho on for size today—it's a rouser. In black, burnt green, antelope or chamois. About $50.00. *Write for the name of your nearest Zero King dealer.*

ZERO KING
B. W. Harris Manufacturing Co., Park Square, St. Paul

TROUSERED BY CORBIN
the man who put natural shoulders on trousers



ODD QUADS
ODD QUADS are our very own name for a group of fabrics and colours made for university and young business men. Carefully chosen and designed by us, these fabrics include worsted flannels, whipcords and corduroys. They are tailored with classic simplicity, tastefully trim — with regular pockets, pleatless fronts and belt loops. At your favorite store or write: Corbin, Ltd., Dept. H, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



HEMATITE cuff links. The unusual brilliance of this earth stone has placed it high in the esteem of collectors. Classically mounted in Sterling Silver. Twenty dollars the set, plus Fed. tax. At better stores or write Grand Prix Jewelry, 404 Fifth Ave., New York.
GRAND PRIX DIVISION OF SWANK, INC.

is spiritually free, but he yearns to be free physically, so he can buy his wife and his two children out of slavery. Every man wants to be free in a different way. Jim is just one in the long history of man's struggles to be free."

For all his eloquence about Jim, Moore has seldom made an issue of his color, and, unlike baseball's Jackie Robinson, say, has not been known as a supporter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and allied causes. For this reason, many of his admirers were surprised when, seizing the microphone after his Madison Square Garden victory over Rinaldi, he used the prize ring as a platform for endorsing both the N.A.A.C.P. and the Freedom Riders. He announced, with some nineteen million people listening, that he was donating a thousand dollars of his purse to the Freedom Riders, another thousand to the United Fund in San Diego, and five hundred dollars to B'nai B'rith, and was also purchasing a five-hundred-dollar lifetime membership in the N.A.A.C.P. Certain fight fans, particularly in the South, wondered where he had got the idea, and whether he had been coached. A man who has known Moore for a long time asked him later on whether the incident had been simply an impulse of the moment. "I wouldn't be telling the truth if I said it was an impulse," Moore replied. "I'd thought about it. This had been brewing inside me for a long time. I knew what I wanted to do. Of course, I always rough out my speech before a fight, because I always anticipate victory." He smiled. Then he was asked whether the idea had been his own. "Nobody puts words in my mouth!" he said sharply. With less heat, he added, "Let me tell you how I feel about this. As a colored champion, I have a responsibility to my race. I have a minor voice. So long as I have popularity, I can make my voice heard, though that isn't always enough. Joe Louis had great popularity, but he wasn't articulate. Some of my white friends were surprised when I spoke out, because they know I am not a militant man—they know I am not militant outside the ring. But they don't know the depth of my feelings. I read something not long ago that expresses what I believe. The writer said, 'He who would deny one person freedom does not himself deserve freedom.' I believe that. I knew I would vex certain people, but it didn't matter. In my own way, I will do whatever I can that is right, because right will always stand."

Some years ago, Moore and one of

SKIN DRY? FACE IRRITATED? HANDS CHAPPED?

New! Old Spice Outdoor Lotion "weather-guards" your skin—ends all three problems!

PROTECTS! New scientific formula "weather-guards" your face and hands, sets up a protective barrier against wind, sun, rugged weather. Prevents dryness, keeps your skin comfortable.

SOOTHES! Brings quick relief whenever weather or shaving cause skin irritation. Eliminates chapping, chafing fast. Formulated to soothe irritating cuts, nicks, rashes, razor burn.

CONDITIONS! Combats cracking and roughness with Lanolin and five special skin conditioners. Smooths and softens, cools and refreshes; disappears instantly into your skin, never feels sticky.

NEW!
Old Spice
OUTDOOR LOTION
PROTECTS A MAN'S FACE BE
Old Spice
OUTDOOR LOTION

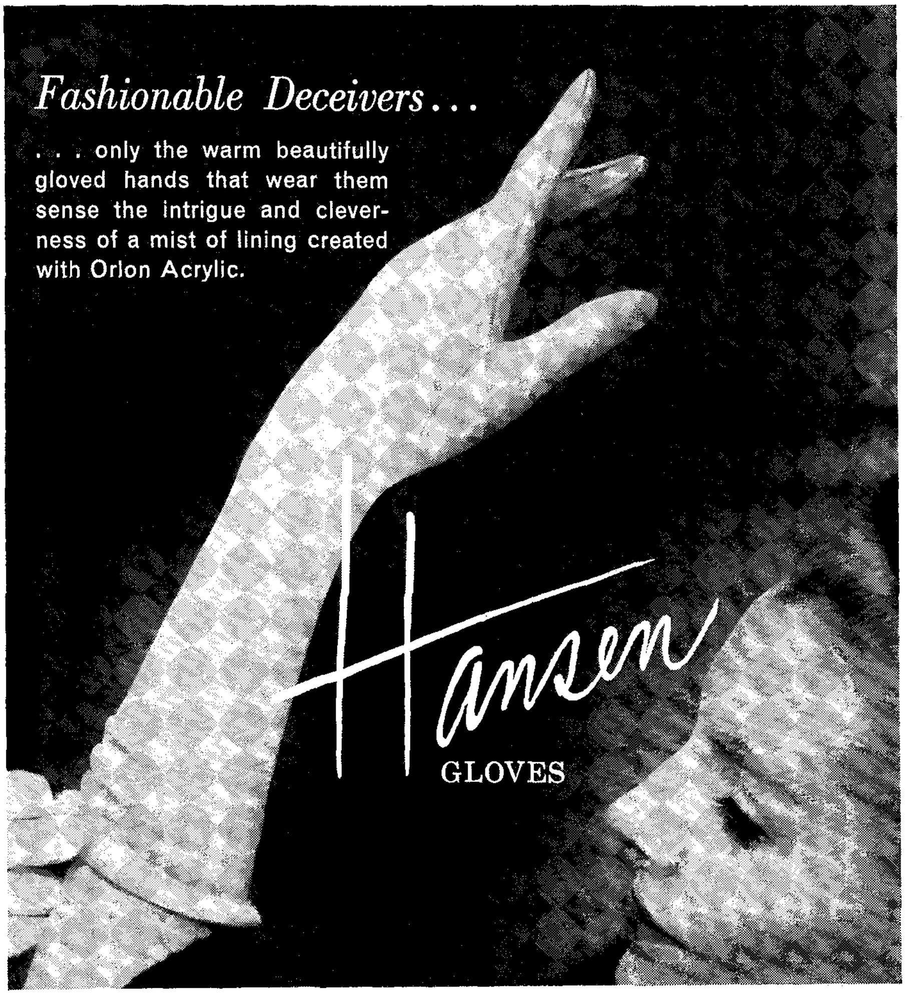
Old Spice
OUTDOOR
LOTION

1.00 plus tax. Also available in Canada • SHULTON

his numerous newspaper friends were returning to San Diego together after watching an afternoon boxing card in the bull ring at nearby Tijuana, Mexico. They had gone to the fights separately, and met there by chance, whereupon Moore had insisted on driving his friend back to San Diego in his Cadillac. The newspaperman soon noticed that Moore was strangely moody and subdued. They drove for several miles in silence, and then Moore remarked, "A fellow called me a nigger today." Startled, his companion kept quiet and waited for Moore to continue. "I heard there was some property for sale near the Salt Mine, and a friend drove me over to take a look," he said. "We were driving around the property, looking for the owner, when we saw a watchman coming toward us. We waited. The watchman wanted to know what we were doing on private property. Trying to break the ice, my friend said to the watchman, 'Archie Moore lives around here; do you know him?' The watchman said, 'Oh, yeah, I know him; he's just another nigger to me.' My friend was shocked. I've had my place, the Salt Mine, in that area for quite a while, and he figured everybody knew me. I think he was afraid I might jump out of the car and shake that fellow, or something. Then he said to the watchman, 'I've got a man here I want you to meet—this is Archie Moore.' The fellow gulped. I mean I could *see* him gulp. I sat there and looked at him. Here was a man who looked like he was past sixty; he had lived all his life with no respect for a Negro. I wondered how a man could be so ignorant. The watchman recognized me, and he was trembling. He said, 'If you wanted to, I guess you could get out of that car and knock me down.' I didn't want to hit him. I felt compassion for him. I told him, 'No, I don't want to hurt you; I wouldn't waste my time. I just feel sorry for you, Mister. I offer you my sympathy.' "

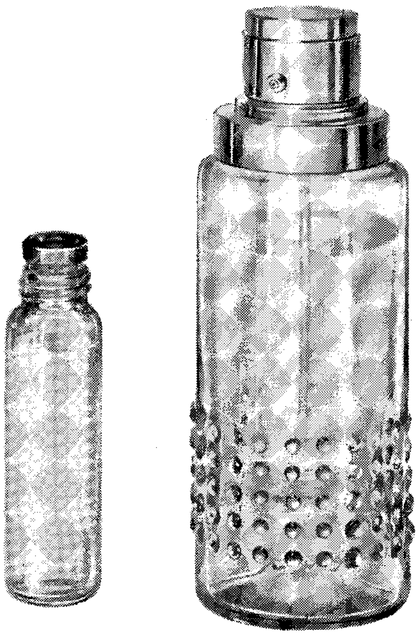
THE long left hook that knocked out Archie Moore for the sixth time in his career and made Floyd Patterson the heavyweight champion of the world was photographed by movie and television and newspaper cameras from almost every conceivable angle. Patterson had clearly put the last ounce of his enormous punching power into the blow, and it stretched Moore out flat on the canvas. It seemed impossible to the crowd that he could get up before the count of ten, but he did—at nine—only to go down again under

For the woman of fashion who wants everything perfect... this elegant, casual bag, incomparably tailored of the finest glove-tanned leather. As shown (with rear outside zippered pocket), 29.95; smaller version, 22.95* In black, antique tan, camel or bone; gleaming brass fittings. At* ***Bonwit Teller,*** *New York (and all branches) •* ***Bullock's*** *(all stores) •* ***Sakowitz,*** *Houston •* ***The Union Co.,*** *Columbus •* ***Adler's,*** *Kansas City •* ***Strawbridge & Clothier,*** *Philadelphia, and fine stores across the country. Calderon, 389 Fifth Ave., New York 16.* *Plus tax. Slightly higher in the West.


Fashionable Deceivers...
... only the warm beautifully gloved hands that wear them sense the intrigue and cleverness of a mist of lining created with Orlon Acrylic.
Hansen
GLOVES

a flurry of punches. He struggled to his feet a second time, but referee Frank Sikora, convinced that Moore was through, stopped the fight. As the days went on, gossip began to arise in the boxing world to the effect that Moore had taken a dive. Not long ago, a visitor to Moore's home in San Diego asked him about it. They were sitting over a pot of coffee in his rumpus room, where Moore had been writing letters—mostly to newspapermen, with whom he carries on a steady correspondence. (He takes particular pleasure in composing letters to Red Smith, the *Herald Tribune* sports columnist, but for reasons known only to himself he always addresses them "Mr. Red Smith, care of Mr. Al Buck, New York *Post*," Al Buck being another sports columnist.) Stationery and envelopes were scattered about the floor, the smooth organ music of Jimmy Smith was emerging softly from Moore's hi-fi set, and the Big Bopper, the resident sparring partner of the moment, was dozing in a chair at the far end of the room. Moore poured a cup of coffee for his guest before replying. "It was one of the worst beatings of my life, but it was on the level," he said. "I didn't dump the fight. I strongly resent all this whispering, too. It's been said I took a dive because I had bet on Floyd. Well, it takes at least two to make a bet. If the man I bet with will come forward, I will be glad to meet him for the first time. If I had beaten Patterson, I would have been both the heavyweight and the light-heavyweight champion. Don't you suppose I could make more money with the title than by selling out in one fight? Forget my pride for a moment and look at this objectively. The odds weren't right for a gambling coup. I was a six-to-five favorite. The odds didn't change. If you rule out money, what other reason would there be for me to take a dive? I lost that fight because I was being harassed by a Cleveland woman at the time and I was upset. I lost because I got ready too soon. If the fight had been held three days earlier, I would have been the champion. The worst mistake a fighter can make is to come along too fast."

The talk turned to the Valdes fight, and Moore was asked how long he thought he could get away with, in effect, using men as dangerous as that for sparring partners. Moore reflected a moment, and then replied obliquely. "They wonder how an old fighter like me can keep going," he said. "The secret, my friend, is experience. I learned many things in my youth, and these are



PERLE, 2 OZ. 15.

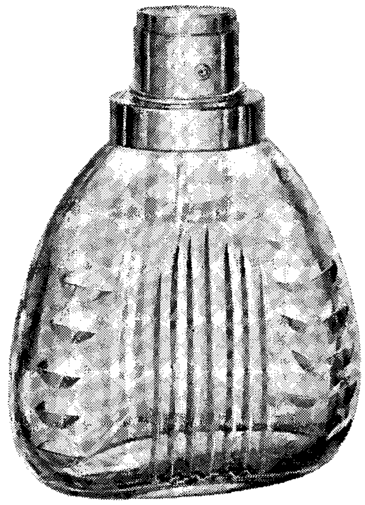
BRUMAIRE sprays your favorite fragrance the new French way

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

Marcel Franck

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN
THE WORLD

FRENCH ATOMIZER CO.
730 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 19, N.Y.



DE LUXE, 3 OZ. 25.

Brumaire is the only atomizer powered by a replaceable aerosol cartridge. When the cartridge runs out of propellant, simply replace it with another (and then another and another, ad infinitum) and go on spraying **your own favorite** perfume, cologne, toilet water or bath oil from the most economical, most luxurious atomizer in the world.

A sixty-five cent cartridge is the only upkeep, far less—by dollars—than ordinary aerosol spray perfumes. Brumaire is easy to fill and a pleasure to use. It's the newest atomizer on smart dressing tables everywhere. Just press the cap, and presto: spray on and on and on. Box of four refill cartridges, 2.50.

shades of jade!

six, to be exact, in this
striking jewelry set . . .

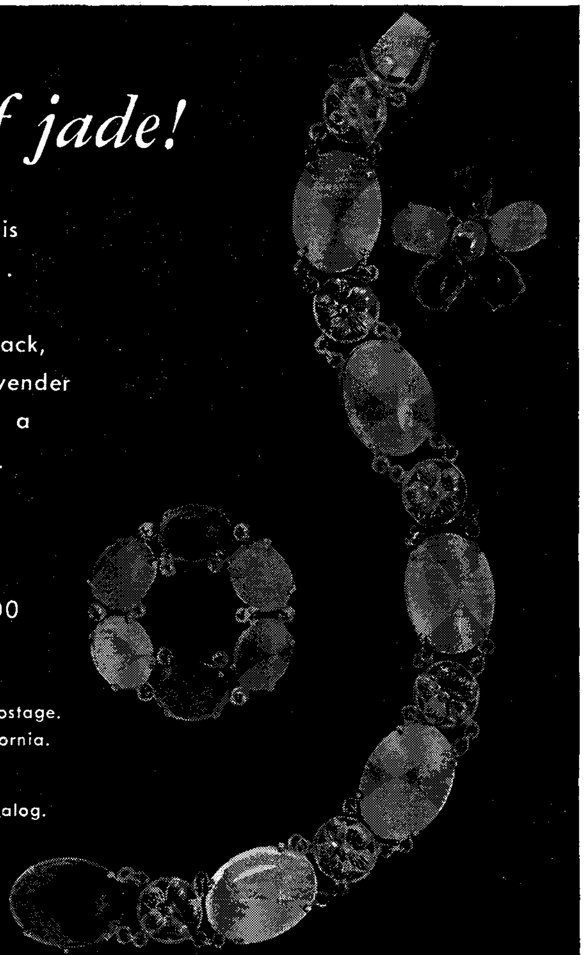
apple green, red, black,
yellow, white and lavender
jade cabochons, with a
14 karat gold accent.

7" bracelet, 100.00
1 ¼" brooch, 50.00
earclips, the pair 55.00

Jewelry shown actual size.
Federal Tax included, no postage.
Add 4% Sales Tax in California.

Send 25¢ for new Gift Catalog.

GUMP'S 250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 8



Ballantyne—crème de la cashmere. Collectors love its great vertu; superlative softness. Here, Loop the Loop in platinum, linen blue, lotus pink, other colors. Matching skirt. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; I. Magnin & Co., Calif. and Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and other fine stores. Ballantyne Sweaters, Ltd., 40 E. 34 St., N. Y.

the things I have going for me now. Naturally, I fought Valdes with a plan. I've always had an uncanny sense of pace. In all my years as a fighter, I've been forced out of my pace only twice. The first time was in 1940, when I was fighting Shorty Hogue in San Diego. I had banged him up pretty fierce, and a kind referee would have stopped it. I thought he was hurt real bad and I got careless; I abandoned my plan of action and tried to finish him. He caught me with a sucker punch, then he rallied in the last two rounds, and they gave him the decision. Marciano was the other fighter who forced me out of my pace. He was so strong, so difficult to hurt. I hit him with punches that would have knocked out any other fighter, but he kept on coming. I wanted to box, but I had to slug it out to keep him from killing me. They ask me if Marciano was the greatest fighter I ever met, and I don't know how to reply. I don't want to seem ungenerous—but it is well to remember that I was thirty-eight when I boxed Marciano."

Moore went on to say that, pound for pound, Henry Armstrong, the former welterweight champion, was the best fighter he had ever seen in the flesh, but that the boxer he most admired was the late Jack Johnson, who held the heavyweight championship from 1908 until 1915. Moore had recently seen a film of the 1909 fight between Johnson and Stanley Ketchel, which ended in a twelfth-round knockout by his hero. "Johnson knocked out Ketchel as easily as I would toss a ball out a window," he said. "Believe me, he would be something in these days and times. Johnson loved to punish a man; he got a great pleasure from it. He was a counterpuncher, and he got the most out of a minimum of effort. He was a master of the art of self-defense, and there have been very few masters."

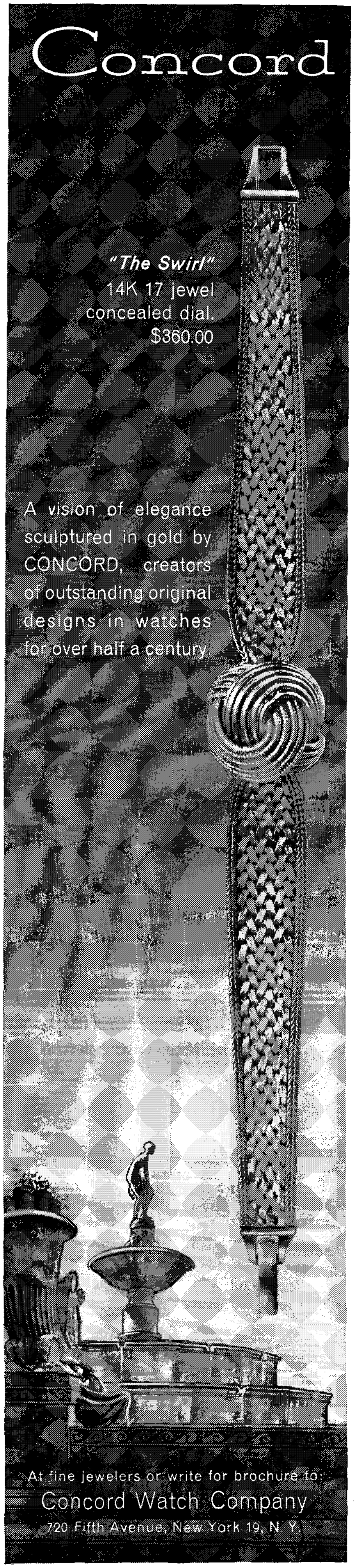
In due course, the conversation got around to the current crop of fighters, and it developed that Moore has his own way of estimating their worth. According to him, there are old-old fighters, old-young fighters, and old fighters who stay young forever. It isn't hard to imagine where Moore fits himself into this scheme. He described Ingemar Johansson, the Swedish heavyweight, as a ten-year fighter. (This was after Johansson had won the heavyweight title from Patterson and then lost it in a rematch.) "The Swede is a ten-year fighter, but that takes in his entire career, including his amateur fights," said Moore. He was reminded that Johansson had already been fighting for ten years. "Yes, I know," Moore said. Since there has been talk of a fight between Moore and Johansson, possibly in Göteborg, Sweden, and possibly in Philadelphia, Moore's guest said he'd been wondering if Johansson could make much trouble for him. "No, I'm afraid not," said Moore. "The Mongoose knows too much."

His guest asked Moore how he expects to be remembered by boxing historians, and the thought seemed to excite the champion. He said he wanted to make a statement, and wanted it taken down verbatim. This is what he dictated: "After twenty-six years, it is more and more apparent there never has been a perfect fighter and there never will be. It might be said in years to come that there was the Will-o'-the-Wisp—meaning Willie Pep. There was the Saccharinated—meaning Ray Robinson. There was the magnificent Benny Leonard and Joe Gans, before our time. The Wisp, the Sweet One, they both have the marks and have suffered the wounds of the club fighter. More especially, Sweet Raymond has undergone several facial liftings and eyebrow archings. But there are still some of the writers who want to be identified with this era who swear by the beard of the false prophet that these were the only two gladiators. Meanwhile the Merry Mongoose, after more than two hundred and thirteen battles, fighting men in their time who were rated and qualified practitioners of the art of boxing, having suffered no more hurts than wounded feelings and only a quarter-inch scar between the eyebrows by being anxious to see what damage, if any, he had done to Floyd Patterson, by looking up suddenly and then incurring a butt—this is the only mark Moore has garnered in twenty-six years of boxing. Will-o'-the-Wisp, Sugary One—ring immortals? Poppycock—you can have them!"

Moore got up and paced the floor for a few moments, and the Big Bopper stirred in his slumber. Then the Mongoose's mood changed, and he was off on a lecture about "breathology" and "escapeology." "Very few fighters know how to breathe properly nowadays," he said earnestly. "Breathology is an art I mastered many years ago, and it still serves me well. It served me very well in my second fight with Willi Besmanoff. I didn't get him until the tenth, but I got him. The punch that did it was something quite special. You may have thought it was just an overhand right, but that punch was delivered at a ninety-degree angle and

GUERLAIN
L'HEURE BLEUE
PARIS
L'heure Bleue
memorable, haunting, enchanting...
from Guerlain
parfumeur

L'HEURE BLEUE. MITSOUKO PERFUMES: $5, $9, $11, $15, $33
L'HEURE BLEUE. MITSOUKO COLOGNES: $5, $8.50. PRICES PLUS TAX.


Concord
"The Swirl"
14K 17 jewel
concealed dial.
$360.00
A vision of elegance sculptured in gold by CONCORD, creators of outstanding original designs in watches for over half a century.
At fine jewelers or write for brochure to:
Concord Watch Company
720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

it had five hundred pounds of pressure per square inch. It travelled eight inches and had enough pressure to drop a Missouri mule. I bent his horn and got his undivided attention! Now, against Rinaldi I used the technique of Applied Muscular Tension. By feinting and moving according to a predetermined plan, I exhausted the Italian from muscular tension. I myself was unaffected by muscular tension, because my moves were calculatedly relaxed—oily and easy. It's all in knowing the art of escapeology. Some of the boxing writers were critical of Rinaldi because he was as awkward as an amateur, punching wildly and without any plan. All that could be part of the cleverness of Moore. Please keep in mind that even the great Marciano missed me thirty-nine consecutive times, though he finally caught up with me, aided and abetted by the law of averages."

The hour was late, and Moore's guest stood up to leave, but Moore detained him long enough to say, "One of these days, the law of averages, or maybe the law of gravity, will catch up with me. I can't last forever. I've been thinking about how I want to go. I want to be respected. When I'm finished, I want people to say only one thing of me. I want them to say, 'There goes a man.' " At the door, he added, "When I retire, I'm going to write a book in my own hand, and the last chapter will be titled 'The Prolonged Sunset.' I've been looking at the sun for a long time, but it still hangs there on the horizon. When it goes down, it will go all of a sudden."

—Jack Murphy

•

The Air Conditioned Ancon Grill is a place where a family reunion, a date with a girl, or just a friendly get-together is not agreeable.—*Adv. in the Panama* (*C.Z.*) *American.*

We know a hundred such places.

•

The eclipse of the sun will be a school wide science project at Las Virgenes School.—*Las Virgenes* (*Calif.*) *Enterprise.*

It's *on* the ambitious side, but go ahead.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

Phillips-Van Heusen Corporation
417 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Mr. S——:

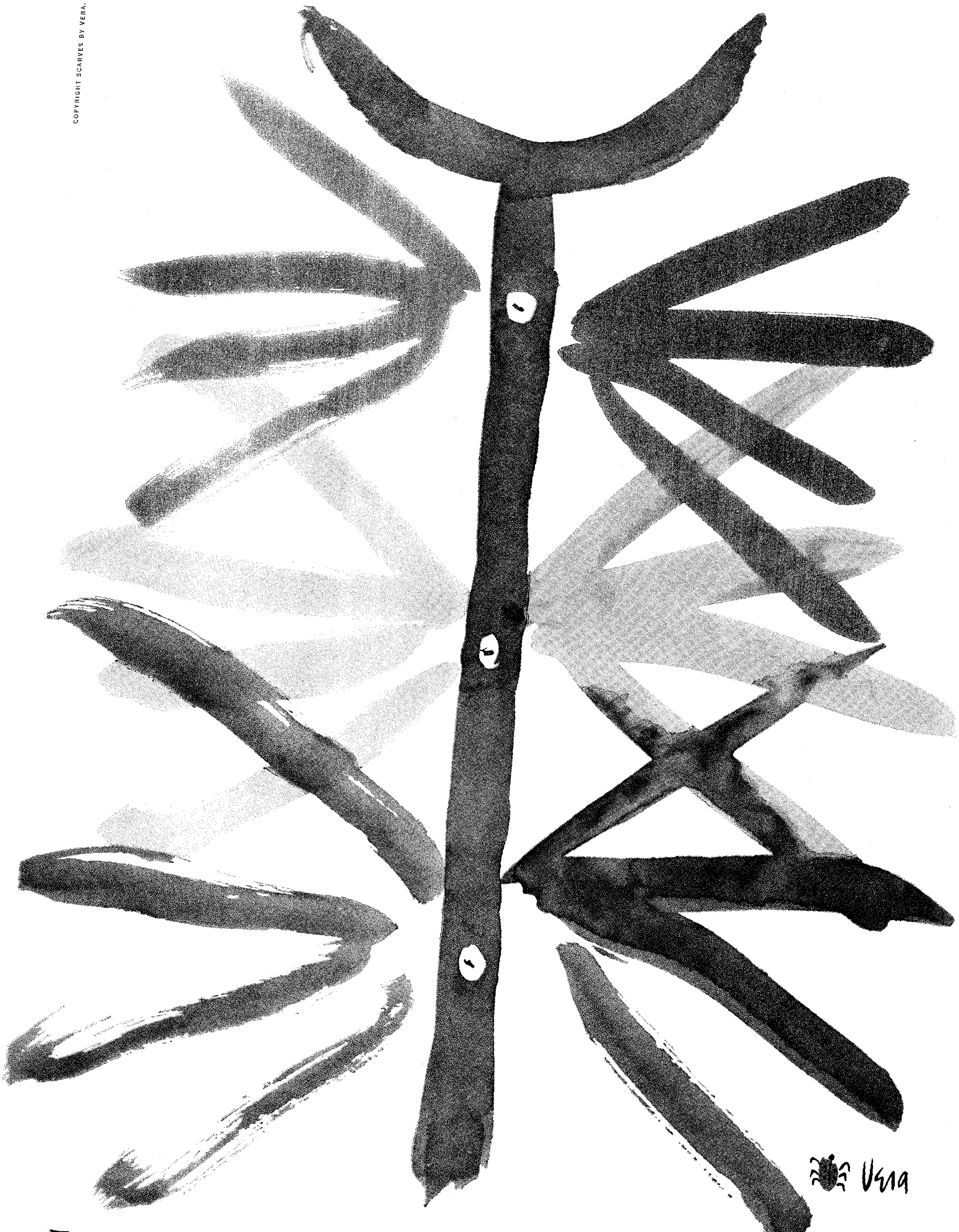
This letter may not interest you at all . . .

Editor's note: Hoping for a fresh approach to Vera, we sent our cub reporter up to the Vera plant to interview her. The result, although unacademic, was uniquely enlightening.

THIS IS VERA

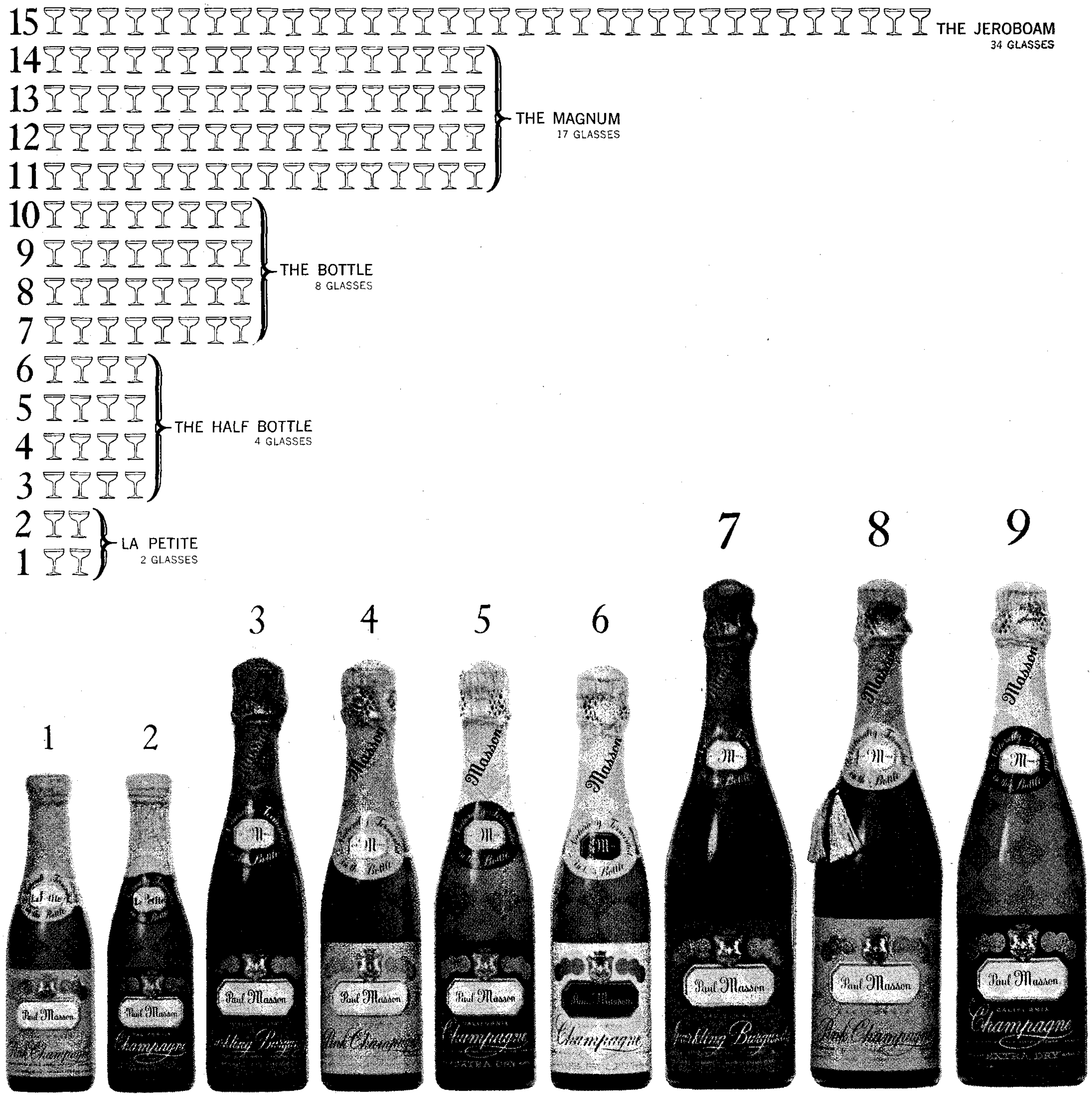
Cub reporter: I always hated trips through plants and factories. Looking at all those dirty old machines while some guy in an apron explains R.P.M.s. But since you really are an artist I feel like I'm almost in a gallery looking at your designs. Even though they are on scarves, blouses and table linens instead of canvases or old barrel bottoms. What I detest about galleries is there's always some old dowager drooling about *marvelous depth.* I do like your designs. I mean I enjoy wearing them or eating off them or just looking at them on somebody's head.
Vera: I'd love to hear the dowager explain my blouse.
Cub: Oh, she'd really run on about juxtaposition and *divine* color. At school my roommate insisted you were the most imaginative designer extant. When she got engaged we gave her a shower and inundated her with Veras. It was one of those ghastly gatherings where they tie all those stupid ribbons together and the knots count for babies. I can just see all those arty infants swaddled in your scarves and teething on Vera toaster covers.
Vera: Now, about my newest blouse . . .
Cub: Why you actually paint the design to the cut of the blouse.
Vera: Watch out for that man in the apron and I'll show you how we silk-screen the designs on fabrics.
Cub: Everything certainly gets a lot of love and care. Maybe I'm a phoney, but I do feel special every time I wear a Vera. My editor is sort of phoney too, but sincere about it. I'd better rush back and give him a great story. You've been terribly informative and I've learned so much. I really have.
Vera: And so have I.
Blouses, scarves, linens, fabrics by Vera
The®Vera Gallery, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16.

COPYRIGHT SCARVES BY VERA, INC., 1961



VERA PAINTS A BLOUSE

TONIGHT COULD


15
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
THE JEROBOAM
34 GLASSES
THE MAGNUM
17 GLASSES
THE BOTTLE
8 GLASSES
THE HALF BOTTLE
4 GLASSES
LA PETITE
2 GLASSES
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
Paul Masson
Champagne
Sparkling Burgundy
Pink Champagne
EXTRA DRY

IN 15 SPARKLING COLORS, TYPES AND SIZES

There is always *something* to celebrate; but each celebration has its own mood and size. So here is a handy reference chart to help you select the exact size to fit your next gala night and a picture of all of Paul Masson's bottles of California Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy for

BE THE NIGHT!

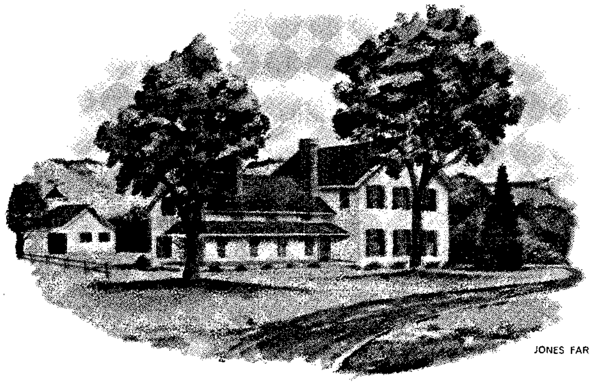
15
10
11
12
13
14
Masson
Paul Masson
Champagne
Brut
Sparkling Burgundy
Pink Champagne
Extra Dry
Naturally Fermented in the Bottle

you to choose from; not that we expect you to keep all of them in the ice box at one time.

PAUL MASSON

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

Buy JONES sausage
DAIRY FARM


JONES FARMHOUSE

the way you like it...

Sausage Meat
JONES
DAIRY FARM
4 Sausage Patties
Little Sausages
FRY BROIL OR BAKE

Look for the picture package at your favorite market or frozen food counter.

LINKS · MEAT · PATTIES
all the same good sausage!

Whether you buy links, meat or patties—Jones Sausage is all made from the same recipe. Today, we still make Jones Sausage the way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork—hams, loins, shoulders—seasoned with our own unique blend of fine natural spices. Our special blending of meat and spices brings out the zesty flavor and tenderness so characteristic of Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. Try it. It's old-time country sausage at its finest.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
FT. ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

LITTLE SAUSAGES • SAUSAGE MEAT • SAUSAGE PATTIES • BACON • LIVER SAUSAGE

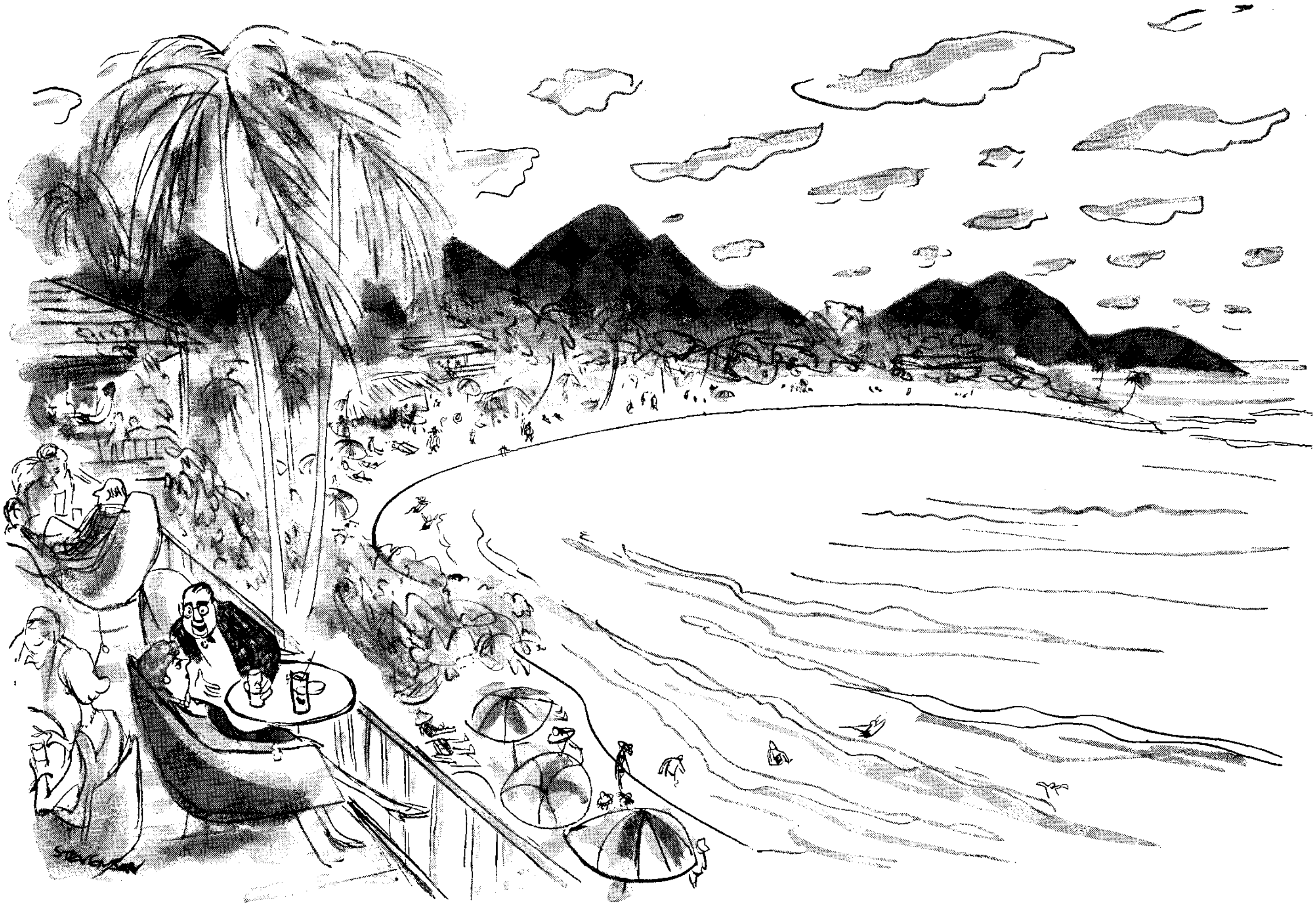
THE THEATRE

I HEAR ROMBERG AND THERE'S NO ONE THERE

MANY hands have made heavy work of the musical called "Kean," which lumbered into the Broadway last week, bent over under the weight of scenic trappings and trailing a cast big enough to put on a Hollywood epic. Long before the present hands took over, the career of our hero, Edmund Kean, had been carpentered into something to make a fast theatrical franc for Alexandre Dumas *père*, who was drawn to the famous English actor because of his reputation for getting in and out of boudoirs like a rabbit. The Dumas work was decently interred until Jean-Paul Sartre decided to exhume it and give it an Existentialist twist; in his version, Kean succumbs to all kinds of neuroses because his own personality keeps getting smothered by the forcefulness of the characters he has to portray. Now, following uneasily in the footsteps of Dumas and Sartre, come Peter Stone, who did the book of this "Kean;" Robert Wright and George Forrest, who wrote the music and lyrics; Jack Cole, who staged the production and devised the choreography; and innumerable others. In Mr. Stone, I regret to say, we have the sort of writer who allows poor Kean to cry, "I want to live my own life! Away with tinsel. . . . I can only be a man in other wives' beds. . . . I'm a king out there—here no more than a jester." My transcription of the lines may be a little shaky—particularly that "other wives' beds"—but I can assure you that that's the tone of Mr. Stone's dialogue. As for the lyrical and musical effects by Mr. Wright and Mr. Forrest, they give a hint every now and then that a solid, old-fashioned Romberg tune is coming along, but after a few notes any trace of the old Shubert master proves evanescent.

"Kean" is a vehicle for Alfred Drake, and no one ever worked harder to keep a production in action. He is with us most of the time, but whether he is pursuing the wife of a Danish diplomat, or being pursued by the stage-struck daughter of a wealthy merchant, or serving as toady to a prince, or getting into a state because he can't be himself—the *real* Edmund Kean—instead of the likes of Hamlet and Macbeth, Mr. Drake just can't get around the handicaps the book and the music and the lyrics and the rest of it have placed upon him.

"THE COMPLAISANT LOVER," at the Ethel Barrymore, tries to demonstrate that adultery can be made to work, and that dentists are dull dogs. The latter proposition is one I shall never subscribe to as long as I have a mandible to clatter, but, as presented



"And I found out this morning that it's not only crop diversification that has changed the economy of this island; it's the greatly increased export of ginger, allspice, and, to a lesser degree, bananas."

Illustration courtesy FISHER-PRICE TOYS, INC., East Aurora, N. Y.

Traditionally... KITTINGER *Individualizes* the Finest Executive Offices

In the contemporary industrial, institutional and banking scene, there is a steadily growing appreciation for fine Traditional furniture... associated with the name KITTINGER for nearly 100 years. Send for 48 page booklet filled with suggestions for Executive Offices, Board Rooms, Reception Areas, etc. to Kittinger Company, 1877 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo 7, N. Y.

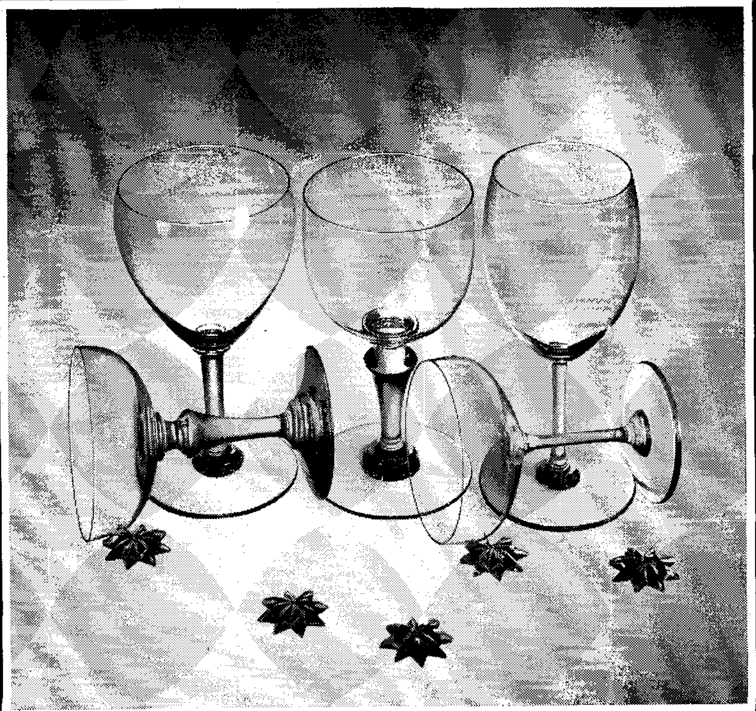
Also Visit Our Permanent New York Exhibit

Decorative Arts Center... 305 East 63rd Street

KITTINGER

Other Exhibits in: BUFFALO • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

bACCARAT CRYSTAL ... since 1764 ... the crystal of kings



bACCARAT ... in the distinctive French tradition

bACCARAT ... everything for the dinner table

Three of BACCARAT'S most popular stemware patterns: CHAMBOLLE, $4.50 each; NORMANDIE, $4.50 each; HAUT BRION, $5.75 and $5.50 each.

Send 25¢ to Dept. N60 for Gift and Stemware brochure and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
bACCARAT
55 East 57 St., N. Y. C.

by Graham Greene, the first is worth examining. Mr. Greene, obviously in a very Gallic mood, has the wife of a practical-joking dentist (a frightening concept) fall in love with a dealer in used books. As time goes by—and here's the snag in the development of the drama—the dentist emerges as a first-rate sort, while his wife and the bookman who is cuckolding him become a bit sleazy. This is no way to run a farce, and when, eventually, our dentist proposes that his wife consort with the used-book man when and as she pleases, just so he won't have to break up his marriage, we question her sanity in preferring her lover to her husband. However, there is a hugely comic scene in a hotel where the lover, the wife, the husband, a dental-supply man, and a valet all turn up in the same small apartment. It's a scene that makes up for a lot of expository chatter along the way. As the dentist, Michael Redgrave is perhaps too virile to be the perfect complaisant husband, and Richard Johnson never struck me as the cuckolder nonpareil. However, Googie Withers, as the wife; Sandy Dennis, as a young lady with her eye on the used-book man; Gene Wilder, as the valet; and Bert Nelson, as the dental-supply man, are all excellent.

"THE GARDEN OF SWEETS"—the title refers to a Greek candy store in a town on the Great Lakes—shut up shop at the ANTA after a one-night stand last week, which was just as well. I will add that Katina Paxinou was the proprietress of the store, but that's as far as I will go. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Track Fast

JOSH GREENFELD's "Clandestine on the Morning Line," a modest sentimental comedy at the Actors Playhouse, is often as attractive as its title, which, by the way, refers to a race horse. Most of Mr. Greenfeld's inventiveness has gone into his characters—an engaging bunch—and their conversation, rather than into the plot. All the action takes place within twenty-four hours, and the scene is a restaurant and the apartment behind it in the Negro section of "a city Northern in size, Southern in influence." The proprietress of the restaurant is a middle-aged woman named Clara (plus a string of last names, each representing a husband), and she is assisted by her bachelor brother, Jake. Clara is a chipper soul with a head full of facts and opinions, some of them pretty

She doesn't need to know a bull market from a supermarket

She enjoys Investment Growth with Peace of Mind

The lady in the picture hasn't had to face a market report in months. Not since she came to Chemical New York with her investment problem.

Her dilemma was one that we hear all the time. She wanted her funds planted in really fertile areas. On the other hand, she did not care to throw prudence to the winds.

Our Specialty: Growth with Peace of Mind. At Chemical New York, we call what she was looking for Growth with Peace of Mind. It's a big order and no one can guarantee it. Yet you usually get better results if you know what you're aiming for. That's why we think the lady came to the right place.

Growth with Peace of Mind is the working code of our team of investment experts. Working toward this goal, our large staff of security analysts finecomb the financial scene for sound investments. And they weigh special information received from Chemical New York representatives traveling the nation and abroad.

Our trust team never takes anything for granted when it comes to seeking out the best investment opportunities for individual customers.

Of course, our customers receive the kind of informed, straightforward advice you expect from an organization thoroughly experienced in banking and finance. In fact, Chemical New York can manage your investments so that you hardly have to lift a finger—except to read your quarterly report.

Trust Officers Can Help You In Many Ways. Furthermore, Chemical New York can serve you and your lawyer in all of the functions needed to protect and provide for your estate. Everything from setting up family trusts to estate planning. All you need to do is just call for an appointment. Won't you call today?

Chemical Bank New York Trust Company
Founded 1824
The New York Bank with the hometown touch

"Scotch me lightly"

When ordering Scotch, say "Scotch me lightly". For you will be ordering Ambassador Deluxe, the world's lightest Scotch. One taste and you'll definitely agree: it's the world's finest light Scotch, too.

WORLD'S LIGHTEST SCOTCH
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whiskies
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Taylor & Ferguson Ltd.
SCOTLAND

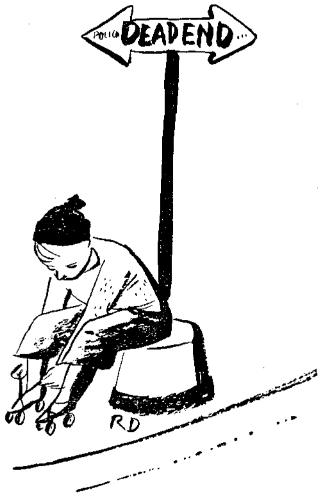
Say "Scotch me lightly" for
Ambassador Deluxe
THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST SCOTCH
100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

"Louis Roth Suit?"

outlandish, about any matter that happens to crop up, and she delivers them with ringing authority. ("You listen to my mother," says her horseplaying son. "She's rarely right and she's never wrong.") The lines, for the most part, are bright and original, but every once in a while I got snagged on one that sounded forced or self-conscious.

The plot can be outlined briefly. A seventeen-year-old girl, in her ninth month of pregnancy, strolls into the restaurant. She has hitchhiked from Alabama to look for the father of her child, perfectly confident that when she finds him all will be well. She does find him, by an improbable but somehow acceptable coincidence (there is a fairy-tale quality about the story that makes coincidences acceptable), but all is *not* well. Then she finds somebody else. The tone of the piece is so casual that my first thought on leaving the theatre was that nothing much had happened, but then I realized that several major things had happened—homicide (offstage), to name just one.

The all-Negro cast is good, but I don't think the director, Allen Davis III, has quite succeeded in blending or controlling its rather disparate styles of acting. Rosetta LeNoire, an expert comedian who plays Clara with verve and intelligence, seems at times, in her awareness of the audience's response to her, as much an entertainer as an actress. As her son, James Earl Jones is a little too explosive—and too conscious of his own magnetism—to fit into the role or its dramatic environment. (Opening-night excitement, perhaps?) Their first scene together is remarkable, though. Ed Cambridge is exactly right as the gentle Jake; George Gatlin is believable as an irresponsible young fellow with a switchblade knife and more resentment than he can handle; and so is Phillip Lindsay as a detective who really wanted to be a fireman. It is a young



actress named Shauneille Perry, however, who is the surprise of the evening. She plays the pregnant girl with such quiet, innocent strength and apparent unawareness of the character's pathos that we almost forget it, too. The girl is indeed pathetic, but she is so much else besides. It is a lovely performance.

I CANNOT believe that anything more fatheaded than "The Buskers," which opened and closed last week at the Cricket Theatre, will ever cross the Atlantic. The play, a religious work that was written, presumably with drenched palms, by an Englishman, Kenneth Jupp, was about the misadventures of a frowzy, malevolent family who had been abandoned by their "father" (he was also husband, father-in-law, and son-in-law) and who travelled around as part of a caravan of strolling players in an effort to find him. They were persuaded, shortly before the intermission, to reënact their own story, on what turned out to be the debatable ground that they would feel better if they didn't "keep it all bottled up." Well, they did reënact it in Act II, which became a doomy amalgam of corruption, murder, and—if seduction of mother-in-law by son-in-law is incest—incest. The father, by the way, was called Adam Cross, a name that should give you an idea of Mr. Jupp's verbal grace and that certainly leaves the Buddhists to shift for themselves. The acting was poor, but it was impossible really to judge the actors, since they were stuck with makeshift characters and literally unspeakable lines; as for the fake portentousness of the whole thing, that, I think, has to be charged to the director, Amnon Kabatchnik. If I sound bad-tempered, it's because I am. This kind of play in this kind of production has already caused too much damage to the theatre to be just patted on the head and dismissed.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Mirror*]

One white Rhodesian gunner and air officer told me: "I hadn't had much experience flying, but every white in the Katangan army has to be an officer, so they made me an air force captain right away. First I was sent up to north Katanga, to the Manono area, to shoot down and bomb the wild Balubas from my plane.

"I must explain that there's a lot of difference between the city Balubas and the wild Balubas in the Congo. The city Balubas are the Congo's cleverest, most skilled, perhaps only really skilled people. The wild country Balubas are raging, hashish-taking, cannibalistic, nearly Stone Age savages."

[illegible] cruising by boat through a huge [illegible] illuminated by millions of tiny glow-[illegible] romantic fiords so deep an ocean vessel [illegible] anchor, awesome glaciers descending [illegible] snow-topped alps into semi-tropical for[illegible] Jewel-like forest-bordered lakes in a coun[illegible] magnificent serenity. If you can pic[illegible] these wonders and many more, you're imagining New Zealand.

To see the world...
see fabulous
New Zealand

You're perfectly right if you surmised these natives are practising their ageless art of traditional carving in the South Pacific. Where? Fiji? Samoa? Tahiti? Actually they are Maoris following customs that pre-date recorded history. Ninety percent of New Zealand's two and a quarter million population is of English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh descent. About six percent are Maoris.

Come now to this land of beauty, where the seasons are reversed and winter is summer. You'll love its wonderful people, mild friendly climate. Your travel agent will work out your itinerary, help plan your trip by jet or ship, or a combination of the two.

For travel literature on New Zealand and Australia write to:

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TRAVEL COMMISSIONER
153 Kearny Street, San Francisco 8 or 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20

THIS THOUGHTFUL DESK gives you plenty of drawer space...even for filing. From Henredon Classics, this is designed to go with many other furniture styles in your library, office, living room or bedroom. Finished in warm Fruitwood.

Henredon
fine furniture

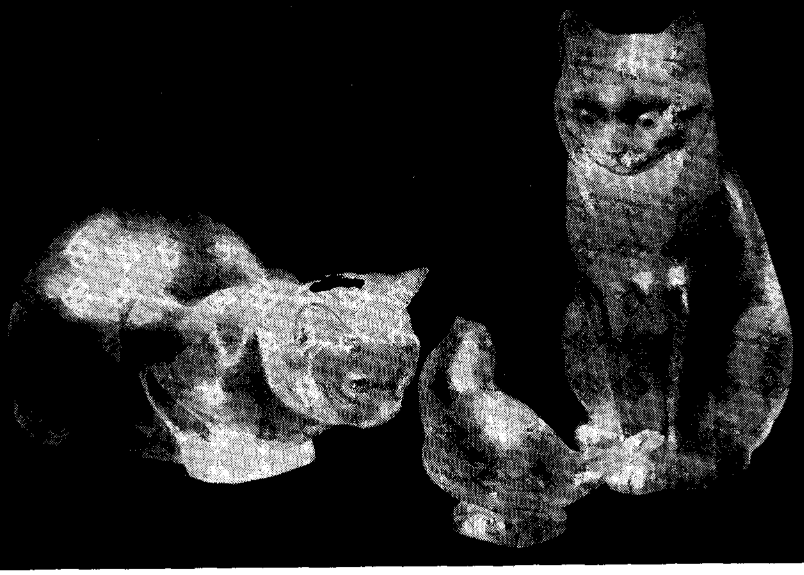
For booklets showing living room, dining room and bedroom collections, send 50¢ to Henredon, Dept. NY11-11, Morganton, North Carolina.

THREE FIGURINES OF FINE FRENCH LEAD CRYSTAL:

LALIQUE

CROUCHING CAT, 7½" LONG, $90
SPARROW, 4½" LONG, $16
SITTING CAT, 8" HIGH, $90

WRITE FOR BROCHURE & NAME OF NEAREST DEALER
225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y. / IN WESTERN STATES: 25 WOODGATE CT., HILLSBOROUGH, CAL.



FOOTBALL

Easy Does It

HOW to succeed in business without really trying is being made amply clear this fall, and what went on in the Ivy League last Saturday was a perfect object lesson. Many of the League's admirers, who now regard its football activities with the condoning eye they would have accorded croquet when they themselves were in college, went up to New Haven last Saturday to study Dartmouth's operations against Yale and came back home with a thoroughly detailed report, for Yale, as enchanted by Dartmouth's adeptness as were the other spectators, was in no mood to offer any opposition (Dartmouth 24, Yale 8). Not much was expected of the meeting between Princeton and Brown ("match" or "contest" was hardly the word for this occasion), and Princeton, employing every performer whose name it could remember, managed to squeak through to a 52–0 victory. Something better, though, was expected of Cornell, which was entertaining Columbia up at Ithaca, and of Pennsylvania, which was entertaining Harvard down in Philadelphia, just as something better was expected of Yale. So Columbia beat Cornell, 35–7, and Harvard beat Pennsylvania, 37–6. These statistics are the best commentary on these two games, and the sole matter of any interest is Columbia's ability to go right on ignoring the theory that good football doesn't mingle with mud and rain. Columbia, beating Cornell in bad weather even more handily than it had beaten Yale in similar circumstances, accumulated two hundred and sixty-eight yards afoot and sixty-four more with the seven passes (out of fifteen) that reached their mark—nor was Cornell able to latch on to a single one of the throws.

DARTMOUTH can put on quite a show, with its running, plunging, and passing quarterbacks, its wide sweeps around the ends, and its gleeful use of lateral plays. Against Yale, the exhibition of tricks it put on looked simply too good to be true, probably because it *was* too good to be true. After all, this shining performance followed closely on Dartmouth's nip-and-tuck defeat by Holy Cross and its very definite defeat by Harvard. That is to say that nowadays there is no way of telling whether any Ivy League team is in truly good form or whether the enemy is in simply terrible form. Yale indeed has the miseries. The armed forces and injuries have absorbed such useful linemen as Brewster and Donnelly, and something else appears to have absorbed its initiative. (Toward the end of its dismal afternoon, Yale had a new quarterback on each of four plays in a row.) Huddled for comfort in a disconsolate group, the team was pie à la mode for Dartmouth's end runs; making its one firm move of the match, it showed opportunity to the door with an odd little lapse in quarterbacking; lackadaisical about handling the ball, it dropped the thing into Dartmouth's lap on the fourth play of the game and just two yards from the Yale goal. Dartmouth, meanwhile, was rolling along the way teams usually do only in practice sessions with the scrubs. Every ballcarrier had one, two, or three friends to escort him through the Yale line; every passer had a bodyguard that Yale found impenetrable, just as Yale found the Dartmouth line impenetrable (sixty-six yards was the best Yale could do with it). If favorites have to be picked out, let one of them be King, Dartmouth's first-string quarterback, whose speed, drive, and precision could not have been bettered anywhere last Saturday. Niglio, Yale's plunging fullback, got away on only one of his smashing runs; the going was really rough for him, and in the dressing room after the game you might well have thought that he had fallen afoul of a Waring Blendor. Hinojosa, who must be the fastest of all the Yale backs, had his troubles, too, for he was involved in the contretemps that gave Dartmouth the ball on Yale's two-yard line, and many a time a Dartmouth tackler cut him down just as he was reaching his prime.

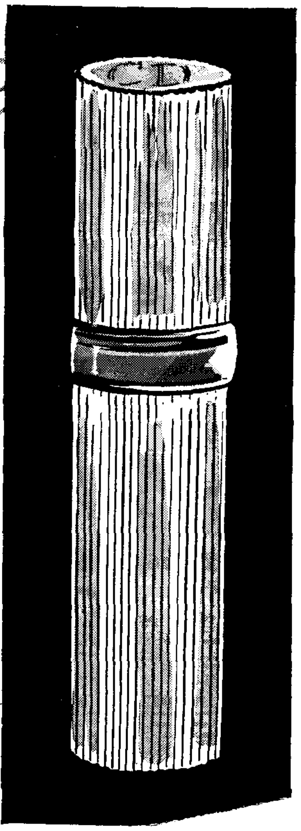
NAVY always tries so hard against Notre Dame, and nearly always has its worst luck of the season when the two teams meet. Last week, Mather's second field goal of the afternoon (the field goal is again rife in college football, it is pleasant to report) gave Navy just the lead it needed to beat Notre Dame, 13–10, in one of the few satisfactory matches of the weekend from the point of view of all us mere onlookers. —J. W. L.

•

> EDMONTON, ALTA., Oct. 20.—Arctic air plunged the western prairies into winter today with howling winds and drifting western Alberta.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Have a happy.

Christian Dior
perfume
spray
Miss Dior
Diorissimo
Diorama



New and "so very Dior"! All the brilliant clarity of these world-famous fragrances in a measured Perfume Spray for the purse. Leak-proof, spill-proof, refillable . At selected stores everywhere. 5.00 plus tax

shown actual size

Choose to give Beauty...

This is beauty in three dimensions, the look of great sculpture, winnowed from all the creative ages of Man. Now, meticulous reproductions of many sculpture masterpieces can bring this beauty into the home, where it really belongs.

It is possible today through the wonderfully adaptable material called Alvastone. In this material, many of the world's most striking and inspiring works of sculpture have been recreated in minute detail, texture, and patina. Far superior in quality to the ordinary casting, these replicas are intended to convey the vital *feeling* with which the sculptor endowed his original.

Brentano's Gallery of Sculpture Masterpieces in Replica offers an exciting selection to choose from. Pictured here are a few. Reflecting many moods, from the mystery of primitive carvings to provocative contemporary impressions, sculpture is becoming more and more both a cultural and a decorative asset in today's living. As a first step toward thoughtful giving, order your choices with the coupon, then visit our Gallery soon.

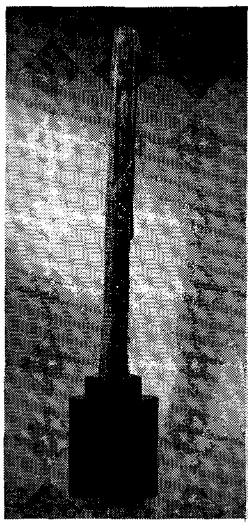
FREE SCULPTURE CATALOG

With each purchase you will receive a copy
r sculpture catalog, with over 100
s, descriptions of each piece,
tion on museum jewelry in
ne, send 25¢ in coin
3, Brentano's.

USM-1 – SCULPTURED VASE. El Salvador, Mayan (500-800 A. D.) Smithsonian Institution. Watertight liner. Ht.: 12″.....**$25.00** (shipped express collect)

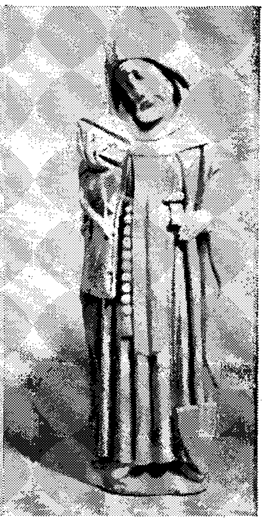
SM-100 – ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Daniel Chester French. Head of scale model of Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Bronze finish. Ht.: 12¼″.............**$25.00** (shipped express collect)

AIC-30–SEATED GIRL. By Aristide Maillol, French (1861-1944). Original in bronze at Art Inst. of Chicago. Ht.: 9½″. ....**$18.50** ($2.00 shipping, insurance)



C-201 – SILENCE. By Nikita Carpenko, American Contemporary. Private Collection. Reproduced in mahogany. Ht.: 31¼″ incl. base. **$37.50** (shipped express collect)

1017 – "RATAPOIL". By Honore Daumier (1808-1897). Original of bronze in National Gallery of Art. Ht.: 17¼″.........**$50.00** (shipped express collect)



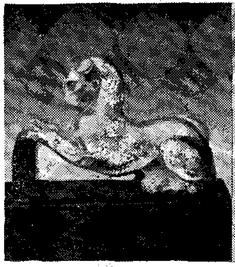
73–SAINT FIACRE. English. 15th Century. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Alabaster relief. Ready to hang. Ht.: 16″. **$10.00** **73-W –** Weatherproof. **$12.50** ($1.50 shipping, insurance for each)

ST-61–AFRICAN GOLDWEIGHT. Wurtzburger Collection, Baltimore, Md. Reproduced in metal. Ht.: 3″...**$3.75** (60¢ shipping, ins.)

539B–BUST OF QUEEN NEFERTETE. 1350 B.C. Egyptian. Appr. 7½″ high replica of the original painted limestone................**$18.75** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)

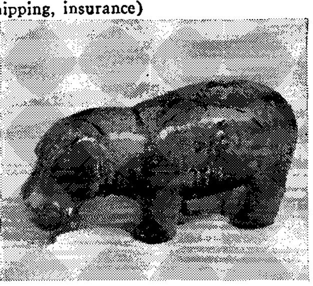
104–BODHISATTVA. Chinese, 17th Century. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Nephrite. Ht.: 8½″. **$12.50** ($1.25 shipping, insurance)

LC-1–HEAD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER. By Leo Cherne. American Contemporary. Smithsonian Institution. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 13½″. **$17.50** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)



PR-1–PANTHER. 2nd Century B.C. Persia. Princeton University. Original: Silver. Reproduced in metal. Ht.: 2¼″..................**$5.00** (60¢ shipping, insurance)

100–HORSE. Chinese. 206 B.C.-220 A.D. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Bronze. Ht. 4″. Reproduced in metal.............**$3.50** (60¢ shipping, insurance)

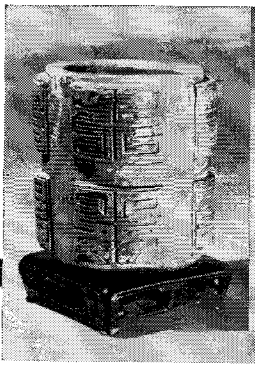


SM-1–BLUE HIPPOPOTAMUS. Egyptian. c. 2000 B.C. Original of faience in foreign collection. Facsimile in glazed caststone. Ht.: 4¼″. Length: 8¼″. **$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)

USM-22–EARLY AMERICAN EAGLE. About 1800. Original of carved wood, in private collection. Wingspread: 16½". Ht.: 15½"..................**$37.50** (shipped express collect)

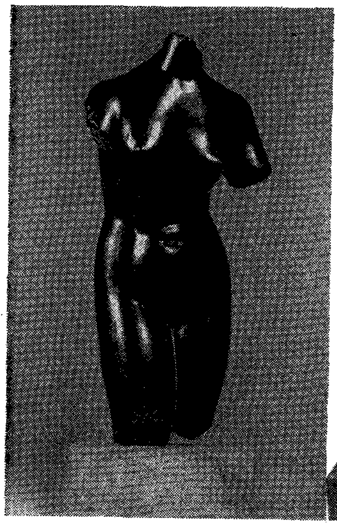
RB-1–HEAD OF ALBERT EINSTEIN. By Robert Berks. 1953. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 15"........**$37.50** (shipped express collect)

AD-1–PRAYING HANDS. By Helen Liedloff from Dürer sketch. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 10½". **$37.50** (shipped express collect)



NH-33 – CHINESE VASE. 202 B.C.-220 A.D. Museum of Natural History. Original: Jade. Watertight liner. Ht.: 6½". ....**$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)

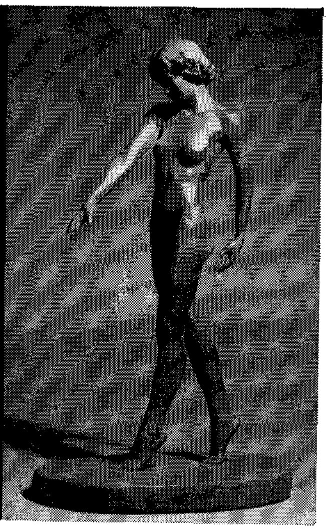
BA-6 – THE THINKER. Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). Reduction from bronze original in Baltimore Museum of Art. Ht.: 12½"...**$37.50** (shipped express collect)



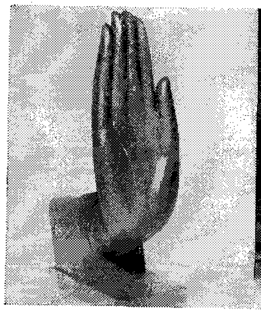
52–BLACK APHRODITE. Roman copy of Greek original. 3rd Century B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Ht.: 20¼". **$37.50** ($2. packing, shipped exp. coll.)

1016–THE KISS. From Auguste Rodin's bronze reduction in the National Gallery of Art. Ht.: 12½". **$37.50** *(shipped express collect)*

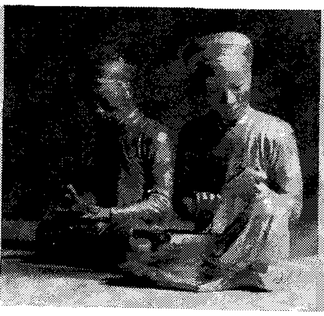
50–YOUNG HORSEMAN. Greek, 4th Century B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Marble. Ht.: 18" (ready to hang).........**$15.00** (shipped express collect)



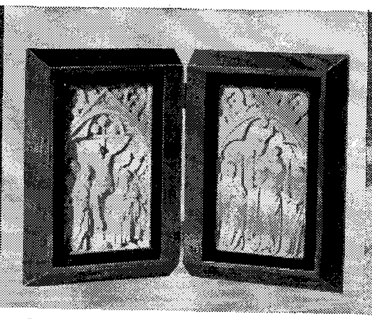
V-30–NUDE. Virginia Morris Pollack. American. Private collection. Ht.: 16¼". Original: Bronze........**$25.00** ($1.00 packing—shipped express collect)



SM-81–BLESSING HAND OF BUDDHA. Siamese. 15-17th Century A.D. Private Collection. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 10"...........**$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, insurance)



L-1-2–CHINESE FIGURES. Ming Dynasty. The Louvre. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 8".......**$15.00** ($2.85 packing, shipping, insurance)



C-13–GOTHIC DIPTYCH. French. 13th-14th Centuries. Original in ivory at Walters Art Gallery. Walnut frame. Ht.: 7". **$18.50** (60¢ shipping, insurance)

13–STATUETTE OF A CAT. Egyptian. 600-300 B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: Bronze. Ht · 7".......**$10.00** ($1.00 shipping, insurance)

74–FALCON. German or Italian, 12th or 13th Century. Original in gilt-bronze in Metropolitan Museum of Art. Ht.: 14¾"..............**$18.00** ($1.50 packing, shipped express collect)

AIC-33–CAT. By Jane Poupelet. French (1878-1932). Art Institute of Chicago. Original: Bronze. Ht.: 4¾" **$10.00** ($1.00 shipping, insurance)

brentano's

booksellers to the world

Dept. N-23, 586 Fifth Ave. at 47th St.,
New York 36 PLaza 7-8600
Also Washington, D.C. and City of Paris,
San Francisco, California

Please send me sculpture reproductions circled below totaling $.........

USM-22 RB-1 AD-1 NH-33 73 73W 52 1016 50 V-30
539B LC-1 L-1-2 13 100 C-201 SM-100 SM-81 AIC-33 PR-1
BA-6 USM-1 104 74 ST-61 SM-1 1017 C-13 AIC-30

Name____

Street____

City____________________Zone________State__________

☐ Charge my account. ☐ Check or M.O. enclosed.

Add 3% sales tax for N.Y.C. delivery.

Visit our new store on The Mall at Short Hills

If you really like the taste of Scotch Whisky

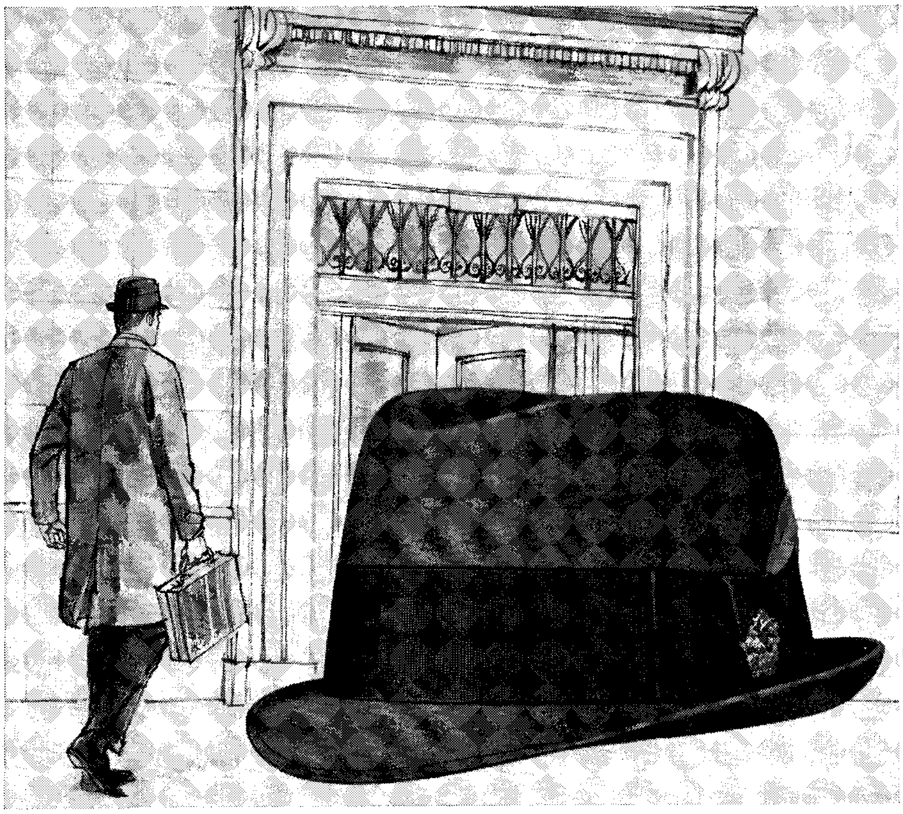
Speak up for Peter DAWSON

The Scotch that tastes like Scotch!

SPECIAL
P.D.
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE
PETER
86.8 PROOF
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Peter Dawson
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Julius WILE SONS & CO INC NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality.

Bottled in Scotland



Other Disney hats from $11.95 to $25.00

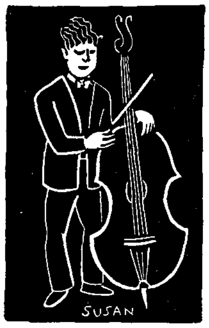
the Lancer $15.95

Disney ...fine hats for gentlemen

Disney Hats, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mixed Bag



THE trouble with the New York Philharmonic's opening series of programs this year—a series collectively entitled "The Gallic Approach"—is that it has consisted almost entirely of second-rate music. This is partly the fault of French music, which has only rarely reached the standard of inspiration and nobility characteristic of German, Austrian, and Italian music, and partly the fault of Leonard Bernstein, who has chosen to present a good many compositions—either French or French-influenced—that represent a school now in a state of abject decline. Yet one can sympathize with Mr. Bernstein in his effort to get away from the standard Mozart-Beethoven-Brahms-Schubert-Schumann repertory and offer his audiences something a little out of the ordinary. He has always been an interesting program maker, and he has conducted the programs of the series I have heard quite brilliantly. The difficulty, I am afraid, is one that plagues the whole field of symphonic music nowadays, and is even threatening to make the institution of the symphony orchestra obsolescent. The fact is, the masterpieces of the Austro-German symphonic school are becoming so familiar that only the rare gifts of a supremely endowed maestro can give them fresh interest for audiences, and phonograph recordings and the incessant din of the radio are intensifying the problem. Contemporary symphonic composers are, in general, failing to replace these venerable masterpieces with anything really worth listening to, and the symphonic-program builder is more and more reduced to scraping the bottom of the barrel. Mr. Bernstein's valiant effort to arouse interest in "the Gallic approach" is undoubtedly a result of this scraping process. So is the enormous vogue for playing baroque music on symphonic programs. I do not mean to imply that baroque music is bad music. On the contrary, much of it is very great music indeed. But none of it was written for the symphony orchestra, which had not been invented at the time it was composed, and there is a certain waste of resources involved

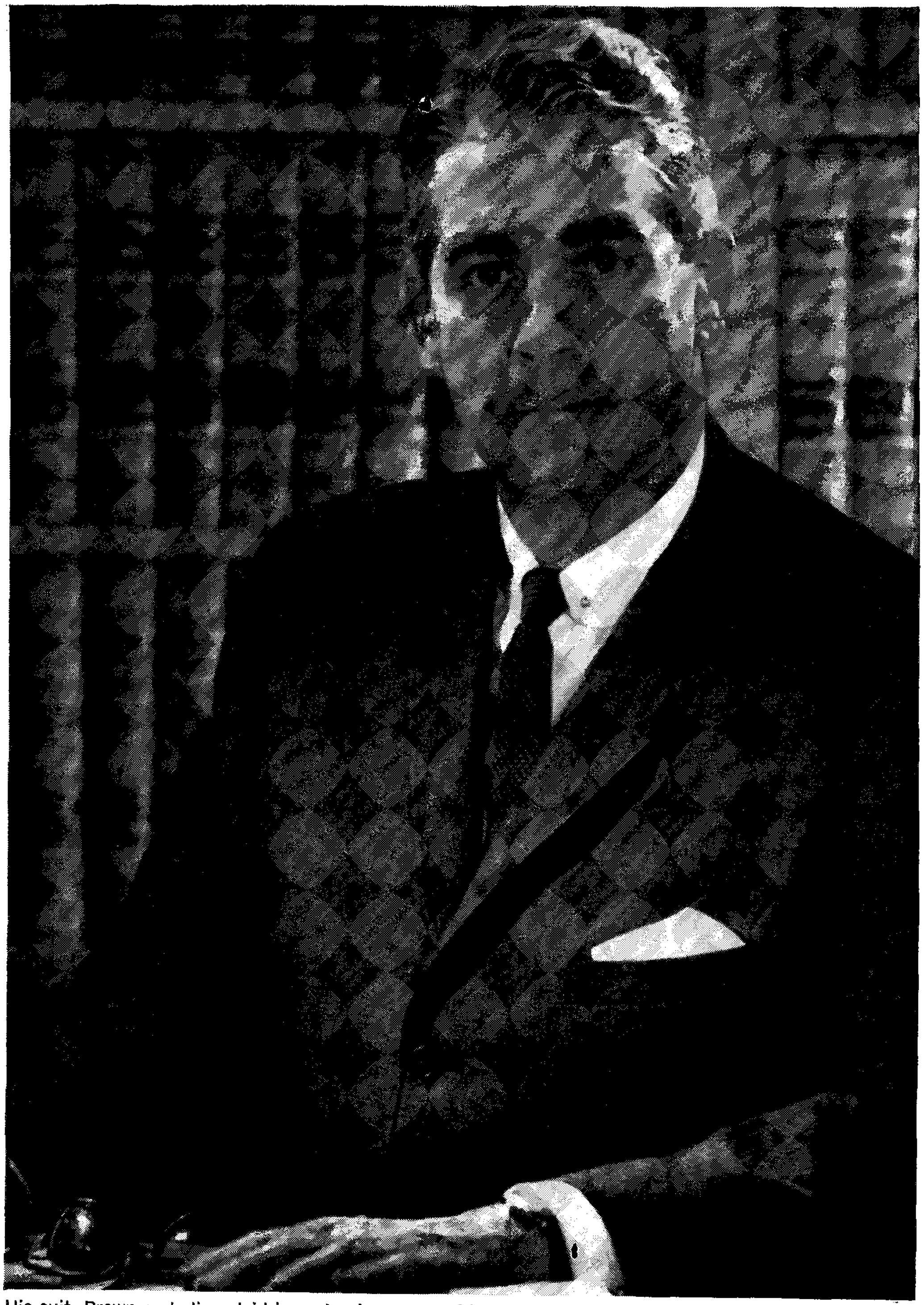
THE

LAWYER

Young man on his way up. Men who work with him say: "Clients take one look at him and treat him with respect." He is more modest, says: "Clients take one look at my Kuppenheimer and treat it with respect." Intelligent man, to have so soon realized that to secure and hold respect you must at least match your client in appearance. Doubly intelligent, to realize he can always count on his wardrobe of Kuppenheimer Clothes to give him that confident air of success. They are an investment in good appearance.

From $100 to $210, wherever only good clothes and accessories are sold.

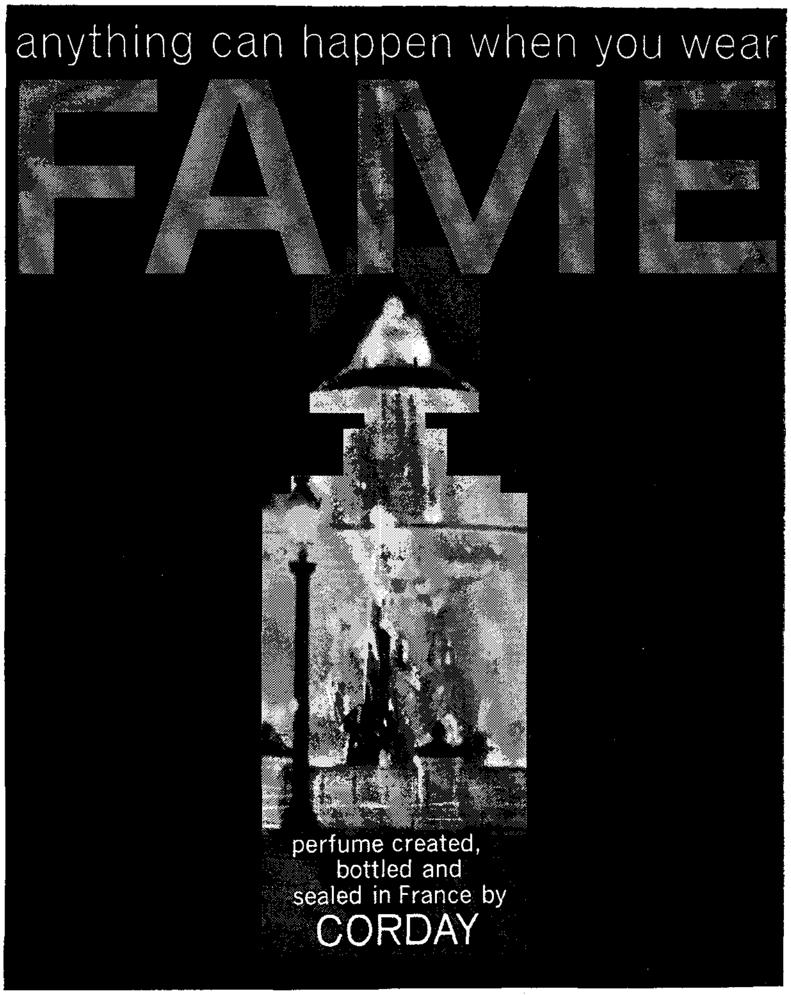
B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., Chicago • New York.



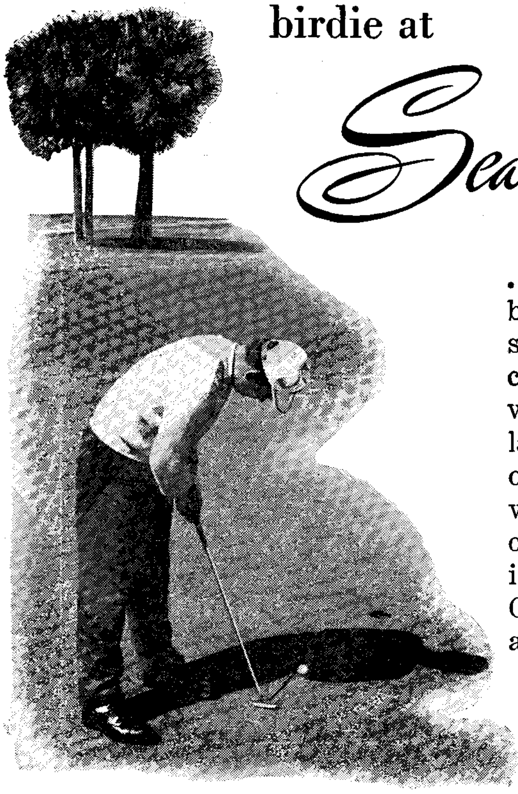
His suit: Brown and olive plaid in a closely woven British worsted. Natural shoulders, 3-button front. Rounded pocket flaps curved to match cloverleaf lapels. Trim-line everKreased™ trousers.

THE KUPPENHEIMER LOOK

IS
THE
CONFIDENT
LOOK



anything can happen when you wear
FAME
perfume created, bottled and sealed in France by
CORDAY



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of a golfer making a birdie at

Sea Island
GEORGIA

. . . The bird, of course, would be a sea gull at this beautiful seaside resort . . . the golfer could be any one of the 44,217 who played the noted course last year . . . the hole would be one of the championship 27 which make this course one of the finest and most challenging to be found anywhere. Open the year 'round . . . playable every day!

THE CLOISTER
American Plan
Also Rental Homes

Write direct, see Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, JUdson 6-4500, also Boston / Chicago / Washington / Toronto

when most of a great orchestra has to leave the stage so that an ensemble of fifteen or twenty players can perform it. Symphonic music, properly speaking, is an art of the late eighteenth century and the nineteenth, and, barring a rather unlikely efflorescence of really striking symphonies by composers in what is left of the twentieth century, it is likely to remain a lost one.

I was reminded of these things while listening to the concluding program of the series, which was given in Carnegie Hall last week, and which I heard on Friday afternoon. It opened with Leo Smit's "Capriccio for Strings," a limp and utterly uninteresting work, which I thought reached a nadir even for this series. Olivier Messiaen's "Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine," which followed it, was a little more fun, mainly owing to a certain amount of tinkling and jangling in the percussion department and to the presence of a squealing electronic instrument that sounded very much like an air-raid siren. In the few passages where Mr. Messiaen was not concerned with mere sound effects, he produced some repetitions of a gooey melody that might have been written by Jules Massenet in a particularly uninspired moment. The second half of the program was a good deal better but, as far as I can see, had nothing whatever to do with "the Gallic approach." It consisted of Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," a sincere and moving work that derives entirely from the traditions of synagogue chant, and Manuel de Falla's dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat," a profoundly Spanish item that I have always found agreeable listening. The cello soloist in "Schelomo" was Zara Nelsova, who is apparently an artist of some temperament, but whose abilities it was impossible to gauge in a work of such rhapsodic character.

FROM all this, it is a pleasure to turn to Artur Rubinstein, who on Monday night inaugurated a long series of recitals in Carnegie Hall. There is very little a critic can say about Mr. Rubinstein at this late date. He is more than a pianist; he is a great concert personality of a type that is now, except for him, virtually extinct, and there is an atmosphere about his recitals that suggests a papal audience. There are, to be sure, plenty of younger virtuosos who can outplay him where accuracy and steel fingers are concerned, but in matters of tone, elegance of phrasing, taste, and all the other things that go to make up an authoritative artist he has few rivals, the only one I can think of at the moment being the remarkable Russian Sviatoslav Richter. There was plenty of technical display the other night, however, particularly in the final movement of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, which Mr. Rubinstein took at breakneck speed and sustained in its thundering momentum to the very end. But technique, to Mr. Rubinstein, is merely a means, and in my opinion the most remarkable feats of the evening were the grace and simple eloquence that he brought to Beethoven's earlier Sonata in E Flat Major, Opus 31, No. 3, and to some works by Debussy, Villa-Lobos, and, of course, Chopin.

ON Friday evening, I made my way uptown to the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, in the Metropolitan Museum, to hear a recital by the Bach pianist Rosalyn Tureck. Since the death of Wanda Landowska, Miss Tureck has had the specialized field of Bach-playing pretty much to herself, and she pursues the art not only with painstaking scholarship but also with impeccable and exciting virtuosity. Or perhaps "virtuosity" is not quite the right word. There is nothing of the showoff about her. Her performances are deeply dedicated and scrupulously polished. And there is nothing of the dust-dry pedant about her, either. She plays Bach's music as the part of living tradition that it is, not as a study in antiquarianism, and her Bach style is infinitely subtle and elastic. I particularly enjoyed a seldom performed Sonata in D Minor, transcribed by Bach himself from the Sonata in A Minor for solo violin. It sounded far superior to the violin version, and its final Allegro, consisting of almost unaccompanied melody, was tossed off with amazing delicacy. But this was only one of many superb performances in a program that included the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and the D Major Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue. I had not heard Miss Tureck since her early Town Hall appearances, years ago, and did not realize until the other night what an admirable artist she has since become in her chosen field.

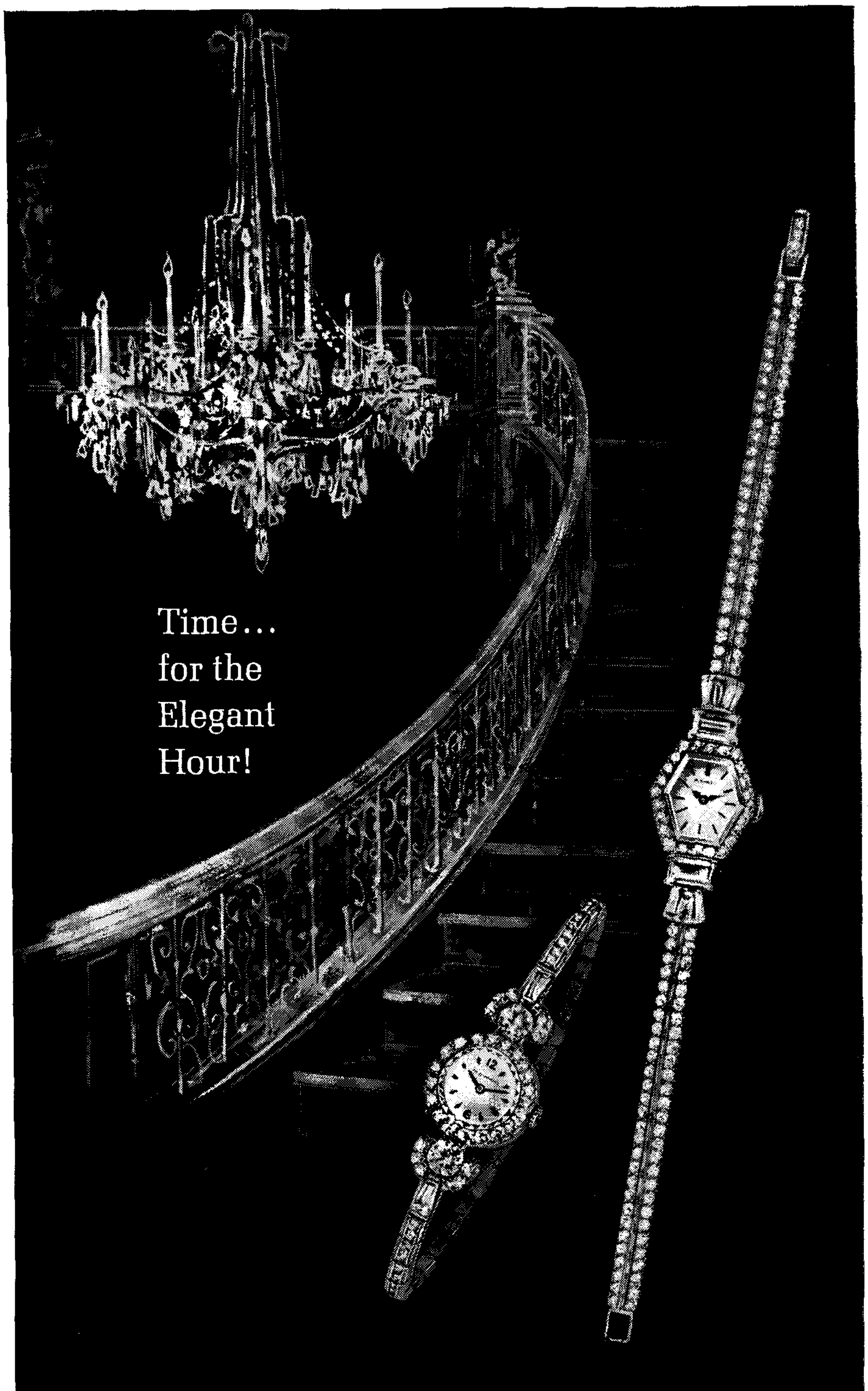
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

MOST FASCINATING HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHT OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press*]

Detroit was captured temporarily by the British in the War of Washoe County, Calif.



Watches as lovely to look at as they are dependable to live by — distinctive, distinguished, bespeaking taste and discrimination.

Individually designed diamond watches with specially chosen and carefully matched stones, all full cut, exquisitely set in platinum with matching platinum and diamond bracelets. The hexagon:—with double row bracelet, $4995.00. The circle:—with single row bracelet, $2995.00.

Fed. Tax Incl.

For Those Whose Moments Are Precious

MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

It's a Hammacher!

Wine Bottle Coaster
With Stopper/Pourer

Perfect cold wine coaster.
Stopper cap's a dripless pourer.
Silver plated. Tax incl.... 10.00

Free delivery within 50 mile radius;
beyond, add 50c

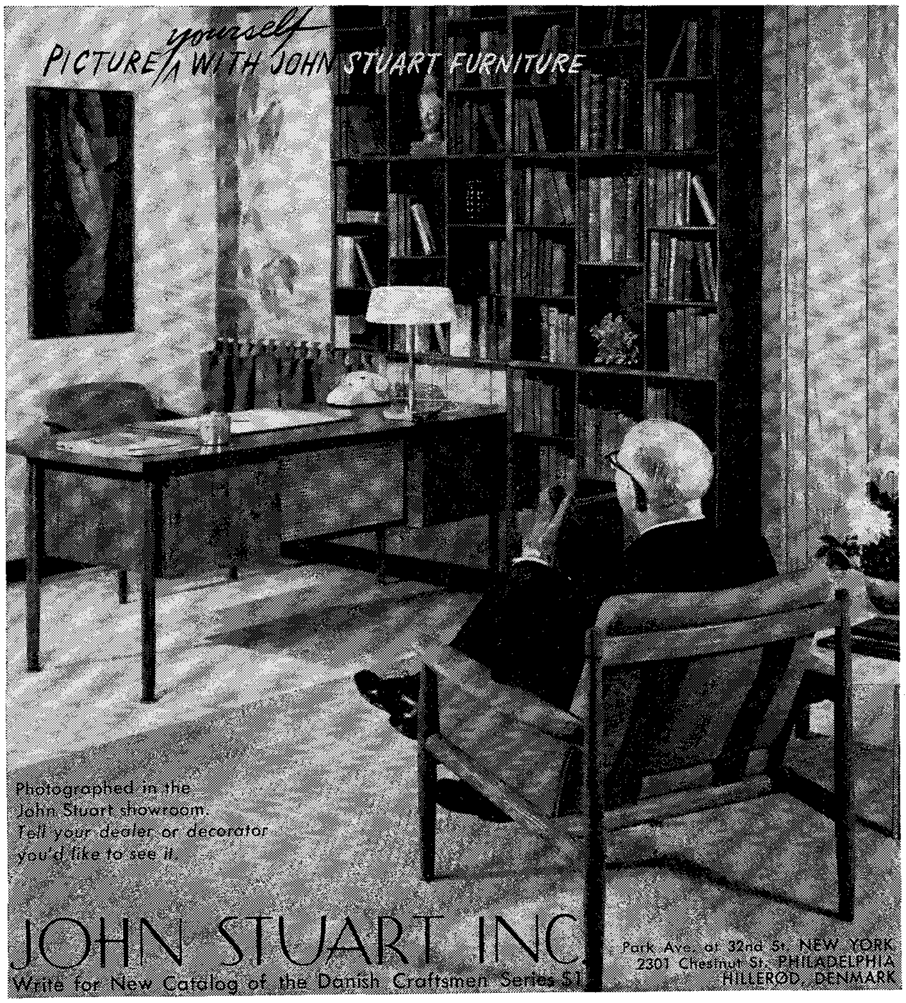
It's a Schlemmer!

Push
Button
Cork Remover

Cork slips smoothly from bottle. Pressure does it....... 9.95
10 boxed cartridges......... 1.29

Free delivery within 50 mile radius;
beyond, add 35c

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57th Street, New York 22 EL 5-4700



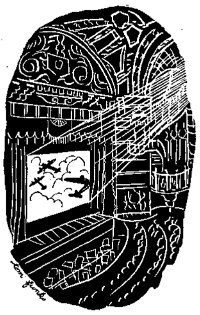
Photographed in the
John Stuart showroom.
*Tell your dealer or decorator
you'd like to see it.*

JOHN STUART INC.
Write for New Catalog of the Danish Craftsmen Series $1

Park Ave. at 32nd St. NEW YORK
2301 Chestnut St. PHILADELPHIA
HILLERØD, DENMARK

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Growing Up



"PARIS BLUES" deals candidly and poignantly with the ambitions and disappointments of some nice young people in Paris, and I hope it won't sound patronizing if I say that one of the reasons the picture turns out so well is that the roles of the nice young people are played by such nice young people. What could be more agreeable, after all, than to sit and watch for an hour or so while Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier, and Diahann Carroll meet, pair off, quarrel, make up, and ruefully part? I don't mean to diminish them as actors—Paul Newman, in particular, appears to have reached a point in his career where he can do no wrong—but their attractiveness as human beings *is* a crucial factor in the success of the picture, and it would be silly to pretend it isn't. (Actors are surely unique in being entitled to say in anger, "The trouble is, you love me only for myself.") Also crucial is the gray, rainy, smoky Paris against which we see the young folk falling in and out of love and learning whom they wish to become. For once, it's not merely the poster Paris that even the natives of Arnhemland must be familiar with by now—it would be as hard, and as perverse, to shoot a picture in Paris and leave out the Seine as to shoot "Nanook of the North" without snow—but a city of cellar night clubs, grubby hotel bedrooms, and deserted summerhouses that is as affecting as the youthful misadventures it contains. For their tact in providing us with just the right people in just the right setting, we have to thank Sam Shaw, the producer; Martin Ritt, the director; and Christian Matras, the cameraman. Moreover, since "Paris Blues" is about jazz musicians, the music played throughout the picture is of great importance and should be commented on; unluckily, I know practically nothing about jazz except that it's a perpetual Donnybrook for those who do, and it will be the better part of valor for me to note simply that the score was composed by Duke Ellington and was played with admirable rambunctiousness by, among others, Louis Armstrong.

The story told in "Paris Blues" is in

a somewhat tougher vein than that phrase "nice young people" might lead you to expect. Paul Newman plays the aspiring composer of a jazz concerto, and the affair he consents to enter into with Joanne Woodward, a warm if not very sensible young divorcée on holiday in Paris, is a thoroughly unhappy one, because all that he really cares about at the moment is measuring the extent of his perhaps not very great talent. The affair between Mr. Poitier and Miss Carroll is more prosperous but has its difficulties—the former wishes to stay on as an expatriate in Paris, since he finds it a lot pleasanter to be a Negro in Europe than in the States, while Miss Carroll wishes him to come home and help fight the color problem on the spot, as she intends to do. In short, the two women are traps, and the love they inspire will have consequences that both men dread. "Paris Blues" is something of a novelty in handling the color question on a comparatively free-and-easy basis; we're encouraged to perceive that Miss Carroll is every bit as cute a chick as Miss Woodward, and only now and then does the natural course of action grind to a stop in order to let Mr. Poitier utter some worthy but conspicuously N.A.A.C.P.-like sentiment.

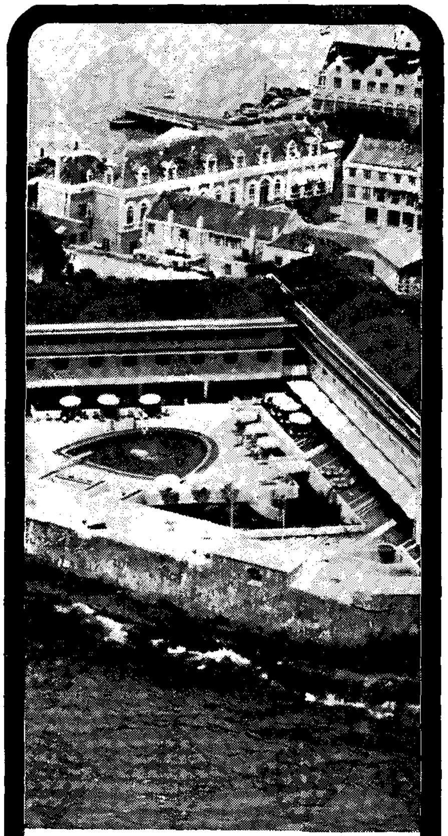
"A Summer to Remember" is a delightful Russian film. With the greatest delicacy and—what is much harder to achieve—the greatest dignity, it offers us an assortment of incidents seen through the eyes of a five-year-old child. I assure you that I'm as able to resist the blandishments of five-year-old heroes as any man, and the point about young Master Borya Barkhatov is that he isn't a blandisher; he stands there on his skinny legs and stares us down with a gravity that defies us to find him adorable. His role is that of the

ITALIAN LINE FLAGSHIP LEONARDO DA VINCI
ESPRESSO MAKER FROM ROMANELLI IMPORTS
HAT BY BORSALINO
CAMEO FROM F. MASTOLINI & SONS
WINE BY BERTANI
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari of Livorno ITALY
Artificially colored · Made and bottled by DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI · MILANO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N. Y.

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

Some of the most delightful things in life—from luxury liners to cameos—owe their charm to a fine Italian hand. Now, comes GALLIANO—the legendary liquid gold, "distilled from the rays of the sun." There's no taste quite like it in all the world. Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that conquered America.

80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK & R, 1960



MOST UNUSUAL HOTEL IN THE CARIBBEAN!

Imagine—cruise ships pass your window. Yet you're in the heart of a colorful Dutch town! The Curaçao Intercontinental is built into a Napoleonic water-fort, but it's glass, tile, air-conditioned—as modern as can be! Dine atop the ancient stone walls. Plunge into the pool (or cocktail below; watch friends bubble by the portholes). Tennis, golf, deep-sea fishing, all at hand. And, fantastic bargains in this free port! Call your travel agent, or write to Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N.Y., or Roper Building, 20 S.E. 3rd Ave., Miami, Florida.

CURAÇAO
INTERCONTINENTAL
HOTELS
Familiar Comforts in Faraway Lands

only child of an attractive widow who lives with her parents on the edge of a village. The mother marries the manager of a nearby coöperative farm, and the boy must learn to share her with this formidable rival. (The manager is played by Sergei Bondarchuk, the leading screen actor in Russia, who good-humoredly lets the Olivier of the kindergarten steal every scene.) The mother becomes pregnant and has a second son, who proves an even more formidable rival than the stepfather. Meanwhile, there are adventures outside the house: learning to ride a bicycle, visiting the coöperative, going for a walk with a sea captain who is the uncle of a friend and who proves to be marvellously decorated with tattoos. . . . It is all so small, yet all precisely as big as it needs to be, and, after threatening for a few minutes to break our hearts, it grants us the boon of an extremely happy ending. "A Summer to Remember" is the best picture for children that I've seen in years, and about the best picture for grownups to sit through with children that I've ever seen. —BRENDAN GILL

•

The basic difficulty is that we find a generally accepted belief about a product that must be described before we find that belief. Essentially this description is technical in nature; and, although that description contains all of the stimuli that the product has with which to act on the consumer (including such stimuli as the word "Cadillac"), the consensus we find is a consumer reaction to the product thus defined.

In other words, whether or not there exists some general consumer accord about a product, we cannot escape the fact that such accord is a consumer reaction to the product as we have *already defined it.* To turn around after we have defined the product and found certain general beliefs and attitudes about it and include some part of those beliefs in our product description certainly adds nothing to our powers of communication.—*Journal of Marketing.*

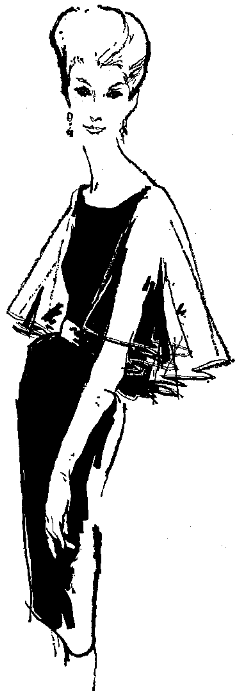
And you could use a little something.

•

WHICH BOOK ON DICKENS D'YA READ?

He [Dickens] has no ideal of *work.* With the doubtful exception of David Copperfield (merely Dickens himself), one cannot point to a single one of his central characters who is primarily interested in his job.—*From "A Collection of Essays by George Orwell," published by Anchor Books.*

Nearly everybody in Dickens has a job: there is a passionate interest in what people do for a living. . . . Work plays an essential part in the characters' approach to life.—*From "The Dickens World," by Humphry House.*



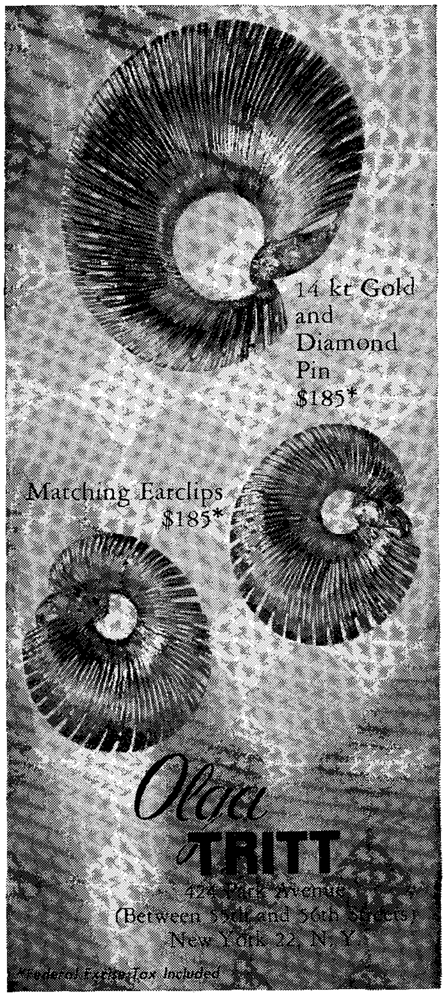
"AND SHALL NOT LOVELINESS BE LOVED FOREVER?"

Smart crepe dinner dress with filmy marquisette capelet, is designed to flatter the fashion conscious, and add glamour to pleasurable evenings. In black, navy, and brown

Sizes: 8-18

PRICE:
$110.00

Kathleen Inc.
1060 Third Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.
88 Main Street, New Canaan, Conn.



14 kt Gold and Diamond Pin $185*

Matching Earclips $185*

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N.Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

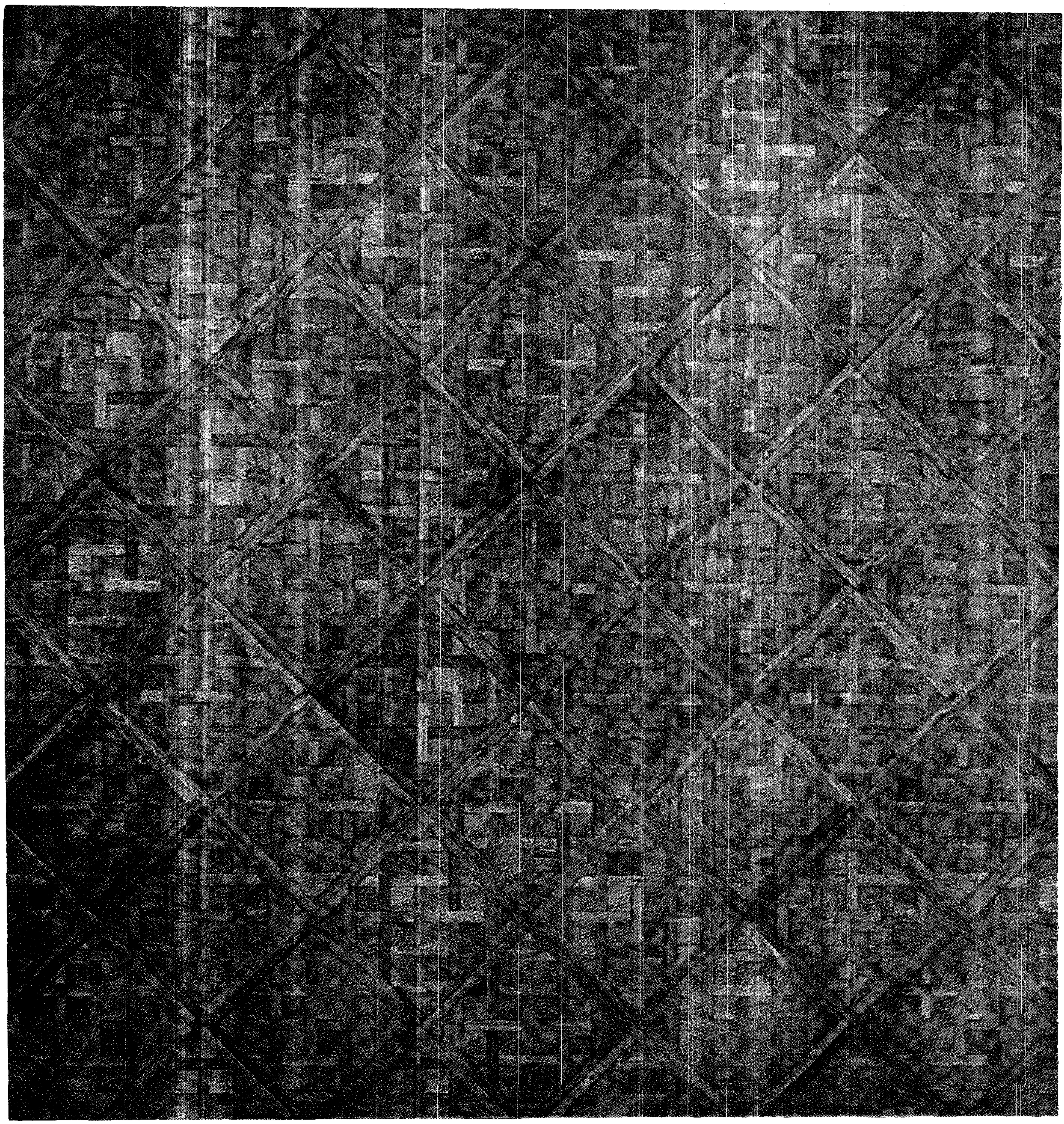
if you can't smell these roses, you're not trying

Only Morgan-Jones could make such a muchness of roses. Make them so plump, so petalsome, so alive you need only a sniff of imagination to make them real. They're growing right now, red and reckless, on the very first towels by Morgan-Jones. Towels of soft, snowy terry—very, very soft snowy terry—and what could be lovelier decorating your linen closet, your bath—you! Gather these roses—at any nice store.

Victorian Rose bath towel shown, $2.98. Available with matching face towel, fingertip towel, wash cloth, bath mat and bath rug. In red, blue or gold.

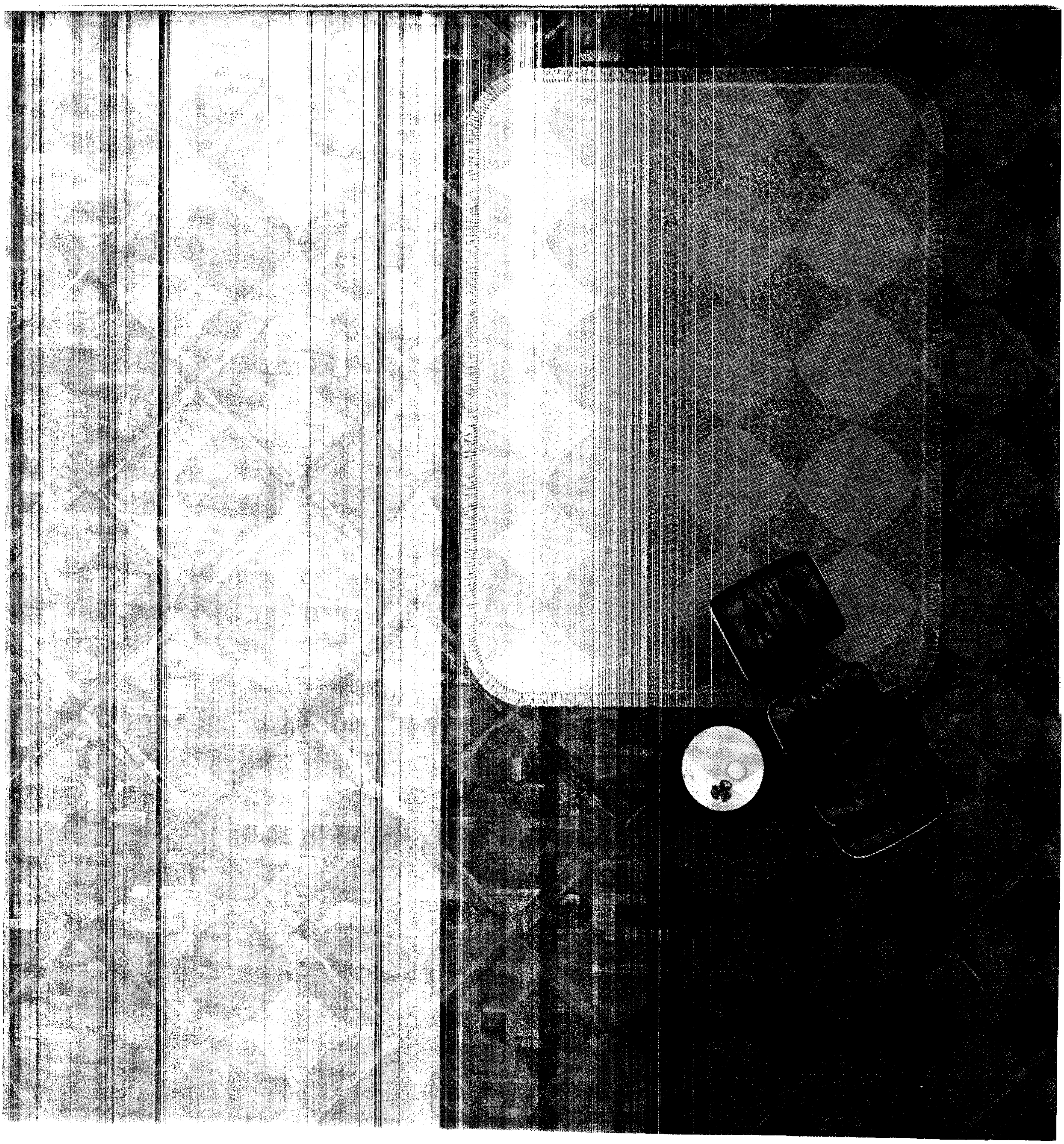
Morgan-Jones

Master Weavers of beautiful bedspreads
404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.



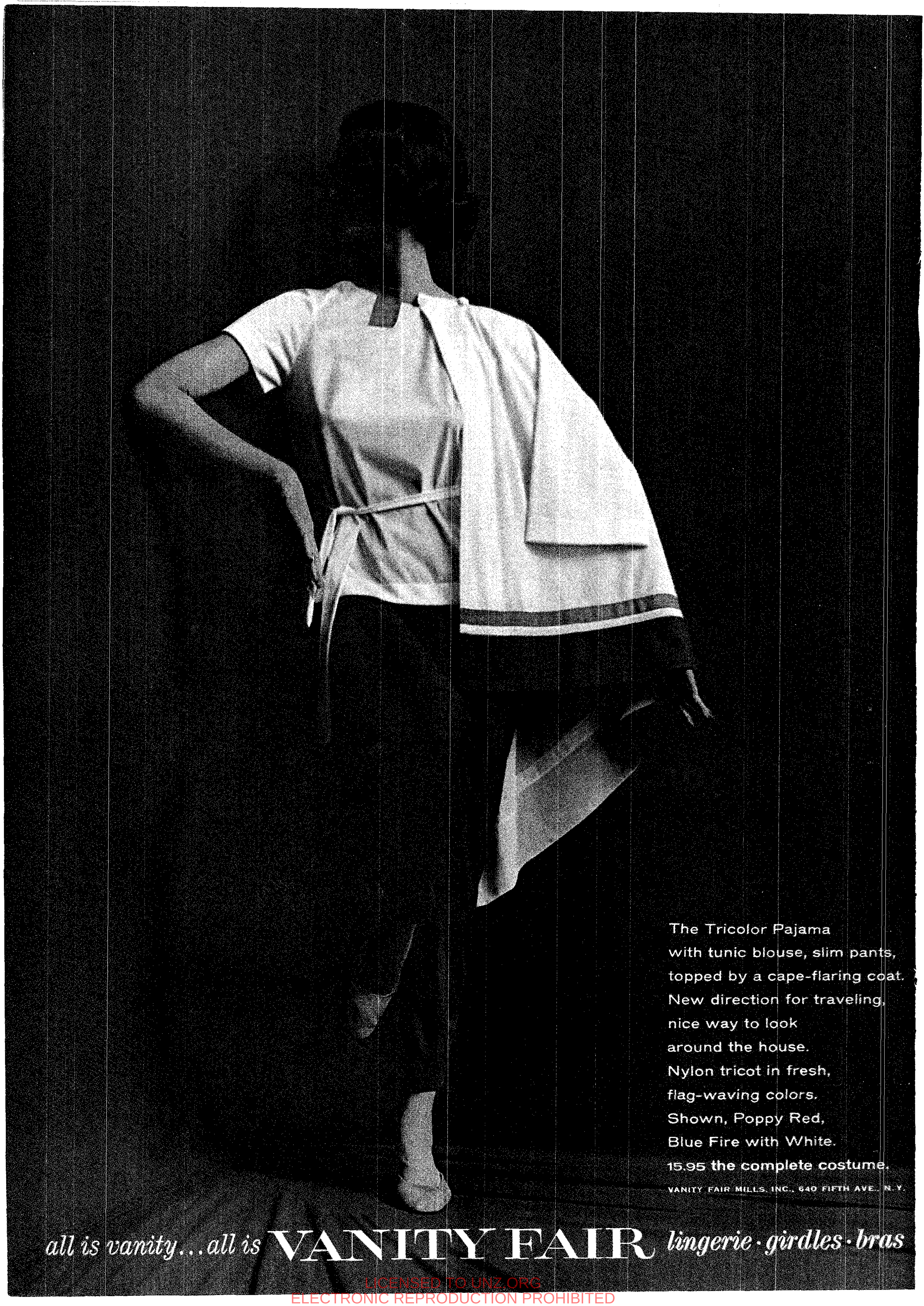
*REG. T.M. OF CHEMSTRAND

Some floors are too beautiful to cover.



Almost.

[illegible] all you need is an elegant rug in a clear brilliant color, with Acrilan [illegible] s resilient. It's easy to keep clean.) If your floor is something less than [illegible] ece of parquet . . . console yourself with Acrilan. Wall to wall. **Chemstrand** Corporation, New York [illegible] makes Acrilan® acrylic fiber for America's finest carpet mills.

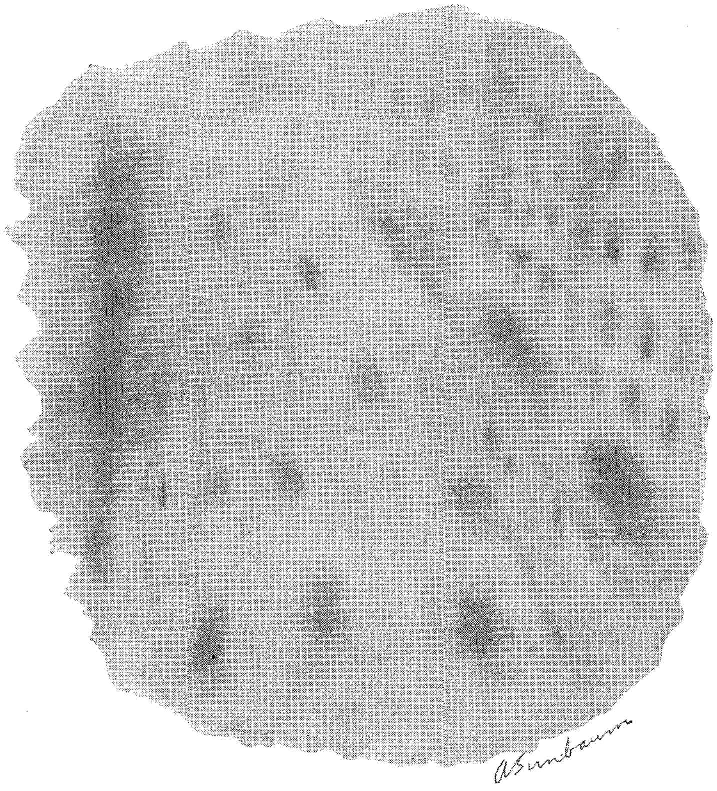

all is vanity... all is VANITY FAIR lingerie · girdles · bras

The Tricolor Pajama
with tunic blouse, slim pants,
topped by a cape-flaring coat.
New direction for traveling,
nice way to look
around the house.
Nylon tricot in fresh,
flag-waving colors.
Shown, Poppy Red,
Blue Fire with White.
15.95 the complete costume.

VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC., 640 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LONDON FOG



THERE are regions of the world that are foggier than the British Isles—the Aleutians, for instance, and Newfoundland, and Labrador. And there are cities in the British Isles that are foggier than London—among them Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester. Still, London is the largest urban area anywhere that is regularly afflicted with fogs, and for centuries no fogs have had more devastating effects than the fogs of London. London knows fog in almost all its aspects. Fog may come upon the city suddenly, or it may come gradually. It may last a few hours, a few days, or, off and on, a fortnight. It may be thin or thick, and it may be white or black, gray or yellow. In a slight fog—a mist—London becomes a magic city, with Westminster Abbey appearing in shades of tawny port and the lights along the Thames Embankment floating in the gray air like flags in a mild breeze. At such times, London has the romantic beauty of a painting by Turner or Whistler or Constable; indeed, the mists of London are lovelier than the famous mists of Paris and Venice. When London's mists deepen into a dense fog, however, the city is weird and sinister. On the streets, traffic comes to a standstill; drivers abandon their cars, and pedestrians, like lost phantoms, grope their way through the dimness, keeping as close as they can to the façades of the houses. On the river, ships collide or run into the piers of bridges. Convicts escape from jail. Outdoors and in, people wheeze and cough, and all over London the death rate goes up, especially among invalids suffering from respiratory diseases and heart trouble; newspaper editors automatically allow more than the usual amount of space for obituaries. The noises of the city are muted, as if all of London were covered by a glass bell, and this silence, as Robert Louis Stevenson once noted, "is terrifying in its possibilities." In "The Man of Property," John Galsworthy described a London fog as "a vast, muffled blackness, where a man could not see six paces before him; where, all around, voices or whistles mocked the senses of direction; and sudden shapes came rolling slow . . . and now and then a light showed like a dim island in an infinite dark sea." It is no wonder that such fogs—and there have been worse ones, too, in which a man could not see six inches before him—tend to oppress the mind and spirit; one Victorian writer, in describing his first experience with a London fog, exclaimed, "Oh, the desolation, the despair that overcame me!"

For many people, the London fog has fanciful associations. It evokes, perhaps, the sharp sound of horse hoofs on the wet pavement of Baker Street, and the dim silhouette of a hansom cab drawn up in front of No. 221-B; in the murk a visitor nervously rings the bell of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and in due course Holmes and Dr. Watson will be stumbling across the black wastes of Dartmoor, listening to the howls of the hound. For average Londoners, a bad fog means, if not necessarily drama and tragedy, innumerable petty annoyances—detours and delays, missed trains and missed appointments. People who have come in from the suburbs for dinner and the theatre may have to spend the night in a hotel. Hosts may have to improvise beds in the living room for their guests. A driver forced to abandon his car on the street may spend hours looking for it the next day, only to find it pointed the wrong way on a one-way, no-parking street. Many things break down in a dense London fog, and one of them is the traditional British reserve; if you bump into a stranger, he may say, "It's quite all right, and, by the way, do you happen to know where we are?"

The London fog has had an assured place in English literature, and one may safely say that no writer who has lived long in London—poet, novelist, essayist, or playwright—has totally ignored the city's fogs. For most of these writers, the very word "fog"—apparently deriving from the Danish word "*fog*," meaning "spray, shower, driving snow," or, more deviously, from the old Welsh "*ffwg*," meaning "dry grass"—conveys a sense of terror and misery. In a poem called "The Saint's Tragedy," Charles Kingsley writes of "fog-bred mushroom-spawn of brain-sick wits," and Milton writes in "Comus" of "no evil thing that walks by night/In fog or fire . . ." Although not as superstitious about fog as the people in Labrador, who say that fog is caused by a white bear who drinks too much water and bursts, the British have always associated fog with death, as in Browning's "Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat," and with sinister beings of all sorts, from Shakespeare's witches, who "hover through the fog and filthy air," to the gang of housebreakers in some detective novel published last week. Some writers, to be sure, have stressed the more charming side of fog—yellow fog especially—among them T. S. Eliot, when he referred to "the yellow fog that rubs its back against the window panes," and Oscar Wilde, who wrote in "Impression du Matin":

The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

And between these extremes lies the realism of Dickens, who touched on the subject of fog in practically all his books, most notably at the beginning of "Bleak

PURE WOOL ACHIEVES
NEW GREATNESS

Our permanent-crease Setters Slacks in the luxury of all-wool, now newly processed to keep a just-pressed look in any weather. Perfect for active sports and all-around casual wear. Pleated or plain-front models in medium grey, oxford grey or olive green. **22.50**

MEN'S CLOTHING, SECOND FLOOR

Mail, phone PL 7-9000,
add 35¢ beyond delivery

Also at Westchester

FIFTH AVE.
AT 52nd ST.

de Pinna

NEW YORK · WESTCHESTER
MIAMI BEACH · FORT LAUDERDALE

House," where he describes a "London particular," or typical London fog:

> Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among the green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollution of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the fireside of their wards . . . A London particular.

FOG is one of the most and least mysterious of atmospheric phenomena. Meteorologists know a lot about it in theory; nobody knows precisely what to do about it in practice. Simply speaking, it is one of a family of vapors, others being haze, mist, and cloud. Haze is any sort of vapor—often smoke—sufficient to affect the transparency of air. Cloud, mist, and fog are all water vapor, and the differences among them might be put this way: mist is a light fog, cloud is a fog at a high altitude, and fog is fog. It forms when the water vapor that is always present in the air becomes concentrated enough to reach what meteorologists call the saturation point and becomes cool enough to reach what they call the dew point. There are perhaps half a dozen kinds of fog, some of which—among them upslope fog, sea fog, and arctic sea smoke—are unknown in London. The city is, however, extraordinarily subject to the two kinds that are commonest in temperate regions—frontal fog, which is produced in humid areas when cold and warm air currents meet, and radiation fog, which is produced on cloudless nights, when the surface of the earth has radiated heat far out into the atmosphere and the earth, now cooler itself, cools moist air in contact with it. Then, too, man can—and, in London more than most cities, does—intensify fog by filling the air with particles of smoke and dust, which attract to themselves particles of water vapor. Put together, water vapor, dust, and smoke can form an impenetrable, persistent, nasty mass of atmosphere.

All the natural conditions that encourage the formation of fog are prevalent in the London area. It often simultaneously receives warm air currents from the west and cold ones from the north. The River Thames and the nearby Essex marshes help furnish the necessary humidity. The natural agents that in many places prevent or limit the formation of fog are a strong sun, which can evaporate fog, and a strong wind,

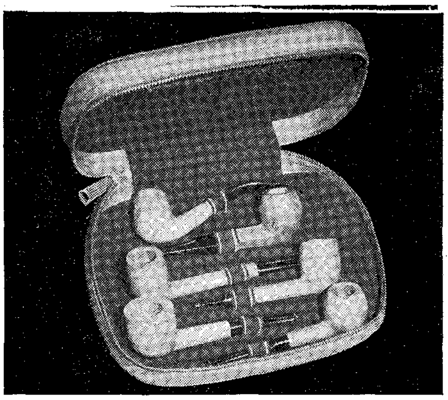
Are you a creative dinnerwright?

Any playwright will tell you that the Second Act is more important than the First Act, and the Third Act most crucial of all. Because that's what the audience goes away remembering. And so it goes with dinners, too. Your soup may not turn the Cordon Bleu green with envy, and your Beef Stroganoff may not be strong enough...but all is not lost if you ring down the curtain with style—with a glowing snifter of Cherry Heering. (Yes, snifter, to bring out that marvelous bouquet.) Oh, you don't have to make a big spectacle of yourself, as if to say: Look how sophisticated I am, serving Cherry Heering. Just slip quietly out of the wings and place the tall, handsome bottle on the table. Your reviews the next morning will tell you that you have achieved the pinnacle of the dinnerwright's art: You have turned mere eating...into dining—with Cherry Heering!

* * * * * * * *

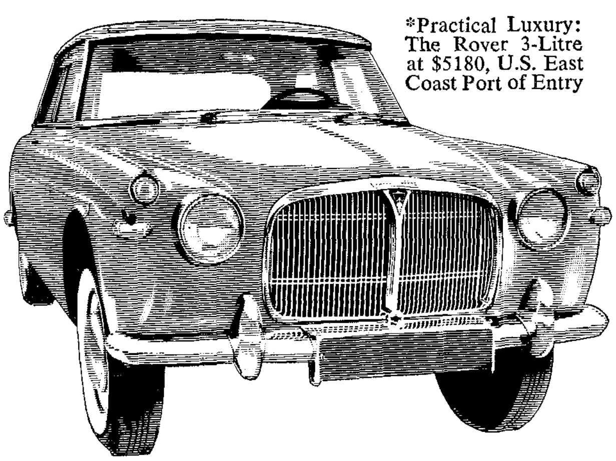
FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET

Send for: Entertain Differently...in the Danish Manner! DEPT.N2, SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y. 49 PROOF



SUPERB PIPE TRAVEL CASE
Our exclusive design to hold most sized pipes, tobacco, accessories *compactly*. Cushioned for maximum protection, keeps your pipes handy, luggage clean and neat. Supple, luxurious calf leather, soft duvetyn lining. Personalized with 3 initials. Gift boxed. Prepaid. (Pipes extra.) **6-pipe case** 9¾″ x 7¾″ x 2½″, smooth calf, light tan, cordovan or black—**$20**; brown alligator grain calf—**$25**. **4-pipe case** 8¾″ x 5¼″ x 2½″, smooth calf, brown or black—**$15**. Send for new 1962 catalog.

Iwan Ries & Co.
Tobacconists for 104 Years
Dept. N1, 133 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.



*Practical Luxury:
The Rover 3-Litre
at $5180, U.S. East
Coast Port of Entry

The Ideal Automobile?

Mr. Ken Purdy, author, and ranking authority on high performance motor cars, makes this observation:

"Automobiles can be built to satisfy many purposes. They can be made superlatively fast, to offer speeds in the range 120 to 160 miles an hour. Such cars will be very exciting and their engines will be fussy, delicate, and expensive to maintain. They can be made to be superlatively luxurious, in which case their prices will start at $10,000. They can be built to be artificially stylish, in which case they will be hopelessly out-of-date eighteen months later. They can be built to offer rock-bottom economy and they will be uncomfortable and limited in utility.

"The ideal automobile would combine these factors to produce a fast, luxurious, conservatively styled car offering cheap maintenance and low fuel consumption. Of the very many automobile manufacturers who have attempted this synthesis, Rover has probably succeeded best."

In its standards of engineering, material and workmanship there are no compromises in the specifications of a Rover. It is designed to give many years of low-cost, trouble-free operation. It is commonplace for Rover owners to enjoy their cars eight, ten years and longer.

The Rover is exceptionally silent and smooth running. Some idea of the quality of Rover performance may be established by the fact that the car to which the Rover is most frequently compared is priced at upwards of ten thousand dollars more.

There are two Rover sedans. The Rover "100" and the Rover 3-Litre.

The Rover 3-Litre was awarded the gold medal for best coachwork in its class at London's Earls Court Automobile Show in 1959. It is available with fully automatic transmission and power steering.*

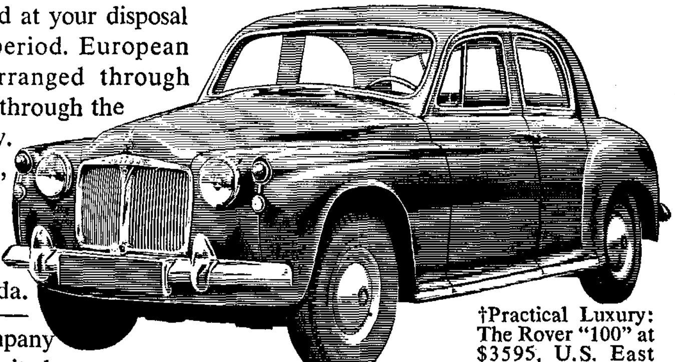
The Rover "100" is the latest version of the classic P-4 series, first introduced in 1948, and embodies thirteen years of continuous refinement. It is available with four-speed manual shift and Laycock de Normanville overdrive.† Both Rovers are powered by a seven main bearing crankshaft, six-cylinder engine of exclusive design, and are equipped with front wheel disc brakes.

Since the introduction of the first Rover car in 1904, many prominent British families have owned no other make. The reasons for this loyalty are perhaps not superficially apparent; only by driving a Rover can one begin to appreciate the Rover's remarkable silence, smoothness and comfort, and the general feeling of well-being that this car traditionally imparts. To acquaint you with the many satisfactions of Rover ownership, your Rover dealer or Rover branch office will be happy to make arrangements for a Rover car to be placed at your disposal for a suitable trial period. European delivery may be arranged through your Rover dealer or through the offices of the company.

405 Lexington Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y.,
San Francisco, Cal.,
Toronto, Montreal
and Vancouver, Canada.

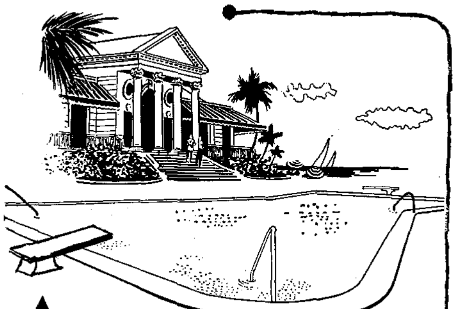
The Rover Motor Company
of North America Limited

Authorized Rover sales and service: **Arizona:** Bogard GMC Co., Inc., 2626 S. 4th Ave., Tucson. **California:** Satori, Inc., 143 S. Glendale Ave., Glendale; Nevco, Inc., 20519 Mission Blvd., Hayward; Peter Satori of California, 325 W. Colorado St., Pasadena; Executive Motors, Inc., 1255 California St., San Francisco; Bliss Automotive Service, 1585 W. San Carlos St., San Jose; Peter Satori (S.B.) Inc., 418 State St., Santa Barbara; Carbrey Motors, 1550 S. Main St., Willits. **Connecticut:** Imported Cars of Greenwich (a Division of Greenwich Auto Repair), 240 Mason St., Greenwich; Nelke Motor Company, 226 Whalley Ave., New Haven; Hackett Imported Cars, 615 Riverside Ave., Westport. **District of Columbia:** Flood Pontiac Co., 4221 Connecticut Ave., Washington. **Georgia:** Richards Motor Co., 5115 Montgomery St., Savannah. **Illinois:** Imperial Motors, Inc., 721 Greenbay Rd., Wilmette. **Maryland:** Foreign Motors, Ltd., 1001 Cathedral St., Baltimore. **Massachusetts:** Naumkeag Auto Sales Inc., 4 Colon St., Beverly; Britannic Motors, Ltd., 1033 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. **Minnesota:** Mark Doyne's Imported Motors, 3038 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis. **New Hampshire:** Resnick Motors, Inc., 1569 Elm St., Manchester. **New Jersey:** Stillman & Hoag, Inc. Grand Ave. at Route 4, Englewood; Lloyd Buick Co., 300 St. George Ave. East, Linden; Parisian Motor Car Co., 169 Washington St., Morristown. **New Mexico:** Roswell Imported Cars, 1801 S.E. Main St., Roswell. **New York:** Autoland, Inc., 1065-1081 Main St., Buffalo; North Country Motors, 790 Northern Blvd., Great Neck; Stock Motors, Inc., 550 New York Ave., Huntington; Nemet Motors, 153rd St. & Hillside Ave., Jamaica; City Buick, Inc., 3611 Northern Blvd., Long Island City; Vintage Car Store, Inc., 93-95 S. Broadway, Nyack; Finley Motors, 961 N. Genesee St., Syracuse; Sidney-Elliot, Inc., 421 Columbia St., Utica; Jim Forno's Continental Motors, Vestal Parkway East, Vestal; Trotter Equipment Co., Outer Washington St., Watertown; Foreign Cars of Westchester, 25 Martine Ave., White Plains. **Ohio:** Salter Auto Imports, 16222 Chagrin Blvd., Shaker Heights. **Oregon:** British Motors Ltd., 11295 S. W. Canyon Rd., Beaverton. **Pennsylvania:** Valley Foreign Cars, Inc. 344-46 N. 7th St., Allentown; Speedcraft Bala, Inc., 345 Montgomery Ave., Bala-Cynwyd; Olmetti Motors, Inc., 215 E. Pittsburgh St., Greensburg; Nick Ciliberti of Kutztown, 601 E. Main St., Kutztown; Berry Bros. Buick, Inc., 3908 N. Broad St., Philadelphia; Ascot Imported Cars, 604 Beaver St., Sewickley. **Rhode Island:** Competition Engineering, 160 E. Main Rd., Middletown. **Virginia:** European Motors, 6858 N. Fairfax Dr., Arlington. **Washington:** Jaremko Motors, N. 2020 Monroe, Spokane. **Wisconsin:** Milrace Motors, Ltd., 122 Green Bay Rd., Thiensville. **Wyoming:** Haladay Motors, Inc., 500 Block E. 16th St., Cheyenne.

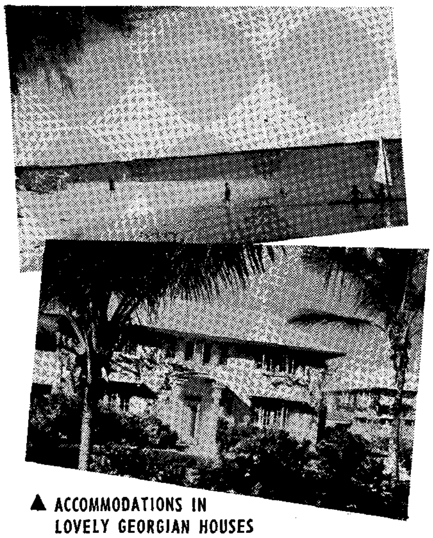


†Practical Luxury:
The Rover "100" at
$3595, U.S. East
Coast Port of Entry

NASSAU
Bahamas
ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RESORTS



▲ MAIN CLUB • POOL • SOCIAL AND ENTERTAINMENT CENTER
▼ THREE PRIVATE OCEAN BEACHES



▲ ACCOMMODATIONS IN LOVELY GEORGIAN HOUSES

A DELIGHTFUL OCEANFRONT COLONY

A world unto itself . . . set amid luxuriant gardens. Magnificent beaches, private island, pool, and diversions of every sort. Enjoy the same high standards you appreciate at The Plaza in New York; The Mayflower, Washington; and The Carlton Tower, London.

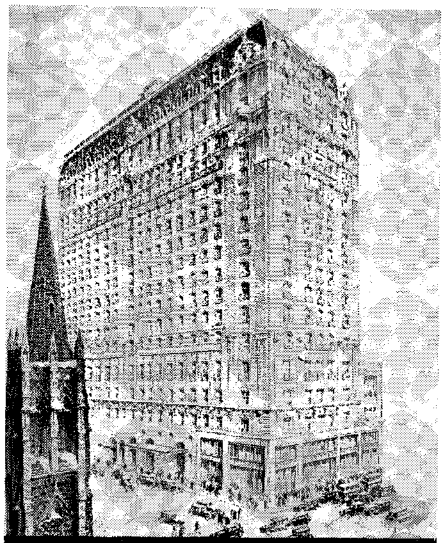
HCA HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA
A. M. Sonnabend, President

Balmoral Club
CABLE BEACH, NASSAU
"The Pride of the Bahamas"

Consult your travel agent . . . or Instant Reservation Service in any HCA Hotel — in New York, Hotel Roosevelt, MUrray Hill 6-9200 — in Boston, Hotel Kenmore, KEnmore 6-2700 — in Washington, The Mayflower, District 7-3000 . . . or Leonard P. Brickett, 32 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey, WAlnut 4-5084.

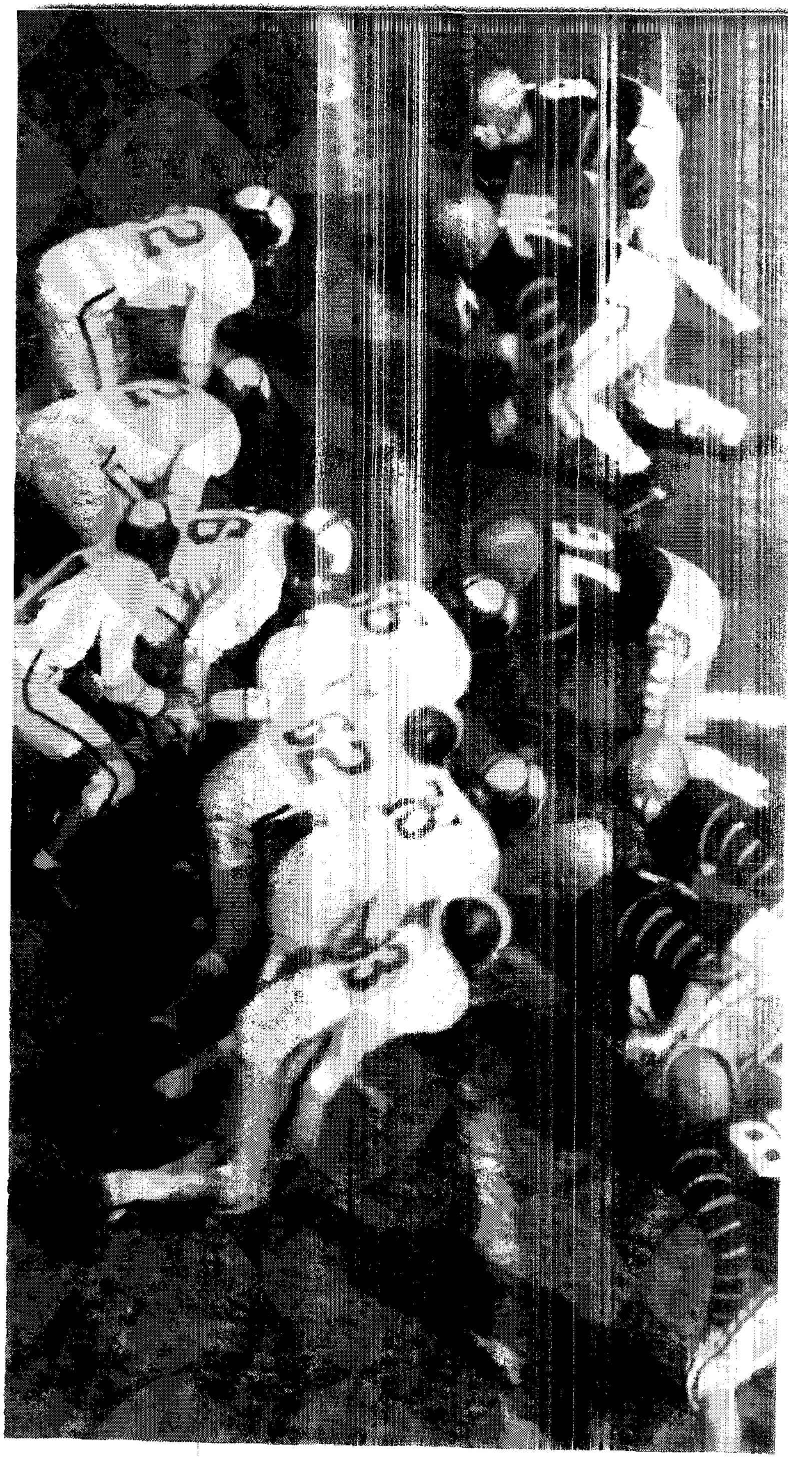
which can blow it away. New York, for instance, has as little fog as it does largely because of its powerful north winds—and its wind patterns in general. In London, though, stiff winds are rare, and during the cold months the sun is low on the horizon and weak. Days of complete fog in London occur less frequently than most outsiders think, but days of intermittent fog—when the radiation fog formed during the night lingers after dawn—are common during the late fall and most of the winter. November is traditionally the "typical" fog month in London; December in recent years has, however, brought denser and more frequent fogs; January, though the danger is less then, is is often difficult; and February—and even early March—can be fairly difficult, too.

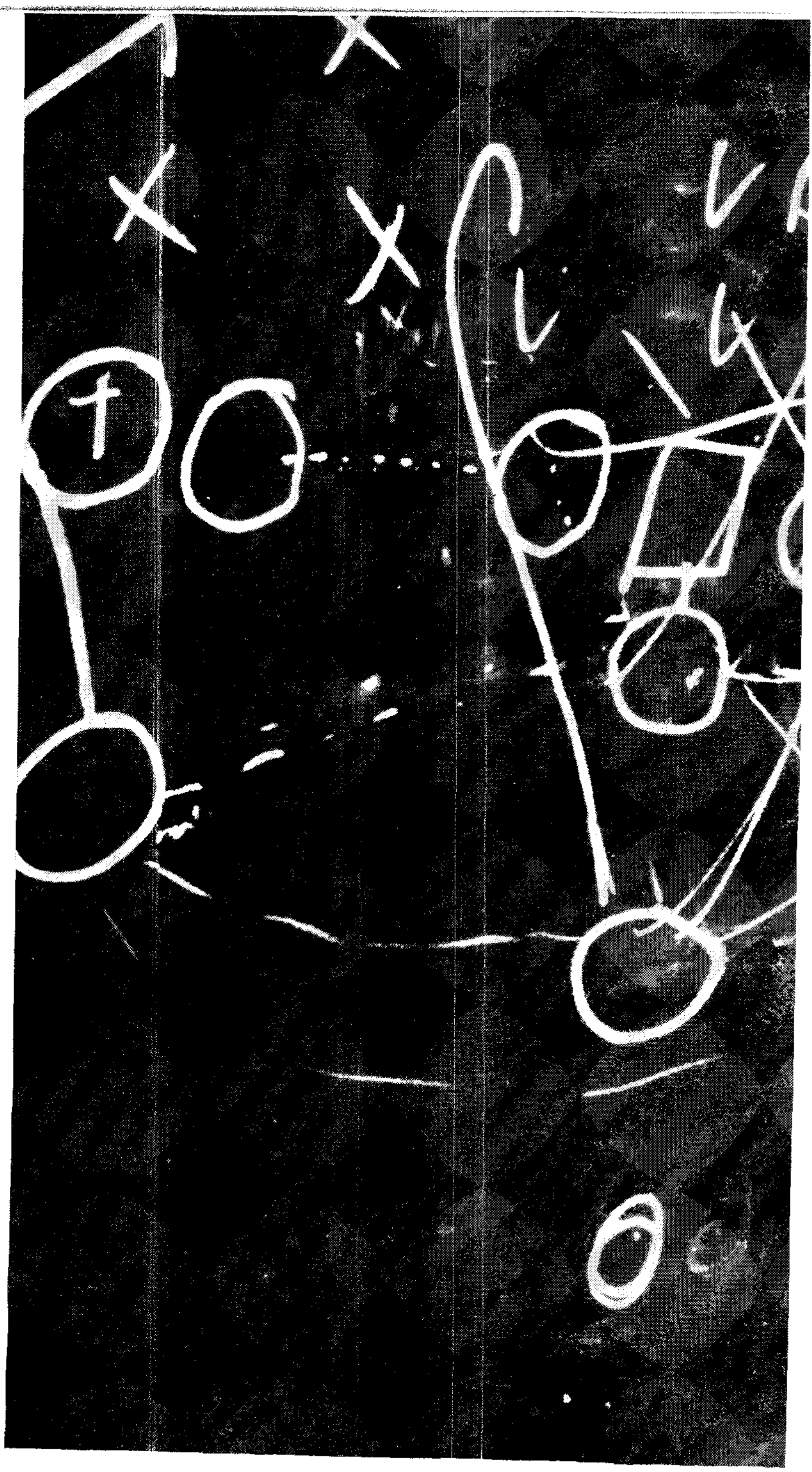
Contrary to the general belief, a London fog is usually not an even, pervasive fog. Except near parks, with their ponds and lakes, and over the Thames, fogs are likely to be less dense in central London than they are in the suburbs, partly because more ground is paved—in other words, less apt to radiate—and partly because the tall, heated buildings keep the temperature a bit higher. The pattern over London and its suburbs is likely to be one of fogs within fogs—a blanket of relatively thin, dry fog in which dense patches are embedded. In central London, the visibility may be as much as fifty yards and traffic may move along—with caution. Meanwhile, in the suburbs, where the fog swirls around and around, the visibility may be down to ten yards and street traffic down to a crawl; the fog will seem thickest of all in open spaces, where objects, when they suddenly become visible, appear both larger and more distant than they are. Such uneven fogs are common, and the papers greet them with headlines like "LONDON RINGED OUT WITH THICK FOG" and "'NO VISIBILITY' BELT ROUND LONDON." Everywhere, in town and out, the fog may play strange tricks, and almost every Londoner has his favorite fog story, as he has his favorite reminiscence of the blitz. One man, who is six feet five inches tall, had a freakish experience in Bayswater Road on an evening when the fog there reached a height of just six feet. While other people were groping all around him, he kept his head above the fog, and he recalls that he felt like an airplane pilot skimming over layers of cloud. Another man remembers crawling through dense fog in a low-slung sports car and hearing buses roar by at normal speed. A little farther on, the



THE ST. REGIS HOTEL
New York City
PAMPERS ITS GUESTS
with sumptuous
Wamsutta®
Supercale
sheets & pillowcases
the ultimate in luxury
WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.
Makers of Heritage Towels

STRAWBERRIES ON COTTON CREAM! A Christmas apron for the hostess with the mostest. Red and white fraises des bois handscreened on cotton with a red or green border. One size. 6.95. Perfect present. Add 35c for posting. At Neiman-Marcus or send check or money order to Box 244, Rumson, New Jersey, care of
MARTI





SCORING IN FOOTBALL IS LIKE SCORING IN THE STOCK MARKET

Football is physical chess. Today's top teams are painstakingly schooled in offense and defense. Opponents are scouted . . . their style of play exhaustively analyzed. There's nothing haphazard about winning football. ☐ Your stock purchases deserve the same careful preparation. Your strategy could be for short term capital gains or long term growth. Whatever your goal, take all possible steps to know which stocks show the most promise. And don't forget your defense. Know just where you stand every quarter. ☐ Above all, buy stocks that you've thoroughly scouted. Buy stocks on the basis of professional security research . . . not on hunches or tips. ☐ Intelligent research is much more than just analyzing the published facts and figures about a company. It means personal visits to plants and offices and face-to-face talks with management. It means knowledge gained through close underwriting relationships with many growth companies. It means filtering all possible information with seasoned judgment. ☐ No one man can do adequate stock market research alone. But a team of trained analysts can . . . and does. Shearson's research analysts maintain a continuing study of the entire U. S. economy through 46 offices in a nation-wide reporting system. These analysts have individual specialties—steel . . . oil . . . aircraft and missiles . . . service companies . . . chemicals . . . automotive . . . and many other industries—some new and some long established. Their recommendations to buy, sell or hold which are published in a continuing series of research reports (all available to you) are closely followed by Shearson's registered representatives. There's no guesswork. Their advice and your own evaluation are backed up by solid research. ☐ If you'd like a copy of our informative booklet on how professional research men choose stocks for potential capital gains, just write for your free copy of "The Firm That Research Built," Shearson, Hammill & Co., 14 Wall Street, New York 5, New York.

SHEARSON, HAMMILL & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange / Founded 1902

Art Nouveau

The collarless overshirt, most adaptable of garments, presents an entertaining fantasy from the art-nouveau period . . . sprawling with elaborate curly-cues and unnatural blossoms. The fabric is too-long-neglected cotton satin, with just the right amount of sleek surface. Blue/Orange/Yellow on White. Sizes 8 to 16.

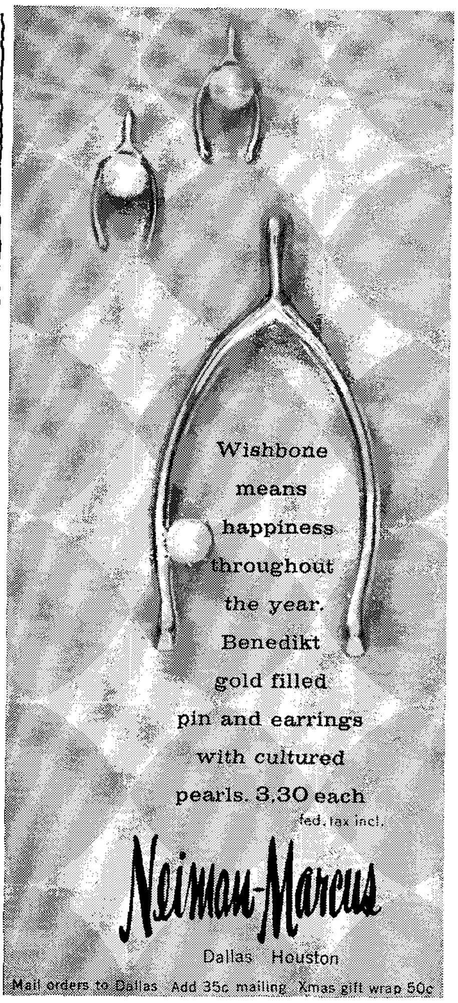
About eight dollars at good stores and college shops.

The Villager T.M.REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

situation changed; the fog blanket rose a few feet, and the man in the sports car was speeding past the creeping buses. Now and then, heavy fog starts a foot or so above the ground, and cats and dogs have no trouble with it.

When fog invades London, the smoke from factory chimneys, locomotives, and domestic fires, together with the exhaust fumes from cars and trucks, cannot escape into the upper air, and the mixture produces bizarre effects in the color and character of the fog. In the last century, fogs were, generally speaking, even more bizarre, and what may be the first use of the term "pea soup" to describe the color of fog occurs in John Timbs' "Curiosities of London, Exhibiting the Most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis," published in 1855: "Sometimes it [the fog] is of a bottle-green colour. . . . At other times it is of pea-soup yellow; in the midst of which the street gas-lights appear like the pin-head lamps of old. The latter is the genuine 'London Fog.' " A somewhat later comment, by a veteran meteorologist, contained a lot about other effects of the fog but was reticent about its color. "Hansom cabs and other vehicles might find themselves on the footways," the comment goes, "and in the general chaos one heard a good deal of good-humoured Cockney banter interspersed with more caustic gibes. A pedestrian could easily spend the evening looking for his house round the corner, and when he did get home would find the rooms half filled with the choking fog. . . . Sometimes, I would slink away to one of the great railway termini to reassure myself that there were limits to the be-sooted city beyond which lay the beauty of woods and hills. . . . I recall, too, how utterly gruesome it was on such days of Stygian gloom to see the Victorian funerals, with their plumed black steeds and craped mutes, stalking through the dismal streets." Then, as now, London fog could become so dense that one is tempted to believe the hyperbole of the physician Andrew Wynter, who wrote, in 1874, "If I were to jump up it would . . . support me in mid-air." Wynter was anything but reticent about the color of the fog. "By turns," he remarked, "we have seen these fogs brown, green, orange, and slate colour, and when these chameleon changes have been gone through, a mixture of colours, which has been likened to a bad bruise, winds up the whole display." Though nowadays, with various smoke-control ordinances strictly enforced, and with diesel and



Wishbone means happiness throughout the year. Benedikt gold filled pin and earrings with cultured pearls. 3.30 each
fed. tax incl.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston
Mail orders to Dallas Add 35c mailing Xmas gift wrap 50c

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

"GR" $455.

In the U. S. A. . . . But Isles Away . . .
Fabulous
Indies House
On the exotic Florida Keys
DUCK KEY, FLORIDA

Truly a place where nice people meet
Enjoy Florida's warmest winter climate
And our luxurious charming atmosphere

electric locomotives replacing steam and central heating replacing open fires, the color spectrum of the London fogs is less sweeping, although as a bad fog changes quickly from white to yellow gray or plain gray to black, the effect is still sensational enough.

THE price that London pays for its fogs has been variously calculated, but all authorities agree that it is immense. Back in 1899, the Honourable Rollo Russell, a meteorologist, delivered a speech, much of which rings true today, in which he listed the damage—financial, aesthetic, moral, physiological, and psychological—caused not only by fog per se but by the "careless and almost barbaric habit of burning crude coal in open fireplaces and pitching the resulting dirt into that vital air." He estimated that the fog and filthy air annually cost London something like five million two hundred thousand pounds—prewar pounds, of course—and he broke this down into two million pounds for "extra washing for a city with suburbs containing four million inhabitants," a million pounds for "dresses, curtains, carpets, blinds, and other textile fabrics damaged and renewed," and the remainder for such things as "wallpaper blackened and replaced; houses painted inside and outside more frequently; restoring gilding, metalwork, shopfronts, signs, street names; depreciation or restoring of art works; slow destruction of stonework, granite, marble, on public and private buildings; destruction of mortar, cement, etc.; window-cleaning of public and private buildings, station roofs and skylights; chimney sweeping (1,000,000 chimneys at 1s. each); extra gas used owing to shortened morning and evening light; extra candles and lamps of all kinds; extra fuel burnt owing to want of sunshine caused by smoke; loss of time by artists of all kinds, including photographers; loss by tarnishing action of smoky air; loss of time in fogs by delay in conveyances, damage to goods by delay in transit, accidents of all sorts, fog signals; waste of one-fourth of the coal used by uneconomical kitchen ranges and fireplaces." Nor was this all. "Many uncertain items, such as the residence of wealthy English and Americans abroad, rather than in the smoke of London, are not included," Russell added, and later he went into other deplorable effects of the smoky fog. "It is said that the lungs of a man who has lived all his life in London are found choked with black matter," he observed. "Is it not probable that the

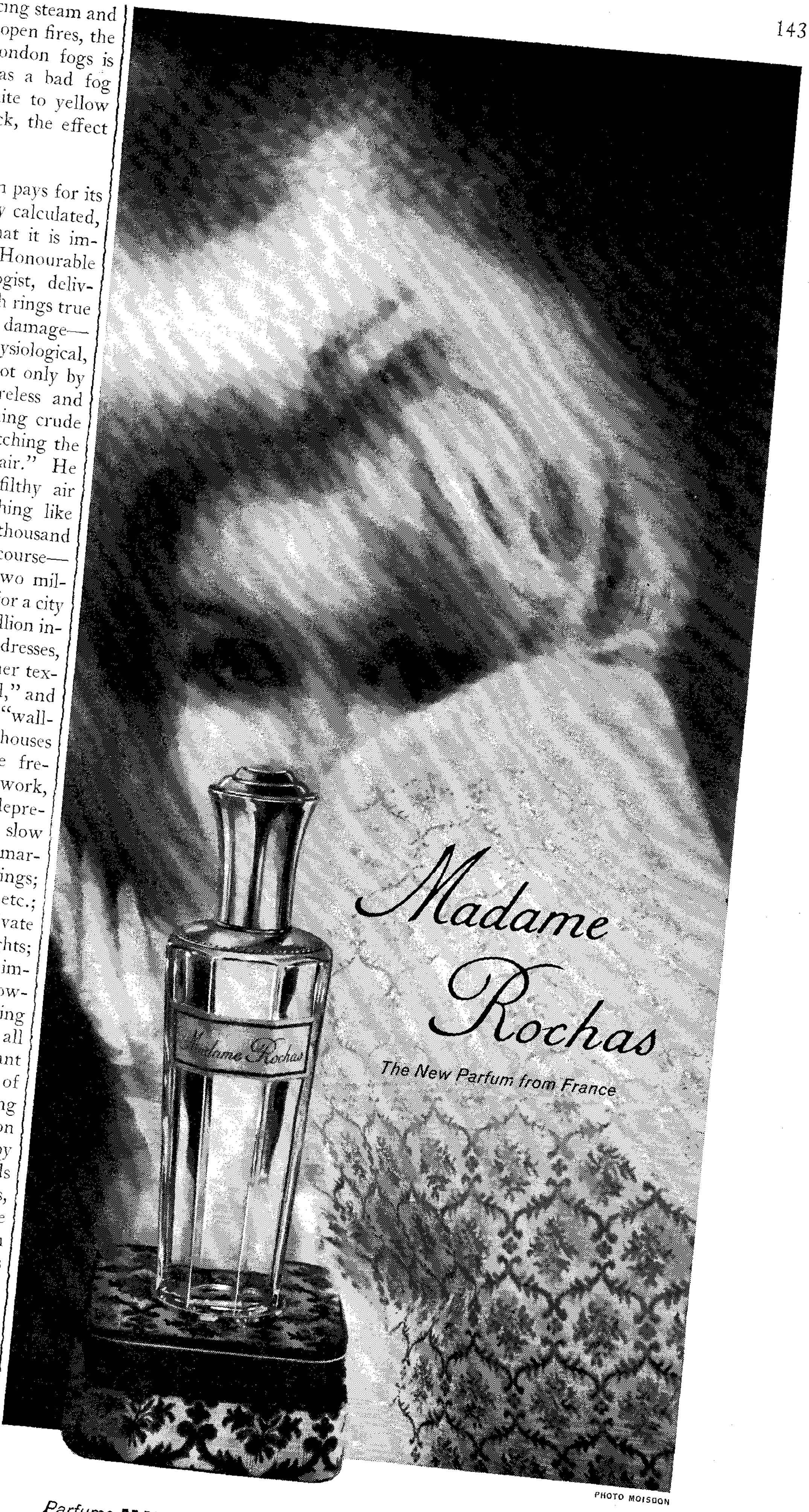
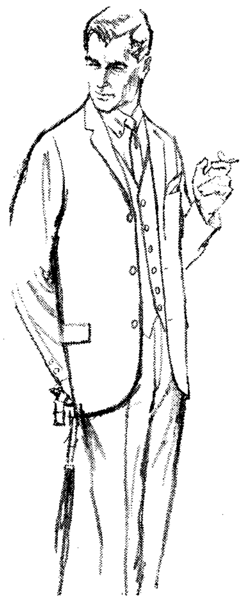


PHOTO MOISSON

Parfums **MARCEL ROCHAS** *$5 to $100, plus tax. At Finest Stores*

Encouragement for GENTLEMEN



THE WAY IS OPEN without fear or favor for interested gentlemen to seize their NATURAL RIGHT to clothing combining the much-desired virtues of AUTHENTIC NATURAL CUT with the lasting benefit of HONEST TAILORING at a fair and equitable price calculated to give SATISFACTION.

That ancient tyranny under which each new man seeking freedom of dress was made to suffer the BARBS of RIDICULE, the NAGGING of CUCKOLDS, and the SNUBS of SNOBS who reserved that right to themselves alone—that tyranny has now been toppled!

DAROFF, tailor of Philadelphia (The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear) offers to all men encouragement and AUTHENTIC APPAREL free from compromise. Well-tempered garments, each and every one carrying THE 'BOTANY' 500 LABEL as a mark of pride and a proof of quality.

'BOTANY' 500 tailored by Daroff suits $69.50 (vest included), Sport coats $39.95, Topcoats $65.00 (slightly higher in the West), and are sold only by apparel stores of HIGH REPUTE. Inquiries may be addressed to: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania (a division of Botany Industries).

'BOTANY' 500®
tailored by DAROFF
of Philadelphia
(The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear)

rarity of true Cockneys of the fifth generation may be partly accounted for by the absence of ozone and the presence of this pernicious ingredient in London air? The moral reaction to this atmosphere is also worth consideration. We have the strongest testimony that many who have been good housewives in the country, after an abode of some time in London, give up the attempt to keep their houses clean and become quite disheartened in their efforts to make the surroundings of their families bright and pleasant."

The most damaging of London's fogs in the last ten years arrived on the night of December 4, 1952. On the first day, the fog was confined to the city, but on the second it spread to the suburbs. It reached a maximum height of five hundred feet, which meant that people could stand on Box Hill, a seven-hundred-foot eminence in Surrey, about twenty miles southwest of London, and look down at the shrouded city. For four days and nights, the chimneys of London and the exhausts of vehicles poured forth carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide and sulphur dioxide and what not, which produced a degree of pollution that, according to some meteorologists, matched any in history. The number of milligrams of smoke per cubic metre went up to hundreds of times the average, and the smoke attracted still more moisture, which made the fog denser. Then, on the morning of December 9th, the fog was dispersed by a southwest wind, and the air became crystal clear.

Soon afterward, reports on the effects of the fog began coming in. "The December disaster," a survey by Britain's National Society for Clean Air declared, "can be compared only with the worst nineteenth-century fogs, and may indeed have been worse than those." The Ministry of Health announced that during the week in which the fog occurred forty-seven hundred people died in Greater London, compared to the previous ten-year average of eighteen hundred and fifty a week, and the number of people dying of pneumonia and bronchitis went up from an average of seventy to eight hundred and seventy. "An increase in deaths from the bronchitis, pneumonia and heart failure following respiratory distress is of course common to severe smoke fogs," wrote Dr. W. P. D. Logan, the chief medical statistician of the General Register Office. "But there is reason to believe that the fog incident in December 1952 caused deaths in London on a scale possibly never experienced before." (Ani-

English Leather®

English Leather
MEM COMPANY INC

after shave...
after shower...
after hours... the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax
MEM COMPANY
67 Irving Place, New York

FABIAN
Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHER
OF PRESIDENTS
48 East 50th St., New York
PL 5-6233

KOBE COAT

Comfortable, simple, light . . . for the man who enjoys his leisure. Made in the Orient of "Fuji" . . . a silken rayon mixture. Finely striped in Maroon, Blue, or Golden Brown. One size fits all.
$10 ppd.
JU 2-3622
send for new catalog
Penthouse Gallery
Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y-143, N.Y. 19

Plaisir complet!*
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J. BOISSIERE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY
CHAMBERY
DENNIS & HUPPERT INC
MERCIER
BRUT
Champagne
MERCIER
Epernay
Prince Hubert de POLIGNAC
COGNAC
V.S.O.P

***The ultimate ingredients to give you "complete pleasure"... for the hour, the mood, the food ... come in these three bottles imported from France.**

BOISSIÈRE VERMOUTH... imported from France. This original Dry White Vermouth from Chambéry conjures up the Perfect Martini. Crystal clear. Crisp. Dry. Delightfully smooth and consistently pleasant to your palate. And, when you wish to create the finest of Manhattans ... unsticky and light ... you will want the superbly right nuance of flavor found only in Boissière French Sweet Vermouth.

BOISSIERE

CHAMPAGNE MERCIER... celebrate happily, festively, with the real champagne created and bottled in France. It transforms ordinary 'round-the-clock events into Special Occasions. Makes Special Occasions even more memorable. Its price? A mere sou more than what you'd pay for domestic sparkling wines that may bear the champagne label, but *not the true champagne brilliance* of Mercier.

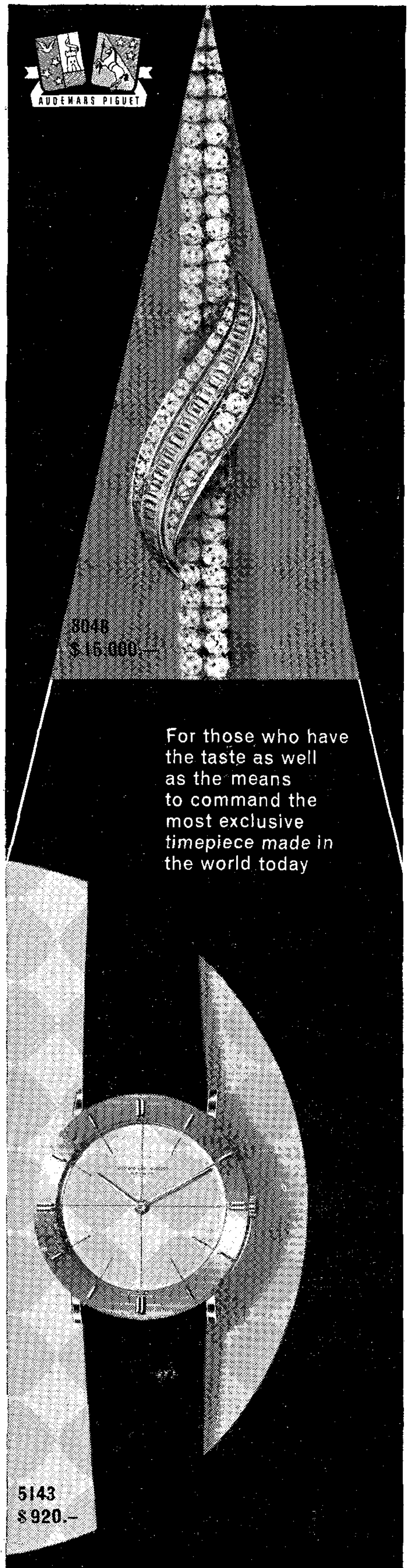
MERCIER

COGNAC POLIGNAC... classic grande finale to dinner...poured amber gold into a glass. Cognac Polignac is the connoisseur's cognac. Savor its vital glowing flavor, its exquisite bouquet. Only Cognac Polignac guarantees superb quality, such eloquent perfection, because only Polignac is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France.

80 AND 84 PROOF COGNAC

POLIGNAC

IMPORTED BY DENNIS AND HUPPERT, NEW YORK



For those who have the taste as well as the means to command the most exclusive timepiece made in the world today

AUDEMARS PIGUET
Geneva

Audemars Piguet & Co., Inc.
665 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

mals and plants, too, suffered during the fog. Many cattle contracted pneumonia and died, and many others survived only because they were given injections of antibiotics. A Scottish herdsman who had been accustomed to protecting his cattle from fog and smoke by covering their noses with sacks soaked in eucalyptus oil ran out of it and soaked the sacks in Scotch whiskey instead; the cattle remained healthy. As for plants, the only safety measure that seemed to work was coating their leaves with Vaseline. This, naturally, could not be done on a wide scale, and the fog created havoc among practically all varieties of plants, from grass to begonias.)

The total financial cost of a major fog is hard to pin down, but the National Society for Clean Air estimated that the four-day fog in 1952 cost London ten million pounds in expenses, depreciation, and lost time. Usually, it has been computed, a fully formed fog means a loss to London of one and a half *million pounds a day.* Most fog expense accounts list only working hours lost and damage suffered, but in any calculation of the actual cost many other items must be taken into account. Cars and trucks are driven in low gear, and therefore use more fuel. Trains run slowly, and use more coal or electricity. If a steamer misses the morning tide on the Thames, the shipping line has to pay out hundreds of pounds a day in extra wages, food, and port charges. Everybody spends more on lighting and heating. Some people, however, profit. "London laundry managers like a heavy fog at the beginning of autumn," one of them has said. "It puts people into the habit of using laundries, instead of doing their own washing, right through the winter." Chemists' shops usually do a brisk trade in gauze fog masks, aspirin, and cough medicine. Travel agents, too, appear to do well. "People subconsciously think of sunshine in the winter, and a bad fog helps them make up their minds," one travel agent told me. "We've had lots of people come in during the worst fogs and wistfully inquire about summer holidays."

THE Meteorological Office in London has the thankless task of forecasting fogs. The forecasts are broadcast over the B.B.C. and instantly transmitted to newspapers, railways, bus lines, the shipping companies and airlines, the police, and the hospitals. Inevitably, the Meteorological Office now and then fails to forecast a fog or

BONWIT TELLER

For holiday travelers...
BROCADE JEWEL ROLL
Silk case only at Bonwit's with flower pattern on background of blue, rose, gold or ivory. 3 zippered sections lined in beige suede. 8½" x 4" folded, 22.00
Mail and phone orders filled. Add 30¢ shipping outside reg. del. area. No c.o.d's.
Gifts and Antiques. At all Bonwit stores.

Nearby Enjoyment
IN PRINCETON
Enjoy fine food and attractive accommodations in a lovely setting adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 charming guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Function rooms. Excellent golf.
DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200
PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

TWEEDS and WEEDS
EL PASEO
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA
Cashmere Capes
Weightless Warmth from Scotland
Luscious colors! A featherlight knit! Fits shoulder-smooth. Wear daytime or formal evenings. MUNRO-SPUN'S superb Cashmere.
Sky Blue
Shell Pink
Cherry
Lilac
White
Black
$39.50
Mail orders gift wrapped if desired.
Write: Tweeds and Weeds
Santa Barbara, California

PAN-CAKE*
makes you perfect!
MAX FACTOR

Pan-Cake make-up covers as no other make-up can. Flaws and blemishes disappear. Your face is one clear Dresden smoothness, delicately tinted, radiantly pretty. And Pan-Cake make-up is enriched with lanolin that always pampers your skin. Pan-Cake* makes you perfect.

©1961, MAX FACTOR & CO. *PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR CAKE MAKE-UP • GOWN BY MARUSIA • FUR BY FUHRMAN

Our exclusive "Salty" pajama of fine broadcloth

Inspired by the casual élan of the seaman's middy, and tailored of smooth cotton broadcloth, our "Salty" pajama is a distinguished companion for lounging and reposing. Solid color top with contrasting trim and trousers. Gold/navy, red/gray, sage green/black, light blue/sea-foam blue. A, B, C, D. **12.95**

Mail and phone orders filled. Outside delivery area add 55¢.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

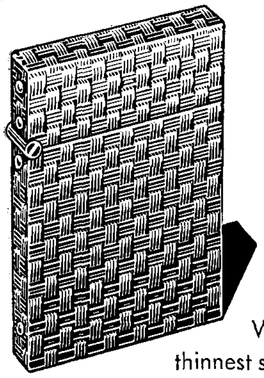
New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

forecasts one that does not come. One day a few Novembers ago, many Londoners stayed home after a forecast of "foggy much of the day, with dense fog in the morning and again in the evening." The fog never amounted to much—a brisk easterly wind dispelled it—but the damage was done. "The Caterers' Association of Great Britain protested yesterday against false alarms of fog," the London *Times* reported. "They said that the forecast had a severe effect upon the restaurant trade, particularly in the West End of London, where thousands of pounds of business have been lost unnecessarily." When the Meteorological Office is caught off guard, however, as it was on a recent January weekend, the results can be far worse. "A thick, terrifying fog swept over London as millions were eating their Sunday dinner," the *Daily Express* noted. "In a few seconds the thin, gray daylight was gone. In its place was black midnight. People in the streets stopped and had to grope their way home by traffic lights. Women and children screamed. . . . Frightened people asked, 'Has the atom bomb exploded?' One woman in East Croydon Station covered her child's head with her coat and knelt to pray. A bearded man walked up and down outside the town hall announcing the end of the world. A policeman came. The bearded man ran away throwing religious tracts into the streets. A flock of sparrows invaded Woolwich Tunnel. . . . In Canning Town the howling of the dogs brought people into the streets."

On foggy days, hundreds of people ring up the Meteorological Office to ask about the chances of the air's clearing up. The Office answers such queries diplomatically, following an "on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand" formula that has prompted a newspaper to say, "The Meteorological Office is less forthright about fog than about other weather." Actually, forecasting the duration of a fog and defining it in terms of visibility—the distance at which objects can be identified—are extremely difficult jobs. If visibility is any less than one kilometre—about eleven hundred yards—the Meteorological Office lets it be known that "fog prevails." If visibility is down to two hundred metres, the Office speaks of "thick fog." If it drops to forty metres or below, the term is "dense fog." That is as far as the Office goes, but the press and the public have a more dire classification—"visibility nil."

Even when visibility is nil or close to nil, it is astonishing how well most



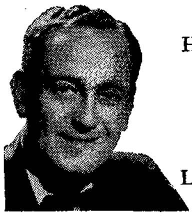
World's
thinnest sterling
silver lighter, less than
one quarter of an inch thick.
Basket-weave pattern
with sterling silver mechanism.
One and three-fourths inches high.
Sixteen dollars fifty cents
including federal tax. Add
fifty cents for shipping.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

from Italy... slippers of supple calf, luxurious, soft and foot-pampering. Black, blue, brown, olive . . . 7½ to 11. $15
Free Brochure

473 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.
306 N. Rodeo Dr.
Beverly Hills

Battaglia
Milano New York Beverly Hills



THE Café Carlyle

GEORGE FEYER
at the piano nightly

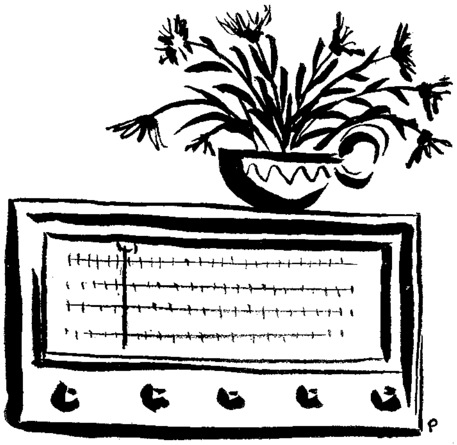
An intimate setting in Hotel Carlyle. Open daily from 6:30 for cocktails, after theater drinks, supper dishes. Business Men's Luncheon served daily 12 Noon-2:30. Ladies invited Saturdays.

Madison Ave. and 76th Street

Londoners contrive to make their way about, and foreigners are often surprised at the confidence and dexterity of the city's drivers—of buses, of cabs, and even of private cars—in fogs that would bring traffic to a standstill elsewhere. London has unusually powerful street lamps, and these help, but an even more important factor is plain daring and ingenuity. In Britain, of course, one drives on the left side of the road, and in British cars the steering wheel is on the right; during a fog, many a driver will move over to the left, stick his head out of the window to watch the curb, and steer with outstretched right hand. This takes considerable skill, and sometimes a driver who is not alone in his car will let somebody else watch the curb, but one experienced man has told me that he considers this a dangerous practice. "Where physical impressions are concerned, you must trust no one but yourself," he said.

The men who drive London's taxicabs carry on in fog as long as they feel that they can see enough to be safe. "The blokes under forty-five will take more chances than we older blokes will," one white-haired driver told me. "When it gets really bad, I quit. I was at home for three days during the 1952 fog. Twenty yards' visibility is about my limit. Cabs and other public vehicles must carry a special fog light below the left headlight. This throws its beam against the curb, and is very helpful. Then, too, people unbend a little and help each other. I remember a sudden bad fog a few years ago in Finchley Road, when the visibility was not more than a couple of yards. Passengers would take turns carrying flares or torches and walking ahead of a convoy of cars. Still, fog driving is a killing game."

The headquarters of the London Transport Executive, which runs the metropolitan subway and bus services, refuses, as far as it can, to recognize the existence of fog. There are no spe-



HELP WANTED

Certified Rain Maker

Fashionable resort in sun-drenched Acapulco, Mexico, requires the services of a registered, reliable rain maker with record of proven performance.

This internationally famed hotel caters to every whim of guests (luxurious accommodations, superb food, 2 swimming pools, all water sports, tennis, golf, etc. etc. etc.) but management was recently asked by a sun-worshiping poolside guest, "Doesn't it ever rain in Acapulco?". Now wants to offer further divertisement as relief from pleasant monotony of sun-saturated days under clear azure skies and moonlit nights under canopy of stars.

If you are the man or woman for this challenging assignment, send qualifications and references to: Mr. C. F. Rogers, Manager

HOTEL
PIERRE MARQUES
ACAPULCO, MEXICO

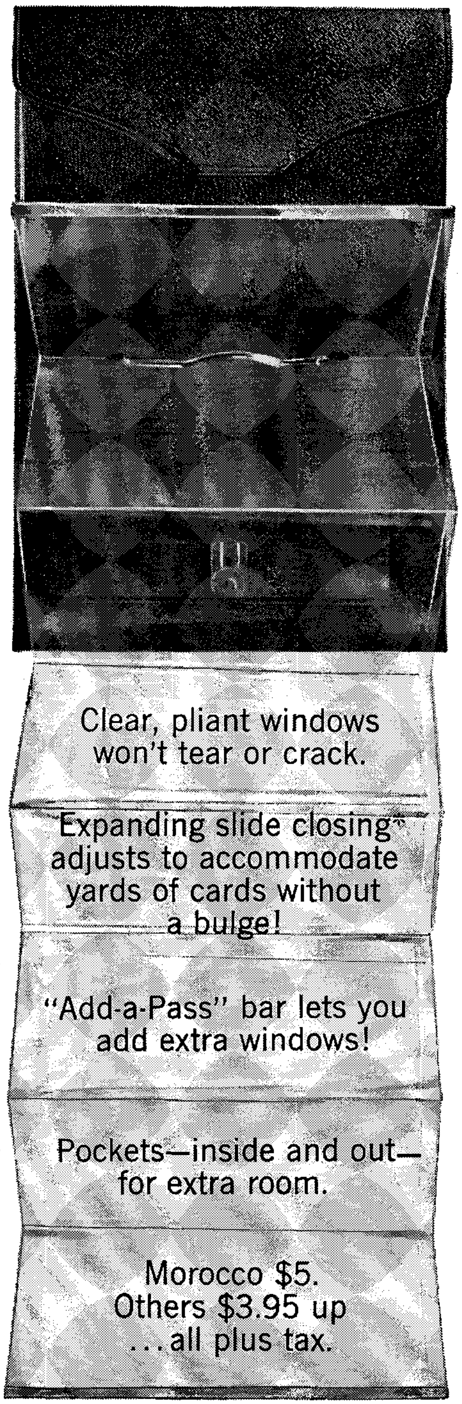
or visit the nearest Travel Agent or our representatives **Robert F. Warner, Inc.** in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Toronto, and London; or **Glen W. Fawcett, Inc.** in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Dallas, Portland, San Diego and Vancouver.

Affiliated with The Hotel Pierre, New York City

P.S. in Mexico City, the place to stay is the Reforma

(see page 151)

new
'yards-of-cards'



Clear, pliant windows won't tear or crack.

Expanding slide closing* adjusts to accommodate yards of cards without a bulge!

"Add-a-Pass" bar lets you add extra windows!

Pockets—inside and out—for extra room.

Morocco $5. Others $3.95 up ...all plus tax.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

PRINCE GARDNER® *Pat. Pending

Prince Gardner Co., 1234 So. Kingshighway, St. Louis 10, Mo.

cial fog arrangements or fog emergency rules, and a fog must be very bad indeed, like the one that occurred in 1952, before a London Transport spokesman will admit that "bus service is more or less at a standstill in nearly all areas, including central London." A man at headquarters told me, "We leave it up to the local operating officials to continue service as best they can. Normally, we keep things going quite well. Some services may run a little late, but people will hardly notice it." Whether or not that is so, I got some idea of the hazards involved by talking with one of the "local operating officials"—a man who drove big, red double-decker buses for more than forty years and is now a bus dispatcher working in front of Victoria Station. A weather-beaten man who would be a comforting sight at the wheel of a bus even when the visibility outside was nil, he is philosophical about fog. "It was much worse in the old days," he told me. "I remember a real pea-souper when I was driving the No. 46 bus to Alperton. I went slowly, keeping close to the curb, but after a while it got so bad that I couldn't see the curb. I decided to stop altogether. The passengers and I sat in that bus for four hours, and it seemed like four weeks. When the fog lifted, the bus was on a plot of grass seventy-five yards off the road and only a few yards away from the top of a steep embankment. The newspapers have often demanded that all bus routes and important highways be equipped with cat's-eyes—small glass reflectors—instead of white lines. Some roads do have cat's-eyes, and I can tell you that although it's nerve-racking to drive thirty or forty miles watching the cat's-eyes come up beyond the hood of your bus, it's much worse to drive without them. If a driver hits fog during a run, he makes his own decision. We dispatchers can't tell a driver what to do, because we don't know what he is going to find out there on the road. Our drivers are experienced men, but, of course, they differ in temperament. Some take a chance and some don't. When a bad fog hits the road, the driver tries to proceed, following the curb. When he is no longer able to see the curb, the conductor walks ahead of the bus carrying a strong flare, and the driver follows him. A driver will sometimes change his route to avoid a certain thick patch of fog. We place open flares near all bus stops. But I've known nights when I couldn't see the flares. So, you see, you can't make a hard-and-fast rule."

The motormen of London's subur-

The Innsbruck
FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS
Rugged scratch finish hat to blend with tweeds and country clothes
Lovat green, dark grey, dark brown
$20
MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL
F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

VENISON FESTIVAL
Nov. 14th thru 19th
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

Imported Bavarian BEER
It is 1643 when you drink
Würzburger Hofbräu
Unchanged for over 300 years
Original Beer Imp. & Dist. Co. Inc., New York 16, N.Y.

ban trains look upon fog as the worst problem they have to cope with. "I've spent thirty-six years on steam engines and eight years on electric trains, but I'll never get used to fog," one motorman told me at London's Waterloo Station. "When it gets thick, it's very tough. Of course, we have signals, but as soon as you pass one you wonder if you're going to see the next one. Ordinarily, it's an hour and forty minutes from Portsmouth to London, but I remember an evening when I left Portsmouth at six o'clock and got to London at three in the morning. You get awfully worried and lonesome in the driver's cab on a foggy night, knowing that the lives of hundreds of people may be at stake. When you finally do bring your train in, you feel you've had it." Another motorman has written, "There is the almost stupefying realization that the next danger signal may be completely obliterated, or, indeed, has already been passed, and that the tail-light of the preceding train may be only a few yards ahead. Such anxieties beggar description."

Bad fogs have caused some bad railroad accidents, though, again, not as often as some people suppose. (The worst occurred in December, 1957, when eighty-seven people were killed in a collision of two electric trains at Lewisham, in southeast London.) The fact that there are relatively few accidents can be partly attributed to a device called "automatic train control," which sounds a warning inside the driver's cab and applies the brakes automatically if the driver fails to apply them within a few seconds. I was told by an official of British Railways that the fog problem is always under study, that additional signals are switched on in case of a bad fog, and that men are sent to put detonators on the track at the signal points when heavy fog comes. But fog sometimes comes suddenly, and trains keep going even though no men with detonators turn up. An anecdote popular among railway employees has it that a motorman once got out of his cab and climbed the signal post to see what color the light on top was. That's a story no one I talked to was able to confirm.

LONDON'S battle against the effects of its fogs goes back to at least the thirteenth century, when, in the reign of Edward I, there was much agitation against the use of "sea coal" (the old term for bituminous coal), which was widely used and which produces an extraordinary amount of smoke. One

Headquarters of the Intercontinental Set in Mexico City

Drive up the elegant Paseo de la Reforma. Past baroque statues recalling the distant days of a Mexican Emperor from Vienna. Past the exhilarating sweep of glass and tile that speaks of Mexico City today. Past fabulous little shops. Theatres. Fine restaurants. Then stop! ■ Here in the colorful heart of the city—convenient to everything you've come to see and enjoy—is the Hotel Reforma Intercontinental. The meeting place. For Mexican and American society. For the Intercontinental Set! ■ Gracious in a manner maintained today only in a few of the world's great hotels. Yet modern in every way that contributes to comfort. You dine magnificently on a truly international cuisine. Recline sumptuously in your hushed and airy room. And always step out refreshed, ready for the excitement of the city. Your travel agent knows the Reforma. Ask him. Write or call Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N.Y., or Roper Building, Miami, Florida.

P.S.

In Acapulco, the place
to stay is the famed
Hotel Pierre Marques
(see page 149)

Reforma

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

Familiar Comforts in Faraway Lands

Antilope
the love fragrance
PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

order by mail or phone at your favorite store • all plus tax

BATH & PERFUME OIL: 1/2 oz 5.00, 1 oz 8.50, 2 oz 15.00

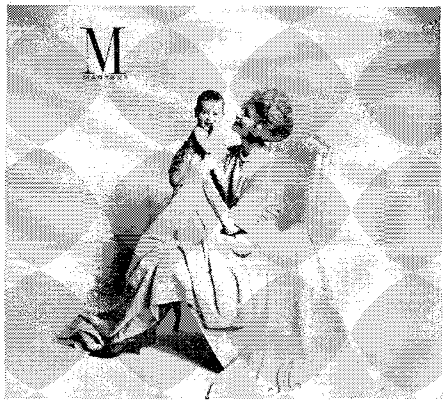
PERFUME: 1/4 oz 6.00, 3/7 oz 10.00, 6/7 oz 18.50,
1/4 oz purse spray 5.00 • TOILET WATER: 1 3/4 oz 3.50,
3 1/2 oz 6.00, 7 oz 10.00, 3 oz spray mist 5.00 • BATH POWDER: 8 oz 5.00

historian writes of conditions then, "In spite of efforts to check its use, brewers, dyers and others who used much fuel had commenced to burn coal instead of wood and charcoal; the nobles, prelates and others going to London to attend Parliament were greatly annoyed by the increasing smoke and fog and took the lead in getting up demonstrations against the obnoxious fuel and fog; they were joined by a great body of the populace." As a result of the agitation, a ban was issued prohibiting "artificers" from using sea coal in their furnaces, and the following year a commission was appointed "to inquire of all such who burnt sea coal in the city, or parts adjoining, and to punish them for the first offences with great fines and ransoms, and upon the second offence to demolish their furniture." It is recorded that in 1306 one artificer was executed for burning sea coal in London.

Nevertheless, centuries passed without much change in the atmosphere of London, and in 1661 John Evelyn, an author now best known for his diary, wrote a book called "FUMIFUGIUM, or The Inconvenience of the AER, and SMOAKE of LONDON DISSIPATED together With some REMEDIES humbly proposed, By John Evelyn Esq; To His Sacred MAJESTIE and To the PARLIAMENT now Assembled." Evelyn described the situation at length, in passages like this:

> I have strangely wondred and not without some just indignation, when the South-wind has been gently breathing, to have sometimes beheld that stately House and Garden belonging to my Lord of *Northumberland*, even as far as *Whitehall* and *Westminster*, wrapped in a horrid Cloud of this Smoake, issuing from a *Brew-house* or two continuous to that noble palace: so as coming up the River, that part of the City has appeared a *Sea* where no Land was within ken; the same frequently happens from a *Lime-kelne* on the *Banke-side* neer the *Falcon*, which when the Wind blowes Southern, dilates itself all over that Poynt of the *Thames*, and the opposite part of *London*, especially about St. Paul, poysoning the *Aer* with so dark and thick a Fog, as I have been hardly able to pass through it, and for the extraordinary stench and *halitus* it sends forth.

Evelyn went on to propose such remedies as turning all the noxious trades out of the center of town and, after getting rid of the "smoake," planting thousands of trees and shrubs that bear aromatic flowers, but King Charles II and his Parliament did nothing about these suggestions. "Our author," observed a publisher who put out a new edition of "FUMIFUGIUM" in 1772, in the reign of King George III, "was unfortunate



Why every grandmother loves Martex Patrician.

There is no finer towel she can buy for herself, for her very special gift list. Patrician is a proud towel, masterloomed from the very first choice Egyptian cotton. It is deeper, softer, richer than other towels. Proportioned to give full measure of luxury, the bath towel is 30″ x 52″. In colors of unexcelled purity...sixteen pastel shades and white. For all these reasons, Patrician makes an ideal Christmas gift. In selections ranging from a six-piece starter set for about $20, to a fifty-four piece monogrammed trousseau for about $300.

Every grandmother is invited to make her Patrician selections during November and December at the Martex Boutique in the towel departments of these fine stores:

Allentown, Pa.	Hess Brothers
Beverly Hills, Cal.	Saks Fifth Ave.
Charleston, S. C.	Kerrison's
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gattle's
Cleveland, Ohio	The May Company
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus
Dallas, Texas	Titche-Goettinger
Denver, Colo.	The May Co. D&F
Detroit, Mich.	Moseley's
Eugene, Oregon	The Bon Marche-Russells
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Company
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz Brothers
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Company
Las Vegas, Nevada	Ronzone's
Los Angeles, Cal.	*Grande Maison de Blanc
Los Angeles, Cal.	The May Co.—Wilshire
Los Angeles, Cal.	*J. W. Robinson Co.
Miami, Florida	Jordan Marsh
Newark, N. J.	*Hahne & Company
New York, N. Y.	**B. Altman & Co.*
New York, N. Y.	*Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y.	*McCutcheon's
New York, N. Y.	*Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.	*Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia, Pa.	*John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Arizona	Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon	*Meier & Frank Company
Providence, R. I.	The Shepard Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman Company
Rochester, N. Y.	McCurdy & Co.
Rockford, Illinois	D. J. Stewart & Co.
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's of Texas
San Diego, Cal.	The Marston Co.
San Francisco, Cal.	*The Emporium
San Francisco, Cal.	*Macy's
Santa Ana, Cal.	Bullock's
Scarsdale, N. Y.	Krey's
Schenectady, N. Y.	H. S. Barney Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Tucson, Arizona	Levy's of Tucson
Washington, D. C.	*Julius Garfinckel & Co.

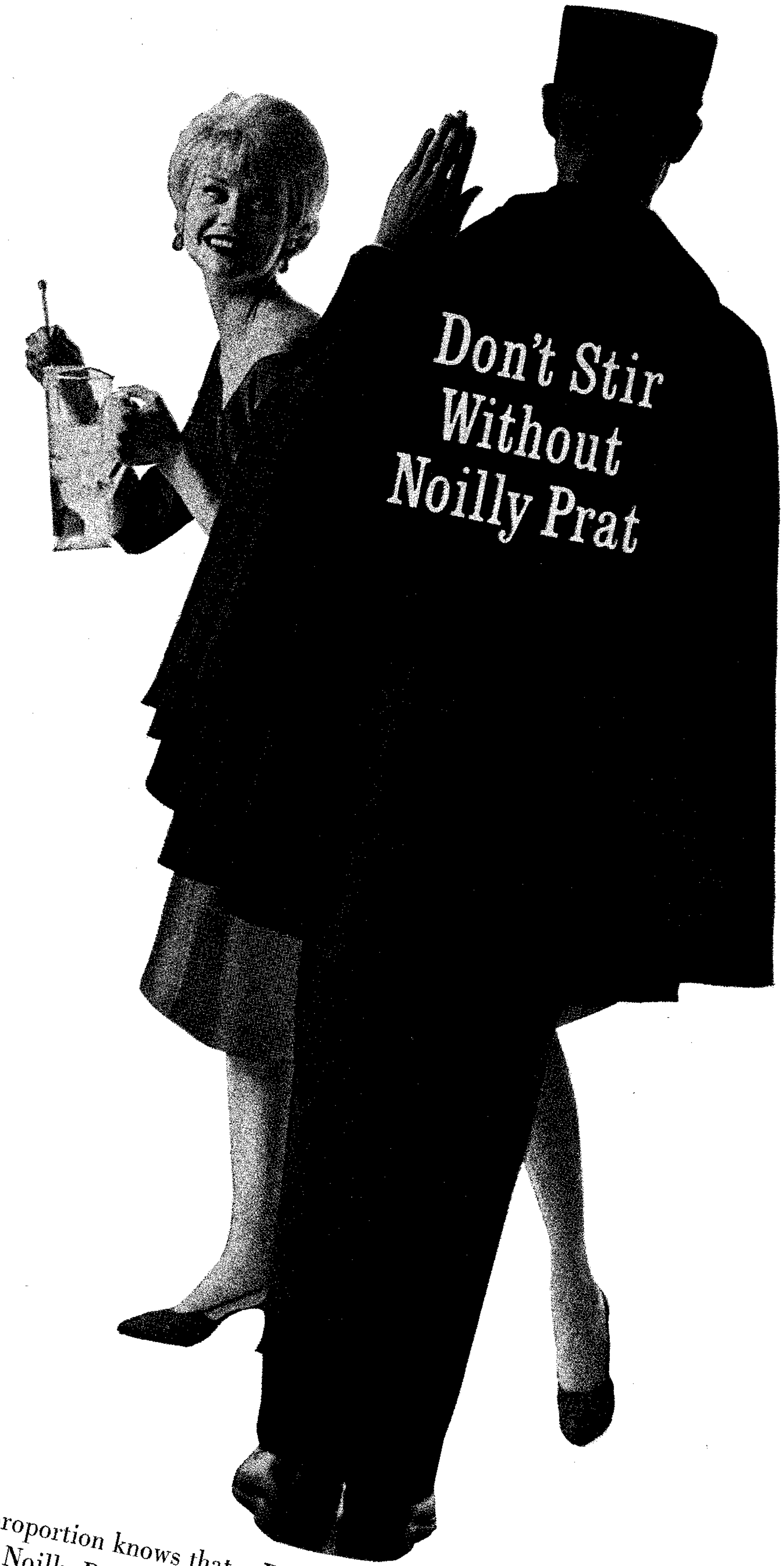
*Available at main stores and branches.

WEST POINT TEXTILES ®

Every grandmother loves Martex Patrician

For as long as she can remember, there have been Martex towels in her life. The time when her father fished her out of the pond and enveloped her in a towel, clothes and all. The time she folded her first towels into her hope chest. The time she encircled her first child in delicious Martex terry. Now, when she cuddles her grandchildren in the familiar security of a Martex towel, her memories abound in feelings of serenity and warmth. All associated with Martex towels. Always Martex towels because they've always been known as the finest. Her favorite Martex towel: "Patrician," the only towel she ever selects for gifts, the one she loves for herself. The most luxurious towel in all the world. $6.00. She buys them, monogrammed, at the Grandmother's Martex Boutique in the towel department of her favorite store.

MARTEX


Don't Stir
Without
Noilly Prat

The man with a sense of proportion knows that a Dry Martini is not a hooker of gin or vodka! He uses enough Extra Dry Noilly Prat to make its *civilizing* presence felt. Pale, but not pallid, this imported French Vermouth makes your cocktails come alive. Never stir without it!

NOILLY PRAT
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & C.

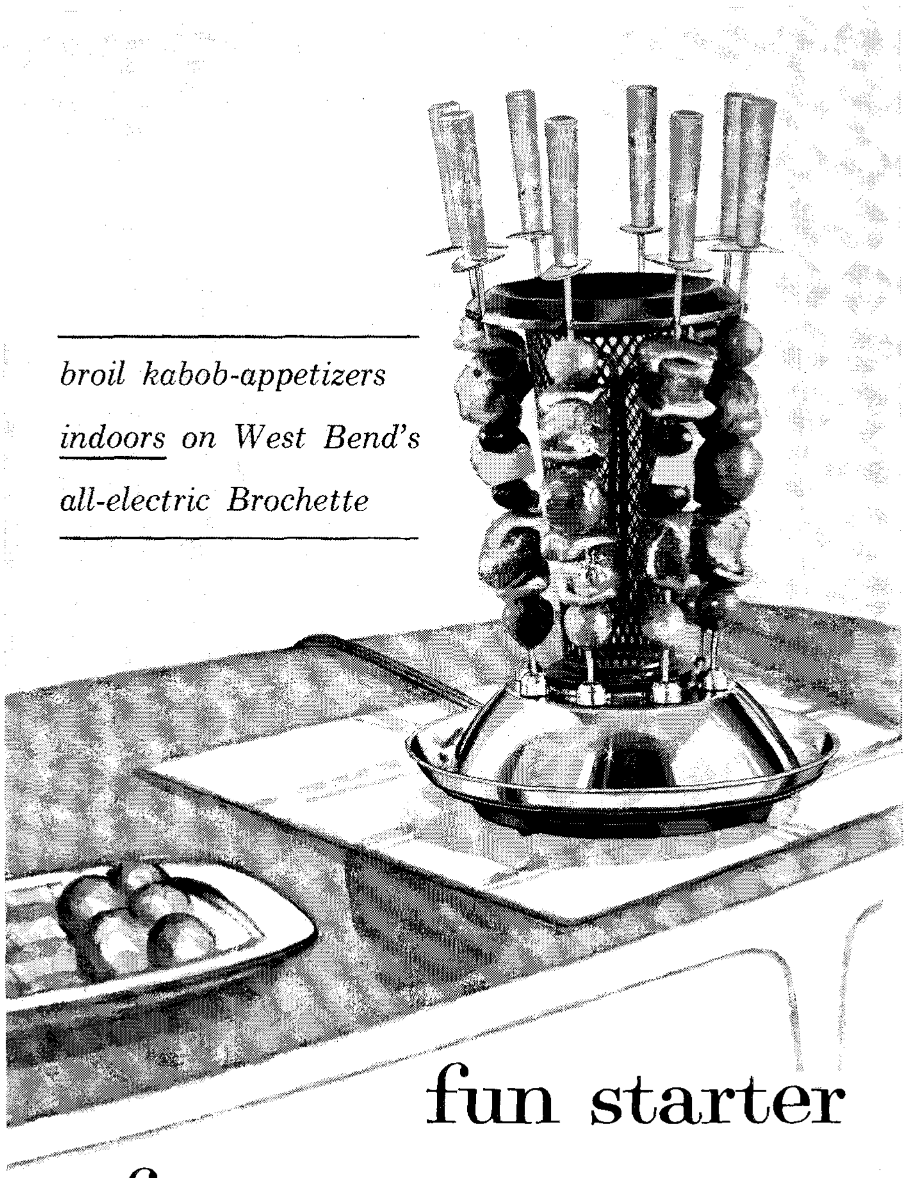
NOILLY PRAT EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

TRY IT SOLO, TOO: ON-THE-ROCKS, WITH A TWIST OF LEMON PEEL · BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

in recommending a work of such consequence to so negligent and dissipated a patron." Evelyn's tract was reprinted once more, in 1933, and in the introduction to that edition Rose Macaulay wrote: "We know of better remedies against coal-smoke today than Evelyn knew, who knew not of anthracite, electricity, coke, or gas. . . . [But] still do the chimneys of London and of the more dreadful cities to her north belch forth noxious and gloomy vapours from their sooty jaws. . . . We still say of our deceased country neighbour, 'he went up to London and took a great cold, etc., which he could never afterwards claw off again.'. . . Still we find soot in our chambers, and hear such snuffing, barking, and coughing in London churches and assemblies as is not (for all we or Mr. Evelyn know) to be found elsewhere under heaven."

Whatever Miss Macaulay wrote—and however skeptical ordinary Londoners may be about the matter—many meteorologists say that although little progress was made until the last fifty years or so, London fogs are now cleaner than they used to be, and perhaps somewhat less intense as well. As more and more of the city is paved, there is less water vapor, and the fogs that do develop are considerably less dirty. What Britain has not succeeded in doing, despite strenuous efforts, is to banish the fog. Late in September, 1942, an urgent message reached Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, then in charge of the Petroleum Warfare Department. The message read, "It is of great importance to find means to dissipate fog at aerodromes so that aircraft can land safely. Let full experiments to this end be put in hand by the Petroleum Warfare Department. They should be given every support." It was signed "Winston Churchill." The result was FIDO, which stood for "Fog Investigation Dispersal Operations," and which came also to stand for "Fog, Instant Dispersal Of"—a scientific system of burning holes in a blanket of fog to provide landing lanes for returning bombers. Fierce jets of burning gasoline along the landing strips simply melted the fog, but the effect of FIDO was limited, and its expense was fantastic. It cost six hundred and thirty-seven pounds—about twenty-five hundred dollars then, before the pound suffered its last devaluation—to keep a runway clear enough to let one plane land.

Until three years ago, the Ministry of Supply carried on some of the major fog research. The Ministry's scientists succeeded in dispersing an artificial fog, in

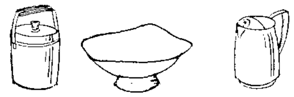

broil kabob-appetizers indoors on West Bend's all-electric Brochette

fun starter for your next party

Add creative fun and flavor to your party. Invite guests to "chef" their own kabob-appetizers on West Bend's *all-electric, indoor* Brochette. It's smokeless and only 16" high to use right on your cocktail table. 8 vertical skewers rotate automatically around the electric heating element, mingling juices and flavors for exotic, new food tastes. **$29.95**

Prices slightly higher in Canada and Hawaii. The West Bend Company (formerly West Bend Aluminum Co.), Dept. 65B, West Bend, Wisconsin.

Contemporary Stainless Steel



ICE BUTLER $15.95
FRUIT BOWL $13.95
BEVERAGE SERVER $9.95

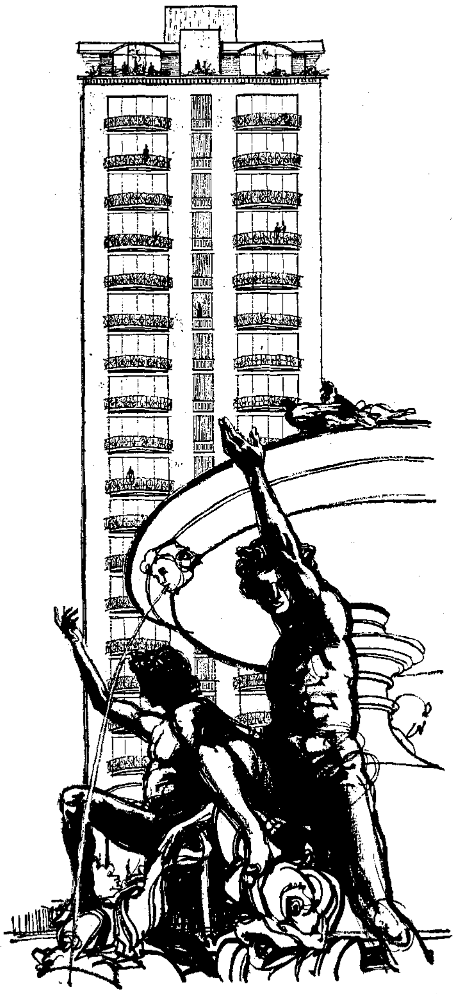
West Bend

See famous products from the West Bend Happy Homemaker House
at housewares, hardware, gift and appliance stores

Embrace the life of San Francisco

The Nob Hill, on Huntington Park, will soon rise above this fine city. Its twenty-two stories, affording splendid views, will house the most beautiful apartment-homes in San Francisco. These are now for sale under a unique plan for community apartments, which offers you distinct financial advantages. For a handsome folder full of details, write to us at 1170 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 8, California.

The Nob Hill on Huntington Park

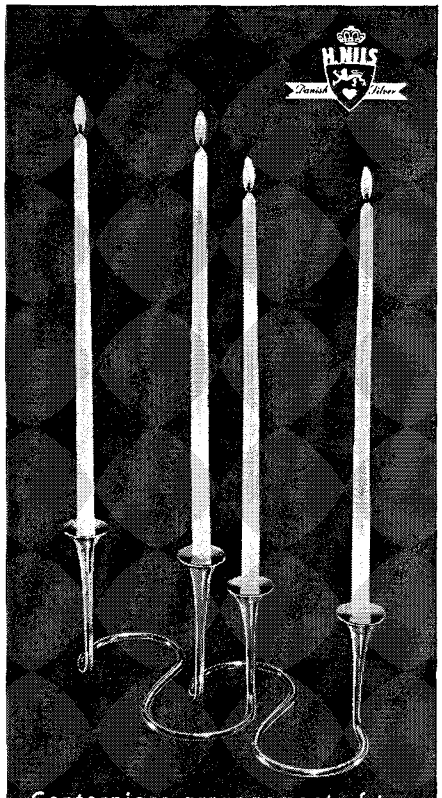


Architects:
John Carl Warnecke & Associates, A.I.A.
Builders: Haas and Haynie, San Francisco

a chamber as big as a church, by means of a chemical spray that made the fog fall like rain, but progress, in the words of a Ministry official, "was not being made very rapidly." In 1958, therefore, the job was handed over to the Battersea College of Technology. Soon afterward, Dr. George Elton, the scientist in charge of the College's fog-research unit, went up in a plane and spread chemicals that turned some fog into rain. Again, however, the method proved too costly to be of any practical value; too many aircraft would be needed to clear too small an area. Once this sad fact had been incontrovertibly established, the experiments of the Battersea College of Technology came to a standstill, and Dr. Elton gave up fog research in favor of a more cheerful job—that of director of the British Baking Industries Research Association.

Other ideas for eliminating fog have been suggested, and a few of them were recently summarized by a meteorologist who has been in close touch with still another anti-fog agency—the Atmospheric Pollution Division of the British Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. "You can send aircraft above the fog bank and pour onto it ether particles and cut a narrow swath in it," he said. "With ultrasonic sound waves, you can make the fog droplets fall down as rain, which is an ingenious but not yet practical method of shifting fog on a large scale. You can use explosives, which do the same thing more noisily. All very good, but not good enough when a great city like London has a pea-souper. The fact is that we have not yet found a practical scheme for destroying fog, and even if atomic energy were to give us the means of eliminating fog by heating the two-thousand-square-mile floor of Greater London to a temperature that could be thermostatically adjusted to that of the air layer above the ground, the cost would be astronomical."

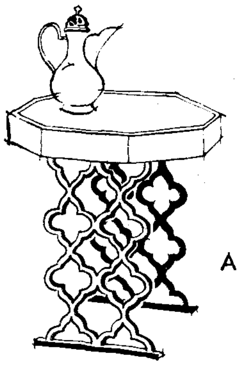
During a bad fog, the mass-circulation newspapers often publish wistful stories, under headlines like " 'OPERATION EMERGENCY' WITHIN FIFTEEN YEARS," which say that the scientists are on the verge of solving the problem of fog. "Squadrons of helicopters mowing great paths of visibility with gas and chemical sprays along fog-bound roads, railways, shipping lanes, and airport runways . . . in experiments now being made which will eventually win the fight against fog, prove that our scientists know how to disperse fog," such a story went in the *Daily Herald* of January 30, 1959. The truth, how-



H. NILS Danish Silver

Centerpiece arrangement of two 2-armed "S" candlesticks. Made in Denmark in sterling silver, each one is $48 including fed. tax, white 10" tapers, gift-wrapping and shipping.
H. NILS
DANISH SILVER
573 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

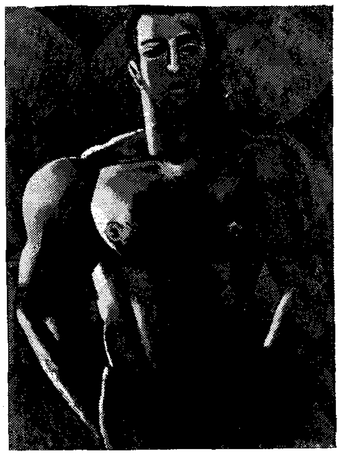
INTERIORS



ORIGINALS
by
GEORGE
COHEN

UNIQUE
ACCESSORIES

CREATIVE East
150 E. 19th STREET CH 3-7024



HARTLEY Light Heavy 1940

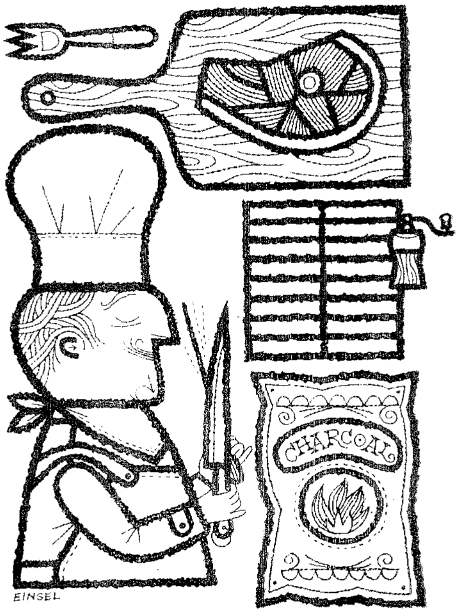
THE ALAN GALLERY
766 MADISON AVENUE AT 66TH STREET
NEW YORK 21 LEHIGH 5-3113

ever, is that no such massive solutions are in sight. In fact, one of Britain's leading experts on the subject, Arnold Marsh, O.B.E., director and secretary of the National Society for Clean Air, states flatly, "Nothing practicable can be done about natural fog except FIDO, and, of course, we're not rich enough for large-scale FIDO."

Understandably enough, then, Britain has been putting more effort into taming than into destroying its fogs. The most recent campaign was launched by the Beaver Committee, or the Committee on Air Pollution, established by Parliament in 1953 under the chairmanship of Sir Hugh Beaver, which came up the following year with one of the most comprehensive official reports in history on the subject of fog. "Clean air is to be given the status of clean water" was the theme of the report, and it proposed a clean-air act, which was duly passed in 1956, and which provided for the gradual elimination of the "dark smoke" emerging from factories, ships, and railroads—mainly by switching from coal to electricity, if necessary with government help. The law also instituted the creation of "smokeless zones," or areas in which the emission of smoke from chimneys, domestic or industrial, was entirely prohibited, among them the metropolitan boroughs of Marylebone, Bermondsey, Fulham, and Woolwich. (Actually, the City of London, the ancient square mile containing Britain's financial hub, had beaten them to the punch by issuing the same sort of regulation on its own in 1955.) All of these have been rendered smokeless according to the terms of the law, and other boroughs have since been tackling the problem; each year during the nineteen-sixties, hundreds of thousands of additional smokeless acres will be created. In ten years, although the fogs of London may be as frequent as ever, they will, if all goes well, not be anywhere near as dirty, deadly, or destructive as they are today.

STILL, ten years is a long time, and at the moment, anyway, a bad fog pushes other news off the front pages of the London papers. The *Times*, which gives a bad fog just about as extensive coverage as it gives to a major war or a disaster abroad, can be counted on for a sober presentation of all the pertinent details. On January 30, 1959, for instance—the second day of a two-day fog—it reported, among other things:

> A radio patrol leading traffic through a two-mile bank of fog at Swanley, Kent, had at times over 50 vehicles following. . . . An



Why Super Chief chefs insist on charcoal broiling

Chefs on the *Super Chief* are highly particular about the steaks they take aboard.

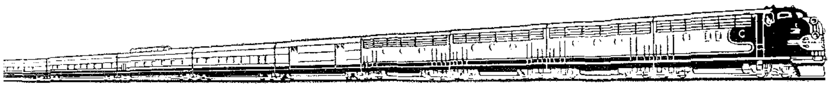
"Get us only aged, corn-fed beef," they say. "Then cut the steaks about an inch thick with just enough fat left on for flavor."

And they insist there's only one way to cook these prime steaks. Broil 'em fast over a glowing bed of red-hot charcoal. Because nothing brings out the natural flavor of good steak like charcoal broiling.

For this reason you'll find a charcoal grill in the kitchen of the *Super Chief* on its daily trips between Chicago and Los Angeles.

It's the extra little things like this that make a Santa Fe trip a unique experience in the world of travel.

Santa Fe



The Super Chief runs daily between Chicago and Los Angeles
For reservations, consult any Santa Fe Traffic Office or Travel Agent

SAMUEL PEPYS

money

"But it is pretty," Pepys said to himself (and thus, eventually, to us), "to see what money will do."

We agree with the great diarist.

It's our business to deal in money and *make* it do things . . . to bring together money available for investment and corporations with a use for money . . . to the benefit of investors and industries alike.

We have long experience in doing so. As underwriters and distributors of capital issues, it's our responsibility to develop satisfactory financial programs for our corporate clients, tying in current requirements with future capital needs. We work closely with the issuers of securities, to be certain that no important considerations are overlooked. We also do everything possible to make sure that the *suppliers* of that capital will be equally satisfied. And our professional services are valued by clients of both kinds.

If your company has ideas about something more money might do . . . and is considering an offering of securities, to obtain that money . . . why not discuss it with us first. You'll find the discussion useful.

Smith, Barney & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges

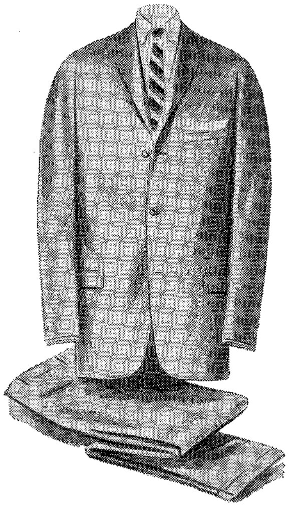
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

R.A.C. patrol reported a series of accidents on the ice-covered Kingston by-pass, where between 20 and 30 cars were in collision. . . . Traffic experts called for a report on a similar accident involving a string of vehicles on the recently opened London Colney by-pass in Hertfordshire. Ambulances abandoned all routine work to go to fog accidents. . . . A London Transport Official said that many buses had been unable to leave their garages because crews could not get to work on time. Those that did get out had in some cases to be guided by conductors using flares. . . . In thick fog on the Thames last night the Port of London Authority survey ship Havengore was holed above the water line in collision with an unnamed small motor vessel at Gravesend. . . . Entering Dover harbor from Boulogne in fog, the British Railways' car ferry Lord Warden struck the breakwater. . . . Not one scheduled incoming or outgoing service was able to operate at London Airport during the day. Visibility was down to 20 yards. By last night about 44 outgoing and 30 incoming continental flights had been cancelled. . . . London suburban services were also seriously disrupted. . . . Visibility was nil in Great Yarmouth and between Norwich and Great Yarmouth up to Yorkshire, and there were accidents in many places. . . . There were so many accidents in the Salisbury area because of frozen roads that the infirmary became full, and some injured had to go to Odstock Hospital, two miles away. . . . During the day many long-distance trains from London were cancelled.

On the editorial page, the *Times* published, as usual, the weather forecast—"London Area: Fog, thick in places, will persist in many areas; cold in foggy areas with midday temp. 30-35 deg.," and, just below, under the heading "Alpine Weather," "Gstaad: Sunny; Klosters: Very fine; St. Moritz: Brilliant sunshine; St. Anton: Very fine."

Some of the other London papers are less comprehensive but more flashy. A really "dirty" fog has always stimulated Fleet Street to dizzy flights of imaginative writing, and the challenge of finding new epithets for the fog has given London reporters some of their finest opportunities. There have been "will-o'-the-wisp fog," "drifting fog," "killer fog," "creeping-death fog," "choking crawl-home fog," "come-and-go fog," and "thick, terrifying fog." Fog has been a "clammy, choking chaos" in the *Daily Mirror*, "a slow-motion nightmare" in the *Sunday Pictorial*, "a crazy patchwork quilt of mist and sunshine" in the *Daily Telegraph*, "the big grope-home" in the *Daily Herald*, and "the big brake" in the *Daily Mail*. The mass-circulation press offers not only factual and fanciful reports about the fog but editorial speculation, complaints, and advice, plus cartoons. The January, 1959, fog coincided with a debate in the House of Commons on a new vice bill, imposing

For those who cherish individuality
AUTHENTIC . . . DISTINCTIVE
NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING

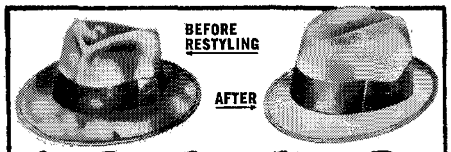


Fine imported fabrics styled with the distinctive look and hand detailing acquired from the custom tailor.

Suits to retail under $100. Sport jackets from $50 to $75.

At exclusive men's shops or write for name of your nearest store

Franklin Clothes Inc.
SUITS AND ODD JACKETS
105 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.



Old Hats Need Never Die..
IF THEY COME TO HATTERS GUILD
FOR PROFESSIONAL REMANUFACTURING

Your hat is • Remanufactured with 24 original-factory operations to give felt "just-bought" finish and lustre. • Stripped, completely cleaned of dirt and grease. • Restyled (if requested) . . . crown tapered and brim cut down. • Retrimmed with new leather sweatband, oil-resistant lining, outside ribbon band. • Returned boxed . . . New as the day you bought it.

IMPORTED HATS A SPECIALTY

ONLY $5.95 Add 50¢ postage per hat. No. COD's
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Check one and mail with hat
☐ Renovate Only
☐ Restyle and Renovate

Roll up your hat and mail with check or money order and this ad

HATTERS GUILD
21-23 Waverly Place, New York 3
Dept. 4 GR 5-0511

If you've not yet been to
The Persian Room
to hear Katyna Ranieri
you're missing something
gala.
(She will be there till
Tuesday, November 14.)

The Plaza.

They don't sing along *with* Diahann.

The Persian Room is absolutely hushed when *Diahann Carroll* sings. Her voice leaves people breathless. Shows at 9:00 and 12:15. Engagement, November 15 to December 19. Dancing to Emil Coleman and his orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals. Reservations, PLaza 9-3000. The Persian Room at The Plaza. HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA heavier penalties for streetwalking and prostitution in general, and a cartoon in the *Herald* showed two Piccadilly ladies in the fog over the caption "I suppose there's a special provision in the Street Offenses Bill to exclude people stranded in the fog."

The *Daily Express* that day was in a meditative mood:

> Chaos. Fog. Remember those who battle it out. The engine driver and his fireman. The policeman who guides traffic by torchlight through the night. The nurse who cycles miles to an emergency call. The men who have to make up for road and rail delays to get newspapers delivered. Remember them and be grateful.

One thing the more sensational papers cannot rely on during and after fogs are stories about major crimes; instead, they have to blow up minor crimes. In general, Scotland Yard officials say that, whatever most people might think, there is little correlation between dense fog and crime. Thefts and burglaries occur during a fog, but they also occur when the weather is clear. Quite a few members of London's underworld are said to feel that robbing a man in a thick fog is hitting below the belt. Most murders and abductions committed under cover of a London fog have happened in fiction—for example, Thomas Burke's "A Tea-shop in Limehouse":

> On an evening of fog, when London was a world of groping phantoms, a small girl, in the bravery of best Sunday frock and shoes, shining face and new-washed hair, set out from Logan Passage for St. Michael's Parish Hall. She never got there. . . .

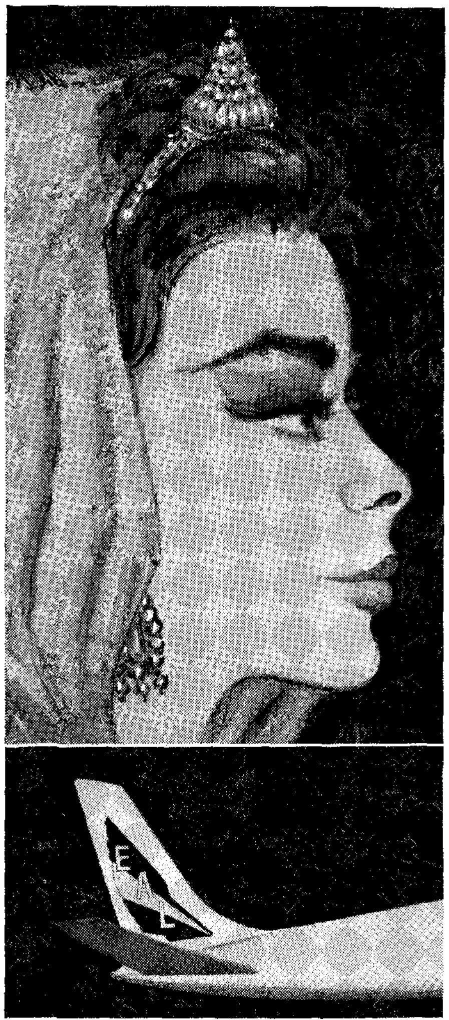
London's prison authorities, however, dread fog, for almost every major fog has had its classic escape. On December 5, 1958, the *Daily Mirror* reported:

> Two prisoners broke out of Chelmsford Prison last night and escaped in dense fog. They used an improvised rope ladder to scale a 20-foot wall at the back of the warden's living quarters. They are Leslie Jack Higgins, 37, and Arthur John Ward, 33. A motorist groping his way through the fog had seen a man dive through a hedge and run off into the foggy fields as he approached. . . .

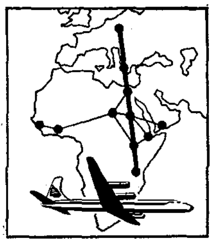
Every major fog, too, has its share of mystery and misery, humor and tragedy. One fog a few years ago yielded the following incidents, rumors, and—in some cases, it may be—legends.

Milk deliveries had to be cut by a quarter, and in one hospital in Highgate a thousand patients went without milk.

A spokesman for the British Oxygen Company said that during the fog about twice the normal number of cylinders



EXOTIC...
LAND OF THE
QUEEN OF SHEBA

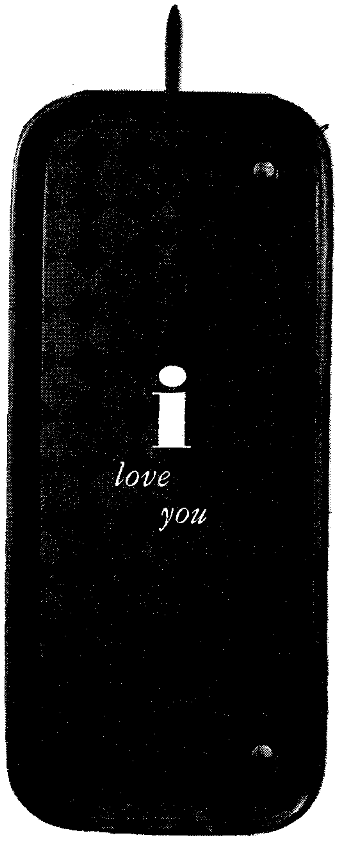


Exotic and also bizarre the famous Sheba was and so is her land, Ethiopia. "Enchanting to visit. Unlike any other land" says AFRICA A TO Z*. You must see Ethiopia for the indescribable, excitingly strange. Amazingly beautiful. Temperature perfection. Excellent hotels. And so easy to reach via Ethiopian Airlines from Europe or the new nations of West Africa. Luxurious DC-6Bs now. Jets soon. See your travel agent today.

KNOW THE EXOTIC. KNOW ETHIOPIA.

*Pub. 1961, Doubleday • TWA General Agents in U.S. and Europe

ETHIOPIAN
AIRLINES
SERVING EUROPE • MIDDLE EAST • AFRICA



and you'll love luggage by
SKYWAY

Sig Buchmayr
sport shop

SKIING'S FINEST FASHIONS
FROM AMERICA and EUROPE
*
THE LATEST IN EQUIPMENT
FOR NOVICES AND EXPERTS
*
NEW ADDRESS
18 EAST 53rd ST.
NEW YORK 22
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

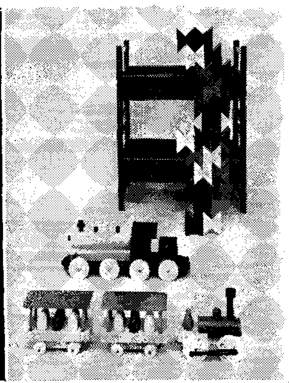
JUSSILA
of Finland
designs
wood toys

Bunk Bed
12" x 21"
$8.50 each

X-Blocks
$4.00 per doz.

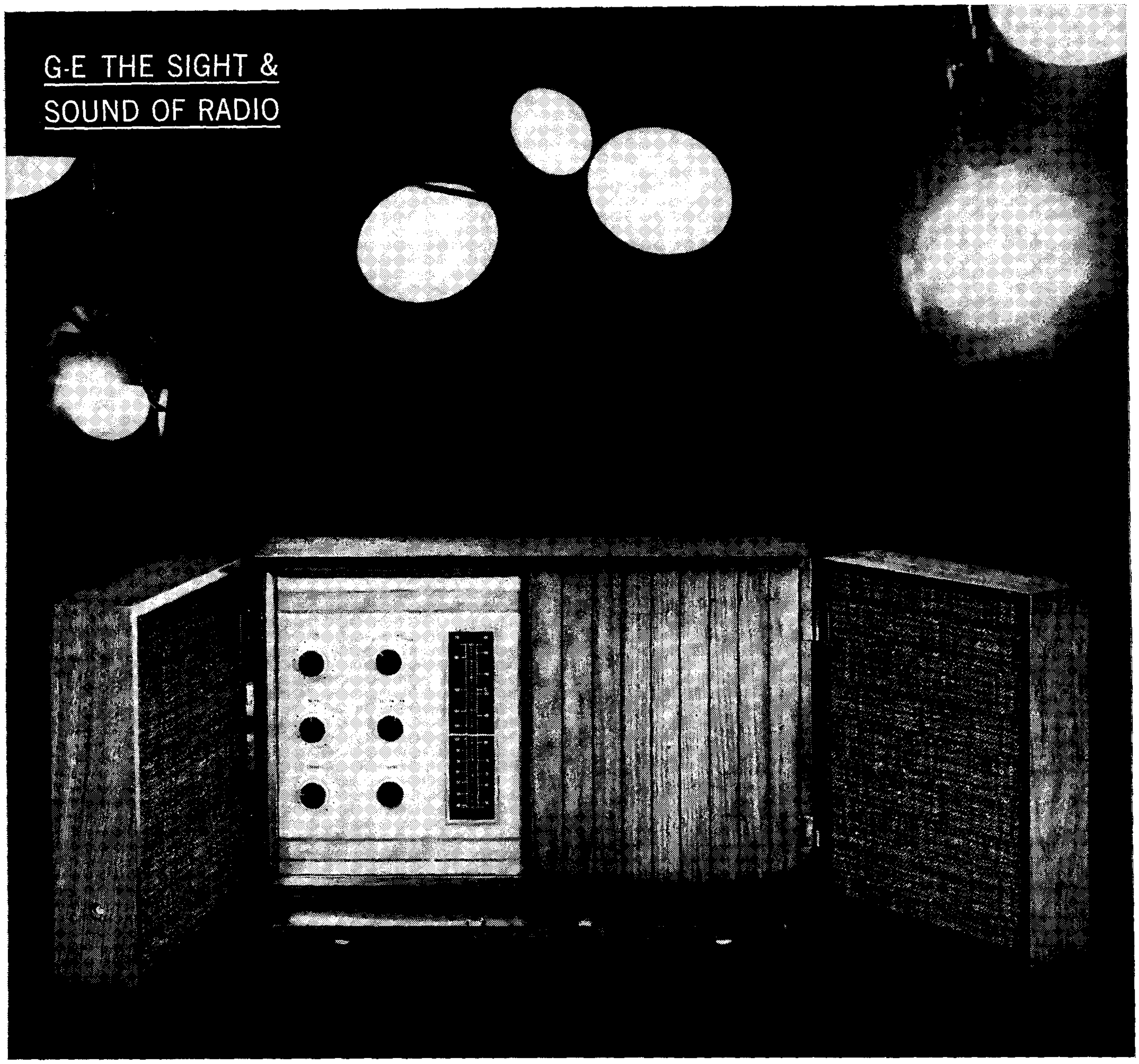
First Train
$3.75

Old Passenger
Train $9.75



DR

furniture/fabrics/accessories
DESIGN RESEARCH INC.
57 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.
DR INTERNATIONAL INC.
866 Lex. Ave., New York 21, N.Y.



RADIO RECEIVER DEPARTMENT, UTICA, NEW YORK

STEREOPHONIC FM RADIO IS NOW A REALITY

Two separate sound channels literally surround you with music of thrilling depth and fidelity. You must *hear* it to appreciate it.

Hear it at its best on this General Electric radio, designed by the same engineers who pioneered and proved the FM Stereo broadcasting system now in use.*

When closed, the cabinet is a compact 19⅛" wide by 12½" high by 8⅜" deep. Speaker-doors swing wide to give console-like sound separation. And they detach in seconds for up to 16 feet of separation. Sound is superb, as you'd expect of *any* General Electric radio.

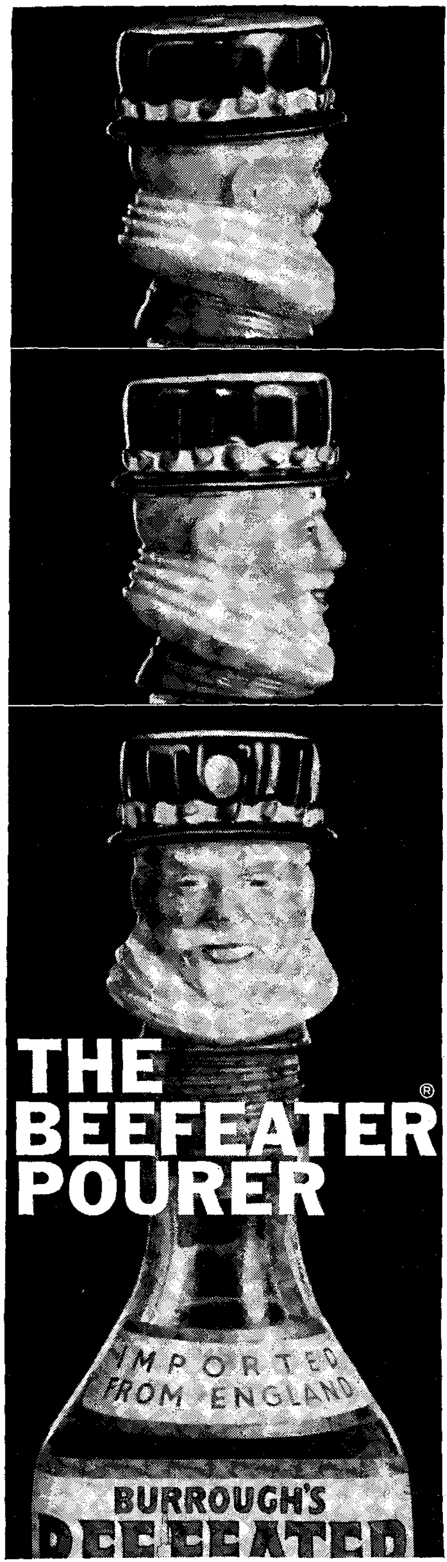
Besides FM Stereo, you can enjoy monaural FM and AM on this new radio. And you can even attach a turntable to play stereo records through it. They all sound magnificent because the cabinet is crafted of genuine hardwood veneer for the fuller resonance, richer tone that only fine wood gives.

Hear FM Stereo on this new General Electric radio at your dealer's. He also has clock-radios, table models and portables—both FM and AM—all from the number one manufacturer of radios in America.

**Stations in Schenectady, New York City, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Detroit, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Dallas, Houston and other cities are already broadcasting FM Stereo. More are following every week.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



A handsome ceramic pourer, made by Wade of England, handpainted in the authentic colors of the Beefeater... befitting the excellence of imported English Beefeater Gin. Direct from London for $1.

THE BEEFEATER, P.O. Box 2411
Grand Central Station, New York 17
I enclose $1.00 for one Beefeater Pourer. (This offer is only good where local laws permit). Y-112

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ________ ZONE ________ STATE ________

One Pourer per coupon. Allow about 4 weeks delivery. Offer good only in U.S.A.
BEEFEATER DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 94 PROOF
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBRAND CORP., N.Y.

of oxygen were dispatched to hospitals.

The Post Office issued fog collars to postmen. Each collar contained a bottle of ammonia, which has been found to be a cheap and helpful remedy for bronchial trouble.

In East London, smart boys with white handkerchiefs and flashlights offered to guide motorists for a shilling apiece.

Passengers waiting for trains in Victoria Station saw a large duck come crashing through the glass roof. Birds "crash-landed" in many places. "The birds fly blind in the fog, lose their way and fly on until they are exhausted, and then they crash," an R.S.P.C.A. official has explained.

At Catford, greyhound-racing fans cheered as the dogs passed and a moment later goggled as the dogs reappeared running in the opposite direction. The dogs had lost the hare in the fog.

At Sadler's Wells, a performance of "La Traviata" was called off after the first act, when fog penetrated the auditorium.

Eight seamen trying to return to their ship at the Royal Albert Dock in the early-morning hours got lost. A policeman on duty at the dockside said, "Follow me, I'll show you the way." A few seconds later, there was a splash, followed by two more. The policeman and a couple of the seamen had marched straight into the water.

A blind seventeen-year-old boy, who claimed he had "a personal radar unit," showed up in a busy part of London and offered to help guide drivers who had parked their vehicles against the curb and were just sitting the fog out. One driver after another took up the offer, and later the boy, sometimes walking and sometimes running, directed nearly a dozen buses to their garages. Then he led a fire engine to a fire. For six hours, he ran and walked about twenty miles. He never took a false turn. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

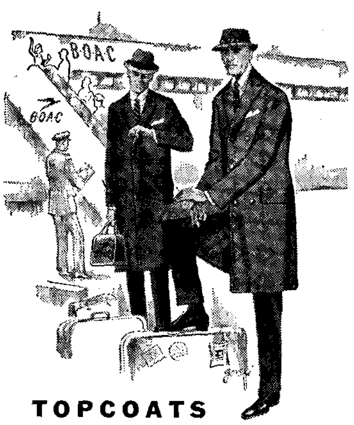
•

Another nice affair was the open house party given by Joan and Ted Field. They invited some 70 friends and relatives to drop in and see Ted Jr., home... from Culver Military Academy in Culver, Ind....

Causing the most comment, and almost too beautiful to eat, was the sculptered head of a cadet, moulded out of chopped chicken livers. Epaulets of black olives were on the shoulder, red pimento for the mouth, and a plumed hat made of egg white and black olives. A work of art... and delicious.—*Frances Erwin in the Studio City (Calif.) Graphic.*

High in cholesterol, though.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors *Furnishers*



TOPCOATS

Chipp achieves the natural shoulder look with the conservative group of fabrics found in the in-stock range of outer coats.

Cheviot Herringbone Tweed, single breasted, fly front, set in sleeve, notch lapel, striped lining, oxford grey; mid grey; black-brown or olive	95.00
Cheviot Barley Weave Tweed, single breasted, fly front, set in sleeve, notch lapel, striped lining, oxford *grey or black olive*	*95.00*
Black Cheviot, single breasted fly front, floor level lapel, set in sleeve, striped lining	95.00
Covert Cloth, single breasted, fly front, floor level peak—striped lining, oxford grey, black olive or natural	110.00
Worsted Herringbone Topcoat, 3/8" herringbone, fly front, notch lapel, mid grey or oxford grey	110.00

Sizes 37-44 Shorts, Regulars, Longs
Extra Longs Special Order Only
Write for brochure and travel itinerary

Chipp

14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

GAUCHO
STEAK HOUSE

THE SUMMIT
OF NEW YORK
East 51st at Lexington
A LOEW'S HOTEL

Reservations:
PLaza 2-7000

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

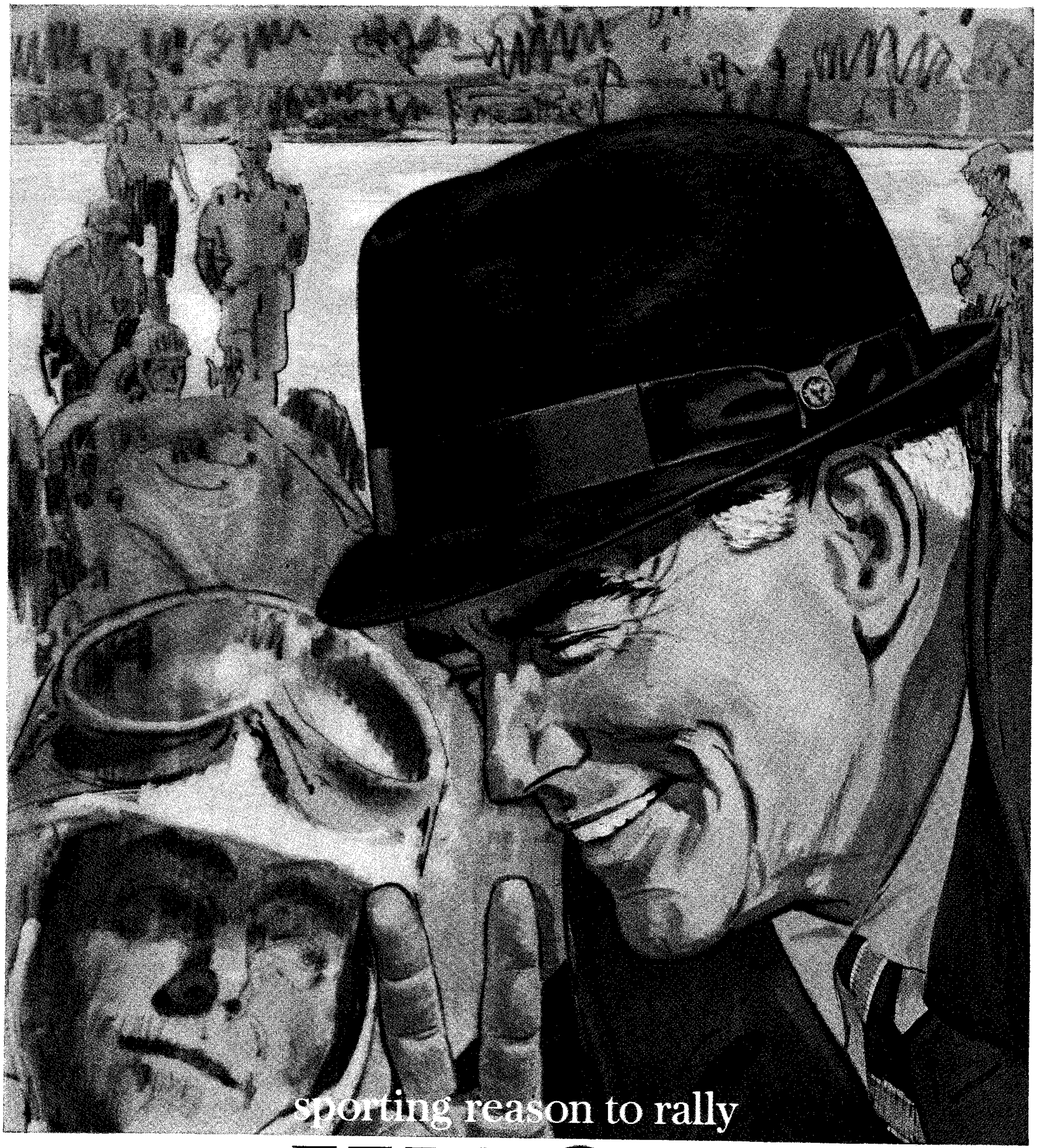
YH

Yacht haven

COTTAGE RESORT

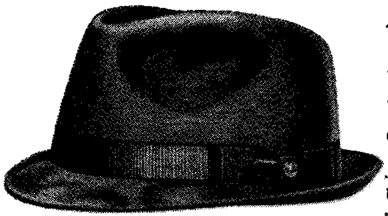
Delightful efficiency suites, completely equipped and air conditioned. Superior cuisine. Two beaches, palm-fringed pool overlooking harbor and Charlotte Amalie. All sports, native entertainment.
Harry B. Howe, Gen. Mgr.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or
William P. Wolfe Organization, Reps.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, LO 5-1115
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Miami
Philadelphia • Montreal • Toronto



sporting reason to rally

KNOX JAGUAR



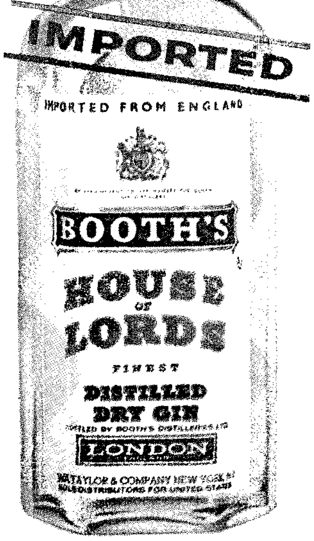
Knox creates Jaguar for the debonair man about town and country. Distinctively handsome in either the smooth or textured finish, fashionably styled, and distinguished by a handsome Jaguar crest. The Knox Jaguar $16.50. Other fine Knox hats from $11.95 to $50 . . . **man to man it's the KNOX JAGUAR**

KNOX, THE LEADER IN MEN'S HAT FASHIONS SINCE 1838. AT THE FINEST STORES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U. S. A.

BOOTH'S GIN
You can tell the difference in the dark...

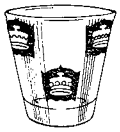
Overlooking the Thames, Britain's House of Lords and Big Ben


IMPORTED
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK

IN ENGLISH INNS, you may have your martinis made with any of the world-renowned gins—all products of the realm. But tell the bartender you want the "finest gin," and unhesitatingly he pours Booth's. Such is Booth's name and fame in Britain. Enjoy the same superlative gin stateside, in a Booth's House of Lords martini. By its delicate bouquet and flavour, you can easily tell the difference—even in the dark. Truly, THERE IS NO GIN IN ALL THE WORLD LIKE

Booth's HOUSE OF LORDS GIN

DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS—
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND



SPECIAL OFFER IN UNIQUE GLASSWARE — Four on-the-rocks glasses, with five coronets of House of Lords in permanent gold. Send $1 cash or check to Glasses — P. O. Box 32D, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. (Limited time; Continental U. S. A. only; subject to state and local laws.)

UNCLE TOMEK, THE PAINTBRUSHES, AND THE CHICAGO RIVER

IN 1905 or 1906, when I was eight or nine, my Uncle Tomek Vesely came from the old country to live with us in Chicago. He was my mother's baby brother, and he was twenty years old. My mother's older brothers, Uncle Felix and Uncle Frank, were living with us already.

The people in our community had all come from the same part of Bohemia, not far from Prague, and they took care of each other. Those who had money lent it to relatives and friends still in the old country who wanted to come over, and made room in their houses for them when they came, and helped them find jobs. Whenever new people came, the ones who were already here held parties for them and tugged and tickled little answers out of them about home. My Uncle Tomek was happy at the parties, and in no hurry to go to work.

When it finally came to finding a job for Uncle Tomek, my mother sent him to work in my father's bakery. Tomek was to get half his pay in cash, the other half to go toward repaying my father for his passage from Europe.

My father fired Uncle Tomek after the first week. He wouldn't do what my father told him to do. Besides, he ate pastries while he waited on people. Uncle Tomek was not angry at getting fired. On the Saturday night it happened, he came home and ate a good supper alongside my father.

Across the alley from our back fence, the Shonkas lived. Mr. Shonka was a painter by trade. After Uncle Tomek lay around the house awhile out of work, my mother said maybe he should become a painter. Mr. Shonka said my uncle looked all right and also said he would speak to his boss, Mr. Houska, about Tomek's becoming a painter. This was on a Tuesday.

The next evening, Mr. Shonka knocked on our back door. My father let him in, and he sat down in the kitchen with us. "I spoke to Mr. Houska," he said. He looked at Uncle Tomek. "He said you should come to work tomorrow—painting."

My mother was happy, my father happier than he had been. Uncle Tomek was not as happy as he had been. Then Mr. Shonka invited everyone to the South Chicago Labor Trades Parade on the next Sunday. "I want all the people from the neighborhood to go

Menu
Bemelmans

TWA Royal Ambassador service to Europe rivals in style and cuisine the world's finest hotels

TWA offers first class guests this regal opulence on all SuperJet flights to Europe. Also Economy service for the budget-minded. Fly direct to all the picture-cities: London, Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Lisbon, Madrid, Athens and others. Book through a travel agent or call your nearest TWA office.

non-stop
*water repellency**
by FABRINI
& "SCOTCHGARD"
Rain & Stain Repeller

**sheds rain even after repeated cleanings*

"SCOTCHGARD" Brand Rain & Stain Repeller gives the highest degree of water repellency ever, durable through both repeated washing and dry cleaning, season after season. Without reprocessing. Resists stains, even oily ones, and soil, too.
Fabrini's distinguished four-season coat in silk lustre long staple cotton; thick pile zipout lining. Natural, black; about $45.00. Bloomingdale's, Broadstreets, New York; Jerrem's, Chicago; L.S. Strauss, Indianapolis; Gimbel's, Philadelphia.

SCOTCHGARD®
BRAND
RAIN & STAIN REPELLER

©1961 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. 3M COMPANY

to this parade," he said. "This year, a painter will be Grand Marshal, and because I'm painter for over forty years"—here he caught his breath—"*I'm* Grand Marshal!" He looked happily at Tomek. "See what kind work you getting into?" Uncle Tomek nodded.

On Thursday, my Uncle Tomek went to work as a painter. His boss, Mr. Houska, gave him a brush and a pail. The pail had a hook on the handle. Uncle Tomek was to hook the pail to the metal girders he was going to paint. These girders made up the railroad bridge over the South Branch of the Chicago River at South Stewart Avenue. The part of the bridge Uncle Tomek and Mr. Shonka were painting was about fifty feet above the river. They were working close together near the middle of the bridge. Mr. Houska, with his two sons, was working nearer the ground.

After painting for an hour, Uncle Tomek dropped his brush. The brush fell beautifully and lazily into the Chicago River.

Uncle Tomek asked Mr. Shonka if he'd seen what happened.

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Shonka.

"What should I do now, Mr. Shonka?" Uncle Tomek asked.

"Why did you drop you brush?" Mr. Shonka asked.

"I didn't drop," Uncle Tomek said. "I let go of brush and it fall into Chicagos River." Uncle Tomek pointed after the brush. Again he asked, "What should I do now?"

"Go ask Mr. Houska for new brush," Mr. Shonka told him.

Mr. Houska, who watched my uncle climb down the girders, had his watch out when Tomek reached him. "Is not time for lunch yet," said Mr. Houska.

"I drop brush for painting britch in Chicagos River," Uncle Tomek told him.

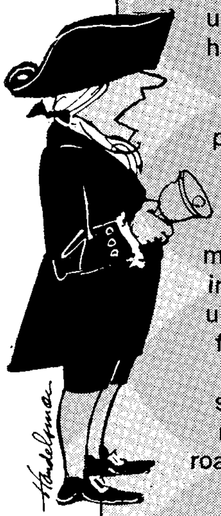
"That's five-dollar brush—pure bristle," Mr. Houska said. "Why did you drop it?"

"I didn't drop," Uncle Tomek told him. "I let go of brush and it fall into river."

Mr. Houska gave him another. "Hang on to brush or be sure it is in pail," he instructed him.

My uncle did this until lunch, and after lunch until two in the afternoon. This time the brush slipped from a ledge where he laid it.

My uncle didn't see it fall into the river. When he went to pick it up after making a move, it was gone. He looked for ten minutes for the brush. He



Gastronomically,
it's among the famous...
for atmosphere and traditions,
it's recognized as truly unique.

Keen's is unfailingly your happiest choice of a place to dine well and pleasantly. The menu offers you a wide selection. But, of course, most guests come in with appetites unswervingly set for one of our fabulous specialties like mutton chop, roast beef or steak.

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York

Luxury
in the New York manner
Gay, cheerful, air-conditioned rooms and suites...heart of Rockefeller Center area ...adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Two popular priced restaurants
Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

In the dark?

If it's on the subject of sports cars for '62, you'll find your hometown BMC dealer ready, willing and able to enlighten you on them all.

Naturally, he'll boost one of the BMC stable of champions.

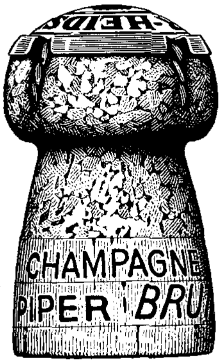
After you've test-driven one—compared parts and service facilities and warranties with those of other makers—we'll bet you will do some boosting of your own.

See the light?

MG MIDGET
MGA 1600 Mk. II
AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 Mk. II
SPRITE

Going abroad? Have a BMC car meet you on arrival. Write for details.

Products of **The British Motor Corporation, Ltd.,** makers of MG, Austin Healey, Sprite, Morris and Austin cars.
Represented in the United States by Hambro Automotive Corporation, 27 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



POP
goes
the
Piper

...no
wonder
the
French
never
drink
water

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1953 VINTAGE,
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE,
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS AND PIPER PINK.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

searched carefully—even on the undersides of the girders. He watched the river for another five minutes, but all he saw were the sharp tips of sunny waves.

A few minutes later, when Mr. Shonka looked up from his work, my Uncle Tomek was watching him.

"How it goes, Tomek?" Mr. Shonka asked.

"You got my brush, Mr. Shonka?" my uncle asked.

"You brush? I got *my* brush." Mr. Shonka showed him his brush. "Where's you brush?"

Uncle Tomek shrugged his shoulders.

"You lost you brush, Tomek? You lost you *second* brush?"

My uncle shrugged his shoulders again. "What should I do, Mr. Shonka?"

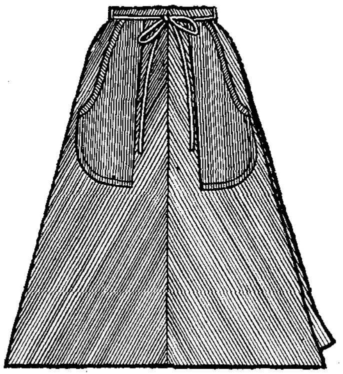
"What should you *do*?" said Mr. Shonka. "What *can* you do? Go down and tell Mr. Houska you lose another brush."

Mr. Shonka watched Uncle Tomek climb down the girders to where Mr. Houska was painting. Mr. Houska talked to Tomek for a long time. Mr. Houska kept looking from my uncle to the top of the bridge, then down to the river and back to my uncle. He even looked over to where his two sons were painting. When he caught their attention, he threw his hands in the air. Then he and Uncle Tomek talked again. Mr. Shonka watched all this.

IN a while, Uncle Tomek returned to where Mr. Shonka was painting, high over the water. By now, Mr. Shonka had almost forgotten Tomek Vesely and Mr. Houska, his boss. He was thinking about being Grand Marshal in the South Chicago Labor Trades Parade. As he painted, he thought about how he'd look on the Grand Marshal's white horse with his clean white overalls on.

"I'm back, Mr. Shonka," my uncle told him. My uncle carried a new brush. A rope was secured around the handle of the brush, and he tied the other end of the rope to the handle of the pail, which hung by its hook from the girder he was painting. Mr. Shonka, who had got down from his white horse and wasn't the Grand Marshal any longer, watched as my uncle began painting again. This was at two-thirty.

At four o'clock, with only an hour of work left, the brush slipped from my uncle's hand. Since the pail he used was nearly empty at the time, it tipped easily and fell off the hook. The pail and brush fell in simple loveliness. Un-



wraparound skirt

Very dashing, very swinging in all senses of the word; the wraparound, to be tossed on and tied with its string sash . . . hands and anything else plunged into great curved pockets. Pure genius in corduroy . . . Old Gold, Emerald Green, Loden Green, Peacock Blue, Brick, Antelope Taupe. Sizes 8 to 16.
$12.95

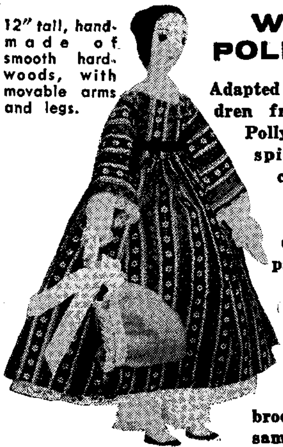
State 2nd Color Choice
ORDER BY MAIL
add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

Ladybug®

Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

the child's photographer
ROYALTY SELECTS

Josef Schneider
America's top child photographer
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C. CO 5-1223



12" tall, hand-made of smooth hardwoods, with movable arms and legs.

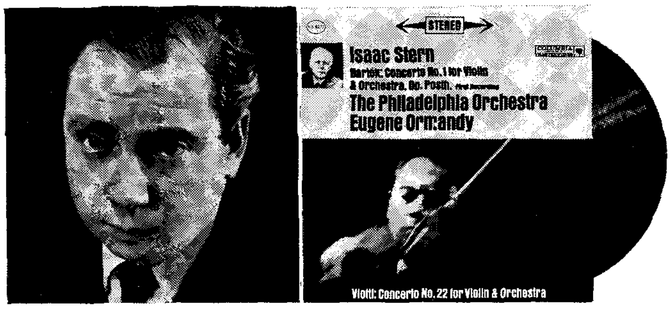
WOODEN
POLLY DOLLS

Adapted for modern children from an old doll, Polly has the staunch spirit and lovable charm of her wooden forebears. The costume of print dress, petticoat, pantalettes, underblouse, bonnet, is lace-trimmed and all removable.

$12.95 postpaid
Write for free brochure with print samples.

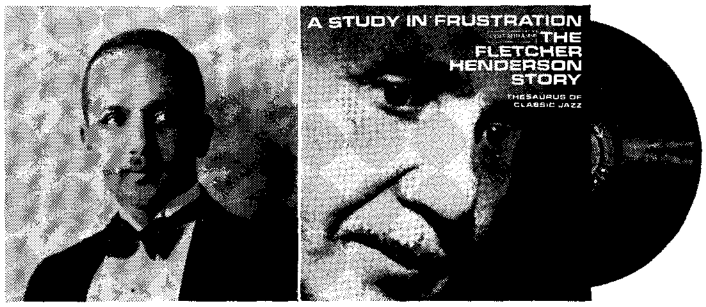
POLLY SHORROCK
15 Tucker Street, Marblehead, Mass.

THE COMPANY TO KEEP


STEREO
Isaac Stern
Bartók: Concerto No. 1 for Violin & Orchestra, Op. Posth.
The Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy
Viotti: Concerto No. 22 for Violin & Orchestra

Bartók Rediscovered

Premiére recording of a newly-discovered Bartók violin concerto—a brilliant, impassioned work. An ardent, bravura performance by Isaac Stern with equally devoted Ormandy-Philadelphia accompaniment.


A STUDY IN FRUSTRATION
THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY
THESAURUS OF CLASSIC JAZZ

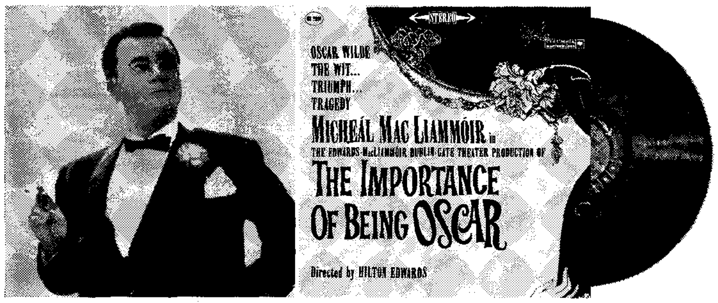
A Study in Frustration

Out of the archives and onto Ⓛⓟ for the first time—a neglected giant of jazz—innovator, arranger, bandleader Fletcher Henderson whose talents, ironically, brought more success to others than to himself. A long overdue tribute in a 4-record set and 20-page book.

STEREO
GEORGE LONDON
as
BORIS GODOUNOFF
(SUNG IN RUSSIAN)
THOMAS SCHIPPERS
CONDUCTING
THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS
COLUMBIA

The "Boris" That Stormed Moscow

Moscow opera audiences gave George London rhapsodic standing ovations for his "Boris Godounoff." London's majestic voice, the dark grandeur of his portrayal surged through this new recording, sung in Russian.


STEREO
OSCAR WILDE
THE WIT...
TRIUMPH...
TRAGEDY
MICHEÁL MAC LIAMMÓIR in
THE EDWARDS-MacLIAMMÓIR DUBLIN GATE THEATER PRODUCTION OF
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR
Directed by HILTON EDWARDS

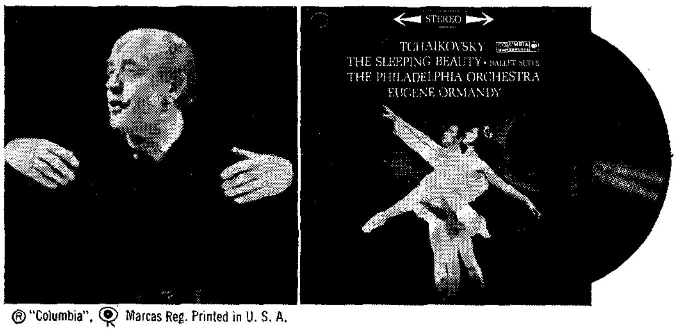
The Importance of Being Oscar

"Out of the life and works of Oscar Wilde and out of his own sympathies and dramatic skills, Micheál MacLiammóir has created a vivid and memorable evening in the theatre" said the New York *Times* of this spellbinding one-man show. Now—tonight and every night—on Ⓛⓟ.

STEREO
DEBUSSY
BERNSTEIN / NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Prelude—Afternoon of a Faun (L'Après-Midi d'un faune)
Nocturnes—Nuages and Fêtes
Jeux—Poème Dansé
COLUMBIA

Debussy by Bernstein

An incandescent Bernstein-Philharmonic programme of cherished Debussy scores—all on one Ⓛⓟ: *Afternoon of a Faun, Nuages, Fêtes* and the rarely-recorded *Jeux* ballet.


STEREO
TCHAIKOVSKY
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY · BALLET SUITE
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY

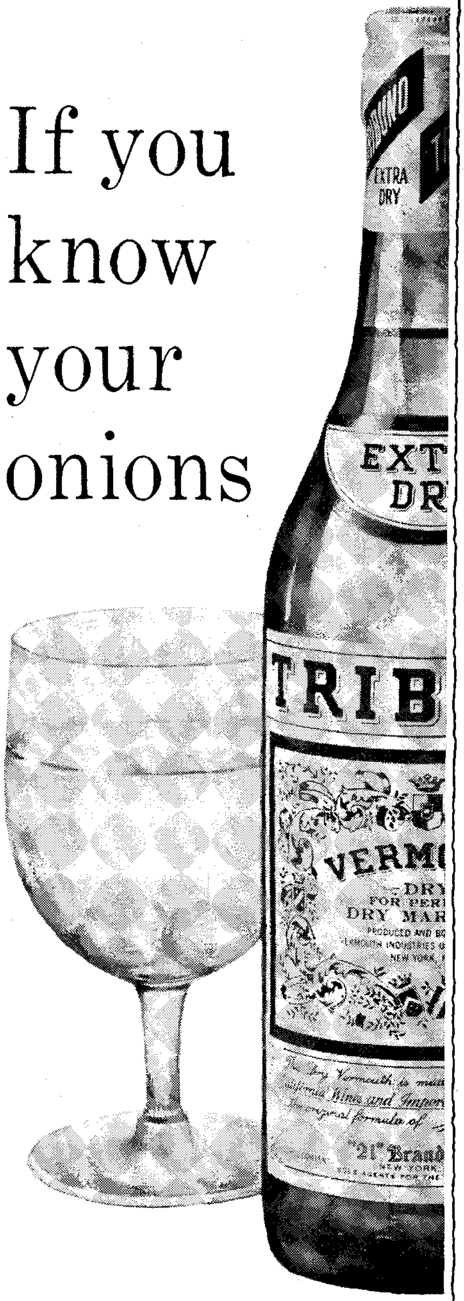
"Sleeping Beauty" in Stereo

Ormandy and the Philadelphians conjure up a sumptuous vision of elegant grace with their new recording of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* ballet suite.

IS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

CHOOSE SPECTACULAR STEREO OR MATCHLESS MONAURAL

® "Columbia", Marcas Reg. Printed in U. S. A.



If you know your onions

you'll use...

TRIBUNO

EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

Call it a Gibson, call it a Martini with an Onion...it's the Tribuno Vermouth that counts. Imported Herbs and Choice Wines especially blended for extra-dry, extra-perfect cocktails. Be sure to try Tribuno Sweet, too!

"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C.
Sole Distributors, U.S.A.

cle Tomek was happy at the way the pail and brush fell. When they hit the river, he saw their splash, but no sound reached him.

Mr. Shonka saw the pail and brush slip and fall. He looked at my uncle; my uncle looked at him.

"Mr. Shonka," my uncle said, "give me you brush. This time you go down and tell him the brush was drop by you."

Mr. Shonka didn't say anything. He thought about our family: my father, my mother, my brother Eddie, me, and my Uncles Felix, Frank, and Tomek. "Three brushes," was all he said.

"Mr. Sh—" my uncle started.

"Don't ask me!" Mr. Shonka said. "I don't know what you should do. . . . Jump in the river! If you can swim, jump in the river, swim to the shore, and go home!"

But Uncle Tomek started to climb down the girders. Mr. Houska was on the ground now. Mr. Shonka saw Uncle Tomek approach Mr. Houska and speak to him. At first, Mr. Houska sat down. Then he got up and walked in circles, always coming back to my uncle. He sat down again. His two sons went down to the ground. They spoke with their father. Then Mr. Houska's two sons started walking around in circles. Mr. Houska was still sitting down, but he had turned around now so his back was to Uncle Tomek. He began staring up at Mr. Shonka.

During all this, Uncle Tomek, who ate pastries when he waited on people and dropped three brushes when he painted, stood his ground. Mr. Shonka loved him for this. Mr. Shonka thought, If he isn't a good painter, he's certainly a good ground-stander. Besides, Grand Marshals who have painted for forty years sometimes have days like this.

UNCLE TOMEK didn't last long in America. My father had to pay his train fare and passage back to Bohemia within a few months after he arrived. He went back to his father's farm. When he was twenty-two, he married a girl named Velma. He never became a baker or a painter, not even in Bohemia. He stayed on the farm.

One thing more—he never repaid my father. —VICTOR J. HUBAL, JR.

•

PEACE CORPS' ROLE
MAY CHANGE IN WAR
—*Headline in the Times.*

Well, you can't have war without a few adjustments.

Halyard

FOR "AROUND THE FIRE" IN WINTER—FOR ACTIVE SPORTS IN SUMMER. FINE COTTON THREE-BUTTON PULLOVER DESIGNED BY PAUL STUART. WASHABLE. OLIVE, NAVY, BLACK. S, M, L, XL. $7.50

ADD 50¢ PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

NOT A NEON LIGHT IN SIGHT

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN THE TYPICAL TOURIST VACATION, COME TO GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE DEPT. A1, P. O. BOX 59-2375, INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, MIAMI, FLORIDA. IN NYC, CALL PLaza 5-2087.

GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL

WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

THE BAHAMAS LARGEST RESORT (AND MOST EXCITING)

MILLER'S

has something for every horseman and horse on your list. Send to Dept. N1 for our **16-page Xmas brochure,** aglow with the newest in riding clothes, saddlery, riding books and records. **Plus** original "Horsey" gifts and Xmas cards. You will appreciate our **prompt, personal attention** to mail and phone orders.

MILLER'S
123 EAST 24 ST. N.Y. 10 • OR 7/0800

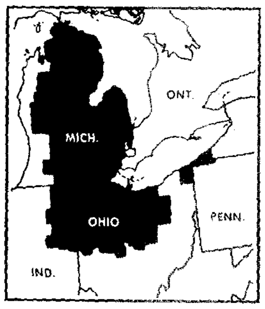
POLITZOMANIA STRIKES AGAIN!

. . . and again and again and again! Each time another fact is uncovered in the 1961 WJR-Politz Study, politzomania* strikes deeper and deeper into advertising people and places. Even media vice presidents and advertising directors now fall helpless before politzomania.

The latest politzomania-causing fact reported from the field by WJR sales reps is the impact WJR news has on its listeners. The 1961 WJR-Politz Study reveals WJR as the number one choice for news by more than a million adults in the Detroit-Great Lakes Area. To be more specific, more than 1,132,000 people age 15 and older named WJR best for news. And 175 stations were mentioned in the 100-county four-state area of the study.

Please understand, then, our reps' enthusiasm as they apply this new kind of radio research to your specific advertising objectives. Well-armed with *all* the facts from the 1961 WJR-Politz Study, our sales reps will help you pinpoint logical prospects for your products. These prospects are profiled according to age, sex, socio-economic status, home ownership, radio listening habits, and many other helpful characteristics.

As this data passes into your hands, anticipate politzomania. Don't fight it. So far, no one has been immune.



The measured area of the Alfred Politz media study released September, 1961. This area includes 6,801,000 people—age 15 and older.

WJR DETROIT

760 KC 50,000 WATTS

Represented by Henry I. Christal Co., U. S. & Canada
Atlanta • Boston • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles
New York • San Francisco

*po•lit•zo•ma•ni•a—*newly discovered advertising affliction. Highly contagious. Identified by uninhibited displays of enthusiasm. Always found in WJR sales reps who have 1961 WJR-Politz Study in hand. Time-buyers and ad managers particularly susceptible. Wipes out sales resistance. Appears in flashes of marketing insight. Only known remedy: Sign the order!*

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

Peck and Peck

Our Partyline Silk... couture-detailed, supple silk jacquard in a floral spray design. Fineline crystal pleating is topped with a fine double cord sash at the tiny waist. Fluent beauty in a party mood in emerald green, lacquer red or black. 8 to 16, 39⁹⁵

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

HAMPSTEAD,
MONTREAL, CANADA,
OCTOBER 5, 1961

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN Arturo Vivante's recent sketch, "Fisherman's Terrace" (*The New Yorker*, September 30, 1961), the author describes an incident that occurred two years ago near Porto Santo Stefano, on the coast of Tuscany. On his way to the terrace, Mr. Vivante came upon a vineyard where the grapes had all been gathered "except at one corner;" there he was surprised to find a vine full of large, conspicuous bunches of ripe grapes. Thinking that they had been left to make some special wine, he refrained from picking any. On his way back, however, he was too thirsty to consider the special wine the farmer might have had in mind, and picked two bunches. He had not gone far when the farmer appeared—an old man with a hoe, in faded clothes, who evidently belonged—and Mr. Vivante, feeling timid with his stolen grapes, explained that he had found an unpicked vine. The farmer, with a kind smile, assured him that it was perfectly all right for him to pick the grapes, and, when asked why the vine had not been picked, stated, almost apologetically, "We always leave one vine unpicked. For the stranger. It is an ancient custom. . . . It's supposed to bring us luck for the next season."

The real significance of this incident may have escaped Mr. Vivante. The ancient custom the farmer spoke of has its basis in the rule of law found in Leviticus 19:9-10, 23:22, and in Deuteronomy 24:19-21. It is still binding on Orthodox Jews, and prohibits gleaning a vineyard or wholly reaping a field at harvest. The corner of the field or the vineyard must be left for the poor, the stranger, the orphan, and the widow.

The Book of Ruth tells us that Ruth and Boaz, the progenitors of King David, first met when she was gleaning with the poor in his field.

The Talmud (Mishnah, Tractate Peah, 1) says that the corner of the field, vineyard, olive yard, or orchard has no maximum size, but Jewish law prescribes the minimum size as being one-sixtieth of the produce of the field. This section of the Mishnah is recited daily by Jews as part of the regular morning service. If a man chose to declare *all* his fields as "peah," or "cor-

The Gala Look of Elizabeth Arden

Ah, the extraordinary happens the moment you have The Gala Look of Elizabeth Arden—the new make-up that gives your skin light, shimmering beauty, and brilliances evening's moonpale glow. Let's Dance is the color that comes to your lips. Gala are your eyes. And, all together, you will have The Gala Look. This is the beauty of Elizabeth Arden.

Let's Dance Lipstick

The most inviting red, vibrant by day, exciting by night. Click-Change lipstick *1.75*. Refill *1.00*

Let's Dance Nail Lacquer

The blaze of dancing color is right at your fingertips day and evening through. *1.00*

Let's Dance Cream Rouge

A Gala Look is a blush of dancing color on your cheeks. *2.00*

Silver Gala Veiled Radiance

Gala beauty begins with the foundation. Silver-glinted Veiled Radiance films your complexion for The Gala Look. *5.00, 8.50*

Silver Gala Invisible Veil

Powder, with silvery sparkle and pale as light itself, illumines your skin in a starry look. *3.00, 5.00*

Gala Eyes

Dancing Green Eye Shado brings new incandescence to your eyelids. New Liquid Eye Shado *2.75*, Cream Eye Shado *2.00*, Stick *2.00*

Mascarette adds exciting dimension to your eyes. New golden case with automatic spiral brush. Seven waterproof colors, *2.00* each. Refill *1.25*

The Gala Look Trio

Lipstick, Nail Lacquer, Cream Rouge, *2.75*

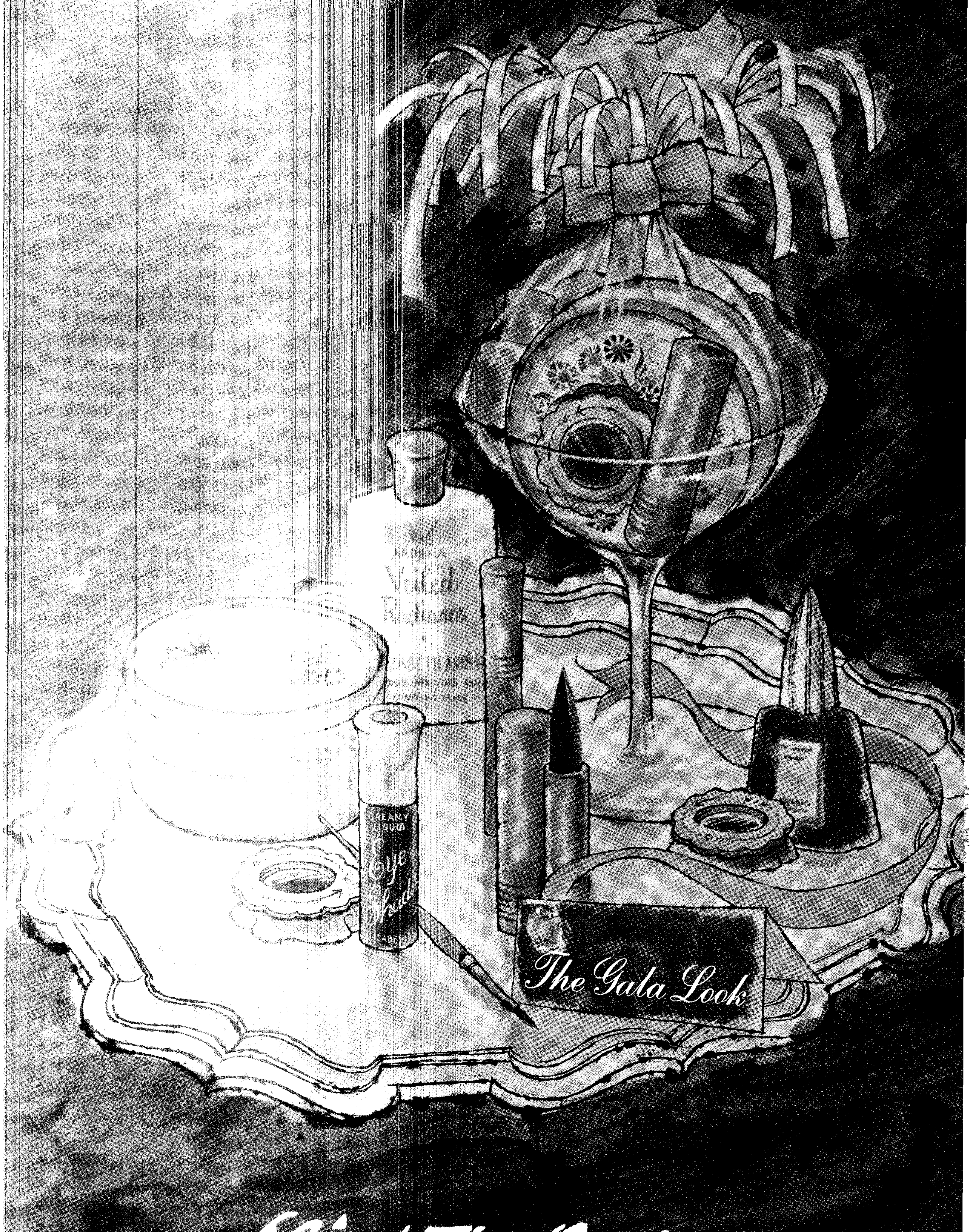
The Gala Look

is all-together yours in a champagne glass, *17.50* *Prices plus tax*

Elizabeth Arden

© 1961 ELIZABETH ARDEN

[illegible]ook, The Gala Look


Veiled Radiance
Creamy Liquid
Eye Shade
The Gala Look

Elizabeth Arden
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deer Hunting with bow & arrow—Photo by Mark Shaw

For a better way to take care of your nest egg talk to the people at Chase Manhattan

Even pursuits that justify the most complete concentration sometimes get short shrift because of preoccupation with investment cares.

This need not happen to you.

Just ask Chase Manhattan's Personal Trust Division to take over posthaste. The moment you do you'll rid yourself of such ever-present and unnecessary details as stock rights and record keeping, call dates and coupons.

What's more, eminently qualified nest egg specialists will, at a word from you, act as your Executor and Trustee, advise you on your investments, or plan your estate with you and your lawyer.

For complete information write for the free booklet, "Investment Service." Address: Personal Trust Division, The Chase Manhattan Bank, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York 15, N. Y.

THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK

ner," he was exempted from the tithe for the Temple.

I am convinced that the Italian farmer of the story, and other inhabitants of the region, like the masked *Giudei* of the Sicilian hinterland, whose Easter frolics and arrest by the Fascists were described in a story in your magazine some months ago ("The Day of the Lion," by Ralph Blum, January 14, 1961), are descendants of marranos—secret Jews persecuted by the Inquisition—and that, good Catholics, they unknowingly continue ancient Jewish customs to this day.

A Catholic friend of mine visited Spain some years ago, and dined on a Friday in the mansion of a Spanish nobleman of irreproachable lineage, who was a fervent Catholic. My friend remarked on the peculiar fact that certain pictures had been turned to face the wall. His host casually explained (without in the least understanding the meaning of the explanation) that in his family a venerated custom whose origin was unknown required that all devotional pictures of the Virgin and the Christ Child be turned to face the wall at sundown on Friday and remain thus until Saturday night.

Yours sincerely,
PERRY MEYER

•

CIVIC NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Mountlake Terrace* (*Wash.*) *Enterprise*]

Lynnwood City Council voted to buy a new pair of pants for Patrolman James Pinger at last Thursday's council meeting.

There was no question that Pinger needed the pants—but there was some doubt if the matter was of such major import that it required the attention of the entire council.

Mayor Jack Bennet didn't think it was, and said that in the future Councilman William Chadwick, head of the Public Safety Committee, could handle such matters.

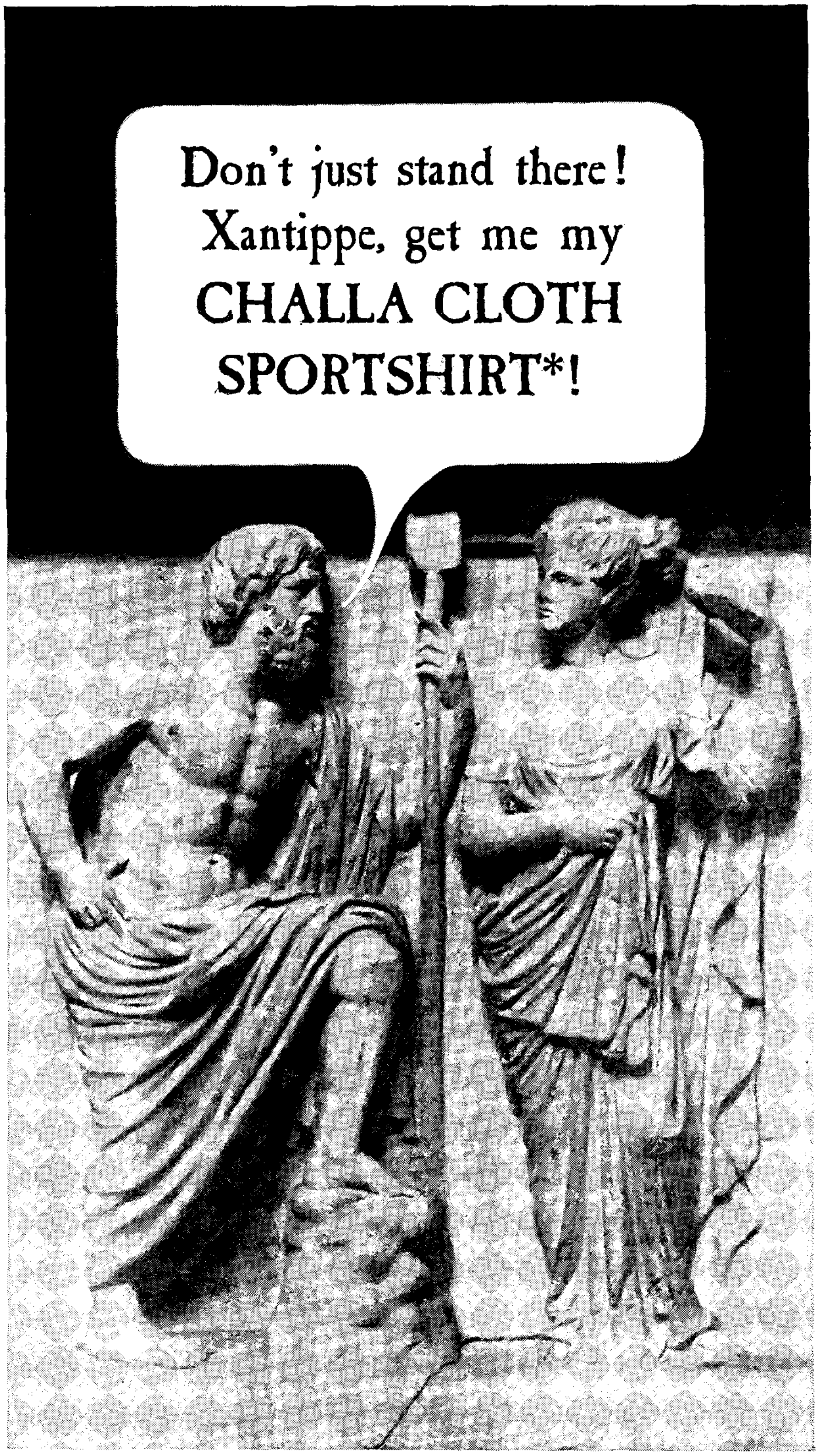
Chadwick said he would go along on the pants for Pinger but wanted council to know that he wouldn't authorize purchases of new pants if the old ones just had a little old rip that could be repaired.

Pinger's pants were irrevocably torn, council was informed, when the officer waded into a pond of rain water to rescue three youths whose speeding car had landed there. The new pants will cost $24.43.

•

In another Algerian broadcast by the outlawed Secret Army Organization (OAS) Monday, ex-General Salan came on the air with a violin attack on President de Gaulle's Algerian policy.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Ah, the French!



Don't just stand there! Xantippe, get me my CHALLA CLOTH SPORTSHIRT*!

Challa Cloth. A Unique and Vastly Different Sportshirt!

*Almost weightless yet one of the warmest, driest, most rugged sportshirts to be found anywhere. An astonishing feather-light blend of 50% lambs wool, 50% fine cotton. Completely washable. Solid Colors about $13.95, Tartans and Fancies about $14.95.

Fabric woven in Switzerland
by Gugelmann & Co. master weavers since 1862.
Designed and tailored exclusively by CISCO.

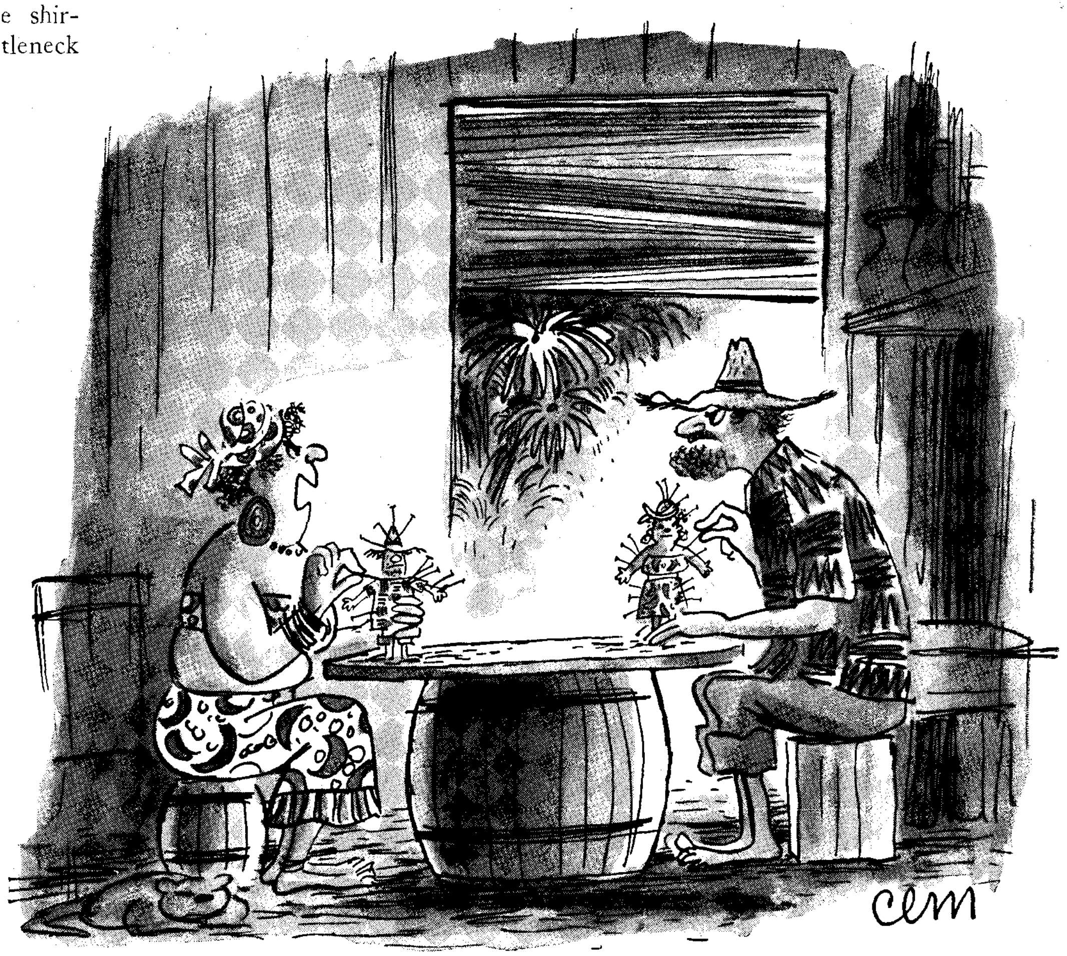
Available at:
B. Altman & Co., New York City • Marshall Field, Chicago
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. • Halle Bros., Cleveland,
or write CISCO, 16 East 34 Street, New York 16, New York

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LAST week, when the annual reconnaissance expedition into the fur country—the custom-fur country, that is—began, we indulged in some talk about the way pelts are being dealt with like cloth (as, of course, they have been for years). This week, we bring up further evidence of the skill of our furriers at handling not only the more pliable Russian broadtail but the deep-pile furs. Year by year, it seems, the custom designers are managing more astonishing dressmaker details (the sort you'd expect to find in silk), and Maximilian, who enters late but not least into this discussion, proves himself once more a leader among men. Such Maximilian touches as Russian-broadtail bands, two or three inches wide, and finely shirred like garters, appear, say, around a three-quarter-length cape of black Alaska seal (a single band surrounds it just above the elbows and ends in a little bow of broadtail in the back) or on an almost straight coat of broadtail (the shirring makes a wide pseudo-turtleneck and a band at the hem). A double layer of deep ruffles, as on a petticoat, encircles a huge triangular Maximilian shawl of black Russian broadtail; a waist-length cape of his, in the same fur, gets two rows of narrower ruffles—one below the shoulders and one around the elbows, like the Gay Nineties. (This cape is lined with chinchilla.) Fine shirring gives a three-tiered effect to a Maximilian cape of Russian Crown sable (no tipped sables here; they're all as imperial as Catherine the Great) worked horizontally. One row of shirring is just under the shoulderline, and there are two more below. Deep gathers impart a smock look to other majestic pelts, such as Saks Fifth Avenue's Cerulean mink with a sharp turnover collar and a deep, dropped shoulder yoke. Very full gathers, front and back, below this yoke make the coat lavish indeed. The final fillip is low pockets, shirred at the top like sewing-basket pockets. For silhouettes, there are any number of capes and cape-coats, the latter very broad across the back, and often with sleeves so infinitesimal that they hardly count. An imaginative out-and-out cape is Esther Dorothy's, shown in black American broadtail. It's a regulation full-length cape on one side; on the other side there are folds so deep that it can be slung over the opposite shoulder, toreador style—handy when you're practicing *verónicas* for the *corrida*. The straight mink coat, of skins that go round and round you, and with a low-slung back belt, still flourishes (Maximilian is only one of its devotees). But a new rival is the coat with a circular hem, either moderate, à la Dior, or swirling. Jean Hermè has done the simplest possible coat in black Alaska seal or mink, with a trumpet flare that starts at the hips. Stein & Blaine takes ranch mink, cinches it slightly at the waist, and then releases it into a half-circle flare below. Hattie Carnegie's Split Level coat starts with a long-waisted top of black Persian broadtail fastened by buttons of black Alaska seal; seal begins at the hips (there are pockets at this junction) and goes circular as it nears the hem. As for pelts, that sporty sheared Alaska seal, looking like panne velvet and glistening as though it were drenched with dew, may show up in its natural bronzy brown, but it is more likely to be dyed. Maximilian, who likes it in loden green, makes ensembles of it—a tailored suit with a hip-length jacket and a three-quarter cape, which swings from a cord at the neck, for instance, with which can be worn an overblouse that is loden green at the top and brownish below. Esther Dorothy has had this fur dyed for her in a bright mint green, a coppery orange, and a Concord-grape purply blue, and uses it in all manner of smock and raincoat cuts. I especially admired her raincoat with vast oblong pockets and her famous slash up to above the waist in back. One big button holds the slash together when you don't have it opened and spread to each side of you on the seat of an automobile.

A puzzlement to me is that fisher, which is widely popular for trimming on cloth coats this autumn, rarely appears as an entire coat. (It's a rich brown with



"Take that!"

DESIGNED BY CHANEL
EAU DE COLOGNE N°5 CHANEL
CHANEL
CHANEL N°5 SPRAY COLOGNE REFILL
SPRAY COLOGNE WITH REFILL
N°5 CHANEL
AT HOME
FOR THE PURSE
N°5 CHANEL

©1961 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57TH ST., N.Y.

SPRAY COLOGNE AND PERFUME SET 10.00

EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50

BATH POWDER 5.00

SPRAY COLOGNE WITH REFILL 8.50

CHANEL

PRESENTATION DE LUXE 17.50

every
woman
alive
wants
Chanel N°5

PERFUME FROM 7.50

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

CHANEL

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

CLASSIQUE
$145.

Each shoe handmade from French-tanned alligator of superb quality. Additional skins available for your accessories. Brochure on request.

LE BAG CLASSIQUE
Perfect match to shoe above.

Size 8¼" x 10½"

Handbag of simple elegance by Lucille de Paris matches Belgian Shoes in your choice of three fine leathers

The finest lizard, alligator and llama calf—the same leather used in the shoes assures an exact texture and color match. Exquisite hand detailing. The leather-lined interior has zipper and snap side pockets, suspended zipper compartment and lift-out leather coin purse. Brass clasp; protective feet.

In ALLIGATOR—Each side made from one perfect small grain skin. Brown, Black, Burgundy $275*

In finest French baby LIZARD—Red, Beige, Brown, Tan, Black, Navy $154*

In LLAMA CALF—Red, Cedar, Navy, Black $110*

**Federal Tax Included*

Under direct ownership of **MR. H. BENDEL**

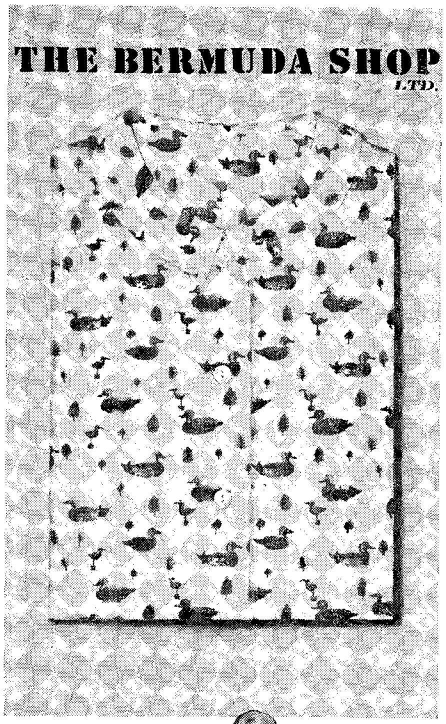
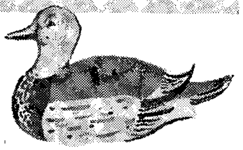
EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

WEST AT I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

spiky hairs that turn out to be very soft indeed.) Ben Kahn has it, however, and makes, for one, a flaring below-hip jacket of it, with the skins horizontal. But enough of generalities; let us proceed to the specifics.

IN countries where they weigh their emeralds by the pound instead of by the carat, little ranees' first lisps run like this: "Daddy, when will I be old enough to go to Maximilian?" The international reputation of this house for outright luxury, already more than secure, is augmented by several floor-length formal coats (usually with the skins horizontal), such as a monk's robe of sable to do penance in, and a coat of black mink with a gathered flounce from the knees down, and a robe of white mink. I've already talked about his dressmaker finesse, but there are other facets: patent leather to give a merry look to a redingote of black Alaska seal by making the buttons and the belt, which is laced through the low waistline and ties in back; three-quarter-inch bands of black braid around a coat of seal that nips in, princesse style, through the middle and winds up with a mild flare at the hem. This sort of cut also shows up a great deal in black Russian broadtail, which, for warmth, has to be lined with another fur—ranch mink, say. On one coat, the mink emerges to gird the neck, to make a band down the front, and to circle the hem and emphasize the ripple there. Other fur-lined triumphs (straight this time) of black broadtail may be mandarin, with the lining of Empress chinchilla showing in the slits at the sides, and more chinchilla forming a band collar that ends in the most casual of knots. An unlined beige-dyed broadtail is cut coachman style, with high lapels, slanting pocket flaps below the curved-in waistline, and sleeves shirred on below the dropped shoulders. As for what are called the "little furs," Maximilian makes a masterly contribution in black-and-white with a collarless hipbone jacket of white mink that is interrupted by a band of black mink around the middle. And I doted on a white mink triangle, like a disorderly fichu—two ends are tied up by a bow of black velvet on one shoulder, and its third end comes well down on the opposite arm—and also an off-the-shoulder shrug, two skins wide, of mink or sable, with little ruffled sleeves that start at the bottom edge of the top skin and end at the base of the lower one. For day, patent leather appears again on a hipbone-length jacket of Somali (that now-scarce fur) with

THE BERMUDA SHOP
LTD.

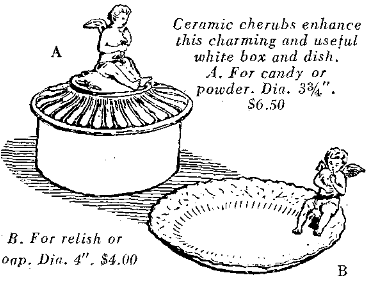


FAIR GAME

A new decoy print to add to your collection. Blue or green ducks on a white cotton short sleeve blouse. Sizes 8-16. **8.95**

PLEASE ADD 35c FOR SHIPPING.

545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

Piazza Montici Originals



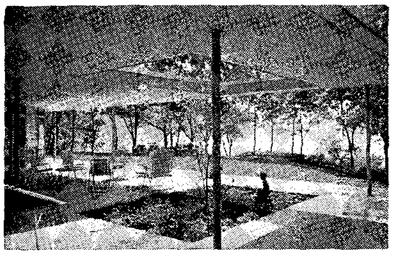
Ceramic cherubs enhance this charming and useful white box and dish.
A. For candy or powder. Dia. 3¾". $6.50

B. For relish or soap. Dia. 4". $4.00

No C.O.D.'s please.
Send for our Illustrated Christmas Brochure

the Piazza Montici
19 EAST 55TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. • PL 5-8826

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE



Superb contemporary, high over the Conn. River, built to make the most of a breath-taking view. Dramatic living room opening on wide terrace. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. 180 ft. fine beach. Fine construction. No cost spared. 3 acres. Privacy. $60,000.

THE SPARRE AGENCY, INC.
Essex, Conn. **Phone SOuth 7-8289**

1961-62
EDITION
SAS
treasure chest
of world
travel
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Brand new '61-'62 edition of the travel guide that was read by over 15,000,000 persons last spring!

Full color pages on Europe's pleasures by TV star Mitch Miller and Edward Streeter, author of "Father of the Bride."

How to see "Europe on $5 a Day" by travel expert, Arthur Frommer.

Feature article on "Open House," Europe's latest attraction.

Report on planes with a sky-high personality by Charlotte Adams, noted magazine writer.

The ABC of stretching your travel dollar, including extra cities at no extra fare.

Pages filled with a wide assortment of tours.

Tips on packing, customs, currency and other travel helps.

How to rent a car, and drive through Europe . . . or buy a car there.

Naturally . . . overwhelming reasons proving that SAS is the NICEST and FRIENDLIEST way to fly.

If you can't take TEMPTATION.... HIDE!

Does even a picture postcard from Europe leave you quivering with envy? Then drop everything, and hide. Because the countries of Europe have gleefully plotted a new attraction this winter and spring. As if the regular attractions weren't enough! They've added "Open House," a Meet the People program in their homes, studios, businesses. And then to add still more temptation, SAS has slashed fares to Europe up to $136 for 17-day jet economy round trips, transatlantic or transpolar.

The excitement of "Open House," plus all the fascinating material you see outlined above, are in the new SAS "Treasure Chest of World Travel." The pretty SAS stewardess is holding a copy. Would you like one? It's astonishingly, wonderfully, irresistibly free at your SAS travel agent, or with the coupon.

FIRST OVER THE POLE

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
638 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

I SURRENDER! Please send me your **FREE** '61-'62 "Treasure Chest of World Travel."

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

My SAS Travel Agent is____________________ NY11-11

SAS—General Sales Agents for Guest Aerovias Mexico, United Iranian Airlines and Thai International

Don't lend me your ears!

By CYNTHIA MOORE

If there's one American habit that should be broken, it's that of dabbing perfume behind your ears. How this idea began I never shall know. But the fact is that the back of your ears is probably the least effective, most wasteful spot for fragrance.

When you think about it, the reasons are obvious. Most people meet you head-on. Very few sneak up behind you and give your little pink ear-lobe a small nuzzle. When your beautiful perfume is placed aft of the ear, all that happens is that it floats off behind you . . . great for the stranger in the seat behind you in the bus, wonderful for the lady in back of you at the supermarket. But this is not exactly the audience you hope to attract.

To be really effective, your perfume should be sprayed on with an atomizer . . . the only way to get what the perfume chemists call "diffusion," i.e. a nice, over-all aura of fragrance. Concentrate your fragrance on the "pulse-spots" of your body. This means the base of the throat, the crook of the elbow, the wrist — all areas where you can feel a pulse and where the warmth of the body intensifies the perfume. Don't be afraid of wearing too much. If you choose a fine quality scent, you'll give a lot of added pleasure to everyone you meet.

One of the perfumes that has great diffusion is LE DE by Givenchy . . . an aroma that does an exceptional job of reaching out to those around it. If you'd like to try LE DE you can get a generous sample by writing to me, Cynthia Moore, Box 52B, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Simply enclose your name, address and 50¢ to cover cost of postage and handling. My offer expires May 1, 1962.

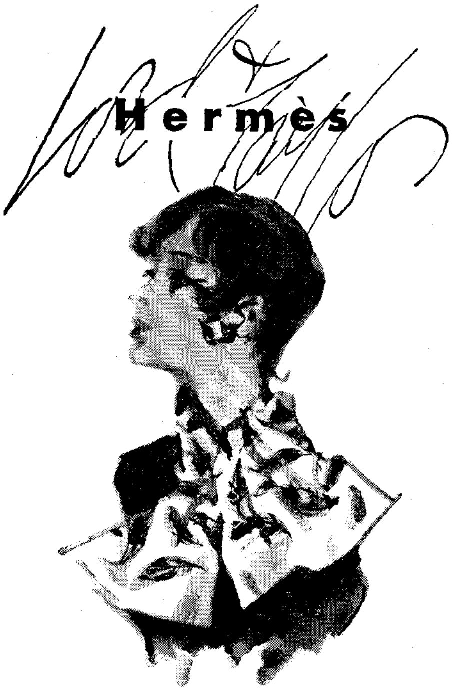
© HOUSE OF FRAGRANCE INC.

(*Advertisement*)

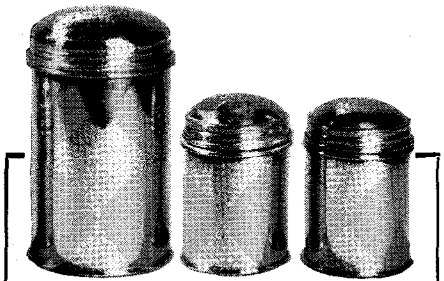
a cowllike collar jutting forward under the chin; the leather makes a square of buttons on the diaphragm and the lacing between them.

BEN KAHN (the address, 150 West 30th, does *not* mean that it's strictly a wholesale house; the following goods are made to order) has minks with the most casual, sportsmanlike attitudes, one being straight, with narrow, notched lapels, two slashed pockets at one side of the semifitted front and one at the other, and three big bone buttons down the front. He has other mink preparations that don't belong anywhere near a stadium or a station wagon, one being of ranch mink, the skins going vertically as far as the hips and then turning horizontal, with a slight flare below. Another is a full cape that involves a hundred skins (the average mink coat has about sixty-five) below a turnover collar, and a third is a coat that is all diagonal lines, completely seamless, with the skins making a lovely sidewise swirl across the shoulder blades. Beautiful beige-dyed Indian broadtail, dressy as moire for a serene and sheltered look, is what makes a tailleur (with an easy flare from the hips down) that has high lapels and three passementerie buttons down the concave front. In the huddled, bulky field, Mr. K. is strong for snow leopard—tawny and fluffy, with big blurred spots—and he uses nutria, dyed taupe, in a loose coat with a turnover collar of lynx. Harking back to the evening elegance of 1914, he trots out a coat of beaver—but beaver bleached oyster white—that has a double band of pale mink going around the neckline and down the front, to curve away and edge the narrow hemline. White calf stencilled in a zebra design is the stuff of a three-quarter straight coat with a narrow band collar that never quite touches the neck. Three black buttons fasten it down one side. White calf also crops up in a little over-the-head hip-length flaring poncho, with the fur in uprising scallops across the throat. This goes aptly with slacks around the ski lodge, or perhaps your own fireplace, as does pony, dyed red, in a loose jacket with white mink edging the hood and forming a band of mink around the hips, where it ends.

IDEAS keep up a perpetual boil at Esther Dorothy's establishment, whether the furs concerned are imperial or informal. Black Alaska seal is made suitable for petite women in a perfectly simple collarless coat with satin bindings down the front and edging the flaring



The famous feathers
from Paris: a scarf with cut velvet, many soft colors on white silk satin. Ours alone, for the individualist, 16.00
Hermès Shop, Lord & Taylor



COPPER SHAKERS . . . bright as freshly minted pennies to sit on your kitchen range. The two small shakers are for salt and pepper; the large one for confectioner's or cinnamon sugar, also for powdered nutmeg. An attractive accessory for your spice cabinet . . . a wonderful gift for friends.
Salt and Pepper Shakers.................$3.45
Complete 3-Piece Set.....................$5.95
Prepaid anywhere in the U. S. A. No C.O.D.'s please. Write for complete catalog.
Bazar Français EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

ZOO-IT-YOURSELF
A TOY WITH A PRACTICAL PURPOSE
Make nap-time a treat, great fun for watching TV. Perfect for napping on bed, floor or car—Machine washable corduroy. Ideal gift for all occasions. Your choice—Tiger or Leopard 57" long. 36" wide. For 3 to 6 years old. $7.50
JUNGLE RUGS 2 for $14
Send check or money order. Add 50¢ for postage.
STEVENS INDUSTRIES, INC. Dept C, 1019 Third Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

coffee-cup cuffs, which curl up from narrow wrists. Black Alaska is also the choice for a two-way coat with five enormous black disc buttons. Fastened, these buttons go on a savage slant from the crossed, collarless neck to below one hip; when the front is turned back to make a tuxedo panel at each side, the buttons disappear and the anchoring is done by a self sash belt. A coat of Indian lamb (this weighs little more than the silk moire it so resembles) is all diagonal skins and is topped by a collar of sable. Yellow-beige is the color. And as for mink, great technique is displayed in a coat of Lutetia with a big shawl collar. The skins go round and round it without apparent interruption; there's not a seam to be seen, even down the sides. Esther Dorothy is still devoted to sheared beaver for informal coats. One is in oyster white, with an X-shaped belt dangling in back, and one that is dyed caramel boasts enormous saddlebag pockets and a pastel mink collar. Mink is also the facing of the bell sleeves, so you have mink cuffs when you turn them back. Among the small jackets, black-and-white combinations get their just deserts in an ermine sweater, the skins arranged in a chevron design, with a down-the-front band of black Russian broadtail fastened by small, round pearl buttons. The broadtail also makes the long sleeves, which end in French cuffs with pearl links. More broadtail goes into a coat designed for strapless dresses; black mink edges the off-the-shoulder neckline. This is waist length, like another broadtail beauty, with a collar, almost as deep as it is, made of vertically worked chinchilla skins that fan outward and downward all the way around the shoulders.

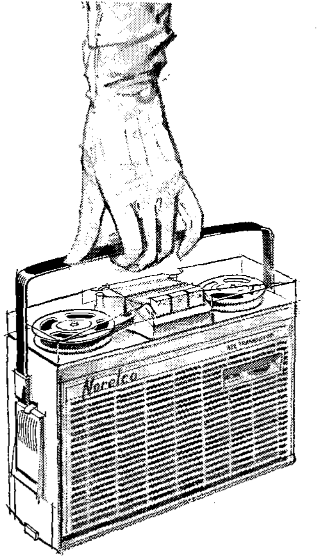
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE goes in for the slopingest shoulders in the world, which look even narrower because of broad, bloused backs. One of the nobbiest long mink "jackets" I've seen has a simple V crossing in front; in back, the skins are worked in a deep chevron pattern, and deep gathers at the top begin a blouse that ends well below the buttocks. It's a cape, actually, but the armholes are placed so low that the thing resembles a jacket in front. Tourmaline mink worked round and round is the stuff of a cardigan with a round, collarless neck and big mother-of-pearl buttons down the front; the barrel effect in back descends beneath the hipline. Straight down, however, goes a jacket of tourmaline. A single skin under the prim collar makes a yoke below the shoulder tips, and there's a bit of gathering beneath. It was at Saks Fifth Avenue,

When you get right down to it...the loveliest feet come all wrapped up in

Oomphies

Amy / about $6.00 a pair. For store nearest you write: Oomphies, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 1. Oomphies of Canada, Ltd., Sherbrooke, Quebec. Price slightly higher in the west.

Norelco®
BRINGS YOU



A PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER
that works on ordinary FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES so you can now record anything, anytime, anywhere!

Only 8 lbs.—is worn over your shoulder like your camera. Records and plays back up to 2 hours on one reel. Simple to use? Push two buttons and you're recording . . . push one button and you're playing back. What could be simpler! Sound is clear as a bell and as loud as you want it. Ruggedly built, with constant-speed motor . . . handsomely styled . . . surprisingly low-priced. It's the newest Norelco 'Continental' —the 100% transistorized

CONTINENTAL '100'

. . . available at camera shops, hi-fi dealers and leading stores all over the country. Write for brochure: R-11.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

In Canada and throughout the free world, Norelco is known as the 'Philips'.

too, that I saw a jacket of black mink which for the very first time has been dyed in such a fashion that it has a depth and a lustre worthy of custom efforts. Among the long coats is a stark Russian broadtail whose skins are worked vertically. This has a naïve round collar, a broad cape back, and a definite narrowing toward the hem. Mink arranged diagonally spirals down a coat without showing a seam anywhere. This tour de force has a high shawl collar set well back from the neck. And that virtuoso black Alaska seal is presented in highly tailored form here, in a straight coat with six double-breasted buttons. It is hard to be Different with stoles, but Saks has managed to in a little white mink affair, the cape back extending to below the waistline. Cape backs aren't News, but the deep attached collar that can turn upward into a hood is. The stole ends are shirred across at the natural waistline to provide a bit of shaping.

I WAS beside myself last week (and what a handsome couple I made!) about that red-and-black-dyed Persian lamb with the tweedy look. Now I find that Hattie Carnegie has used it in a coat with a small standup collar, raglan sleeves set way out from the wide body, and a taper toward the hem. Carnegie does this sort of shape in Russian broadtail, too. Black Alaska seal is the fur of another street offering, but this one is slender and concave down the front, though it has an easy, full back and capelike sleeves. Among the minks is a ranch-and-brocade reversible charmer with a ranch-mink collar that avoids contact with the neck in the most aloof manner; the skins, which run up and down, make the much-beloved sunburst pattern down the back. Mink, in the new mutation called Morning Light (pearly, with a lavender tinge; de-luxe furs are either very dark or very light now), does indeed bring the dawn of a new day. Its hood starts well out on the shoulders, and it really puffs backward when it is not being worn over the hair. The skins are on the up-and-down, and there are *wrist*-length sleeves, which have been *in absentia* for a long time. For evening, there is a capelet of Empress chinchilla, two skins deep. On its wide, fat, bumpy collar, the skins go up, then curl over and in.

JEAN HERMÈ—he shares an address with Ben Kahn (150 West 30th) and conducts the same kind of separate retail and wholesale operations—is showing a slim mink coat by Givenchy

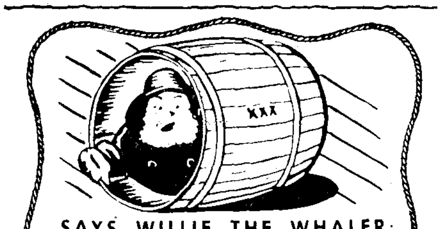
BALTIMORE EJ PHILADELPHIA

Eddie Jacobs LTD.

IMPORTED CAMEL HAIR SWEATERS—made for us in England of 100% camel hair of a cashmere softness and lofty hand. New saddle shoulders are full-fashioned for complete freedom. In a series of 2: the *classic V-neck, $25—cardigan, $30.* In natural camel shade only, sizes 38 to 46. Please address mail orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Redwood St., East of Charles, Balto. 2, Md.

Superb Winter
GOLF
in sunny
Phoenix

THE WIGWAM
INN • BUNGALOWS • COUNTRY CLUB
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
Reade Whitwell, Manager
Reservations: Consult your Travel Agent, write, wire or phone **WEstport 5-3811.**



SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"Watch ho! Pass the word to the binnacle list that we're bulling a cask on the lower deck of the bark Wanderer". *Excellent Dining Facilities.*

Whaler Bar
HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

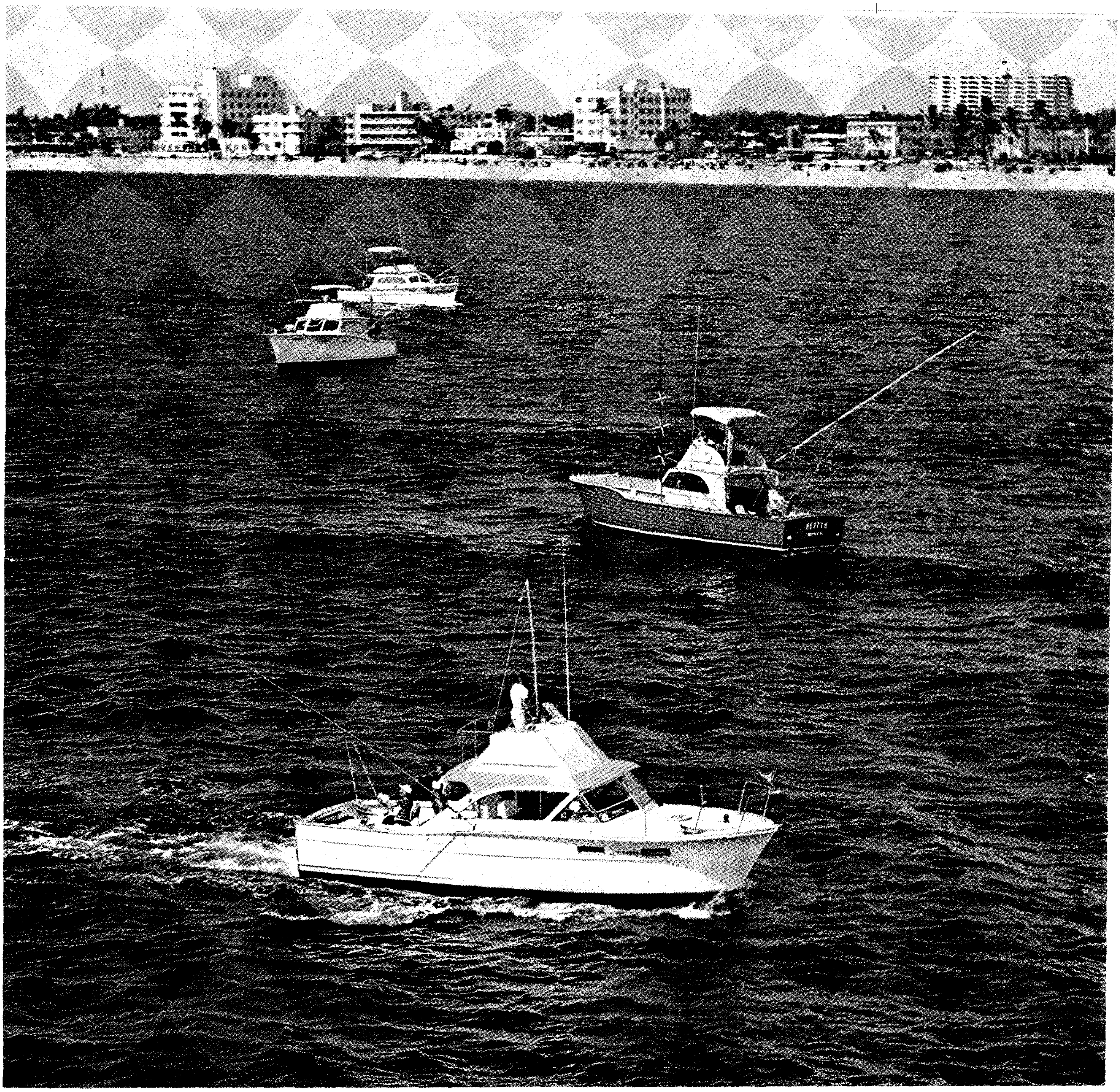
Do you want a vodka that's something?

Or nothing?

WOLFSCHMIDT'S
VODKA

Tina Louise asks, "If vodka has no taste, no nothing, what's left? Alcohol!" But Wolfschmidt Vodka is art, not alcohol. It has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka. It heightens, accents, evokes the best in every drink. Screwdriver. Bloody Mary. Martini. Tonic. Vodka and pepper. Etc. (You have never tasted such delicious Etceteras.) And all that remains on your lips is a word.... Wolfschmidt. Wolfschmidt Vodka is something! Right, Tina?

General Wine and Spirits Co., New York 22, N.Y. Made from Grain, 80 or 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.



Deep-sea trolling is front-yard sport in Fort Lauderdale

Thousands of deep-sea game fish are boated each year in sight of Fort Lauderdale beaches. Trophy-size sailfish, marlin, dolphin plus scores more too numerous to list here.

Why is this stretch of the Atlantic so singularly rewarding to sport fishermen? Simply because the Gulf Stream bends its temperate waters hard-by this strand of Florida beach on its northward sweep across the ocean. Enjoying its warmth while avoiding its current, sea life abounds on the Lauderdale side of the Stream.

A five-minute sail from shore puts you where the *big ones* run. Sport-fishing charter boats take you out by the day or half-day. The captain supplies tackle and bait. He can even break out a box lunch and cold beer at high noon. It's great fun.

Beyond a salutary influence on fishing, the closeness of the Gulf Stream at Lauderdale has a beneficent effect on humans. Southeasterly trades carry its balmy temperatures ashore. The resulting year-round mild climate quickly puts you in a holiday mood.

So whether you'd like to hook a new trophy to hang in your game room, or just to *hang business* for awhile, come visit . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE
FLORIDA
for the fun of it!

For FREE color booklet describing a Lauderdale holiday, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N13, Fort Lauderdale, Florida that has nothing to it except that the narrow shawl collar has its notches quite low. This minor magic gives it a very special air. (One customer wanted the notches at the more familiar level, and that little change spoiled it all.) Hermè, like Saks, is happy about the lustrous new dyed-black mink, and employs it for an actual kimono with wide sleeves, all ready to wrap. Natural nutria, somewhat in abeyance of late, gets the full treatment in a big coat that has a standup collar and is substantial enough to wrap generously to one side. Then comes a coat (or coat-dress) of black Russian broadtail or Alaska seal. This has a turnover collar, a snug basque top, and inverted pleats starting at what used to be known as the normal waistline, to give a delicious rounded look to the skirt. And, speaking about the hazards of making a stole that isn't just another stole, Monsieur H. has one in a creamy mink with the ends winding up in a loop at the bottom. It works like this: One end has a slit through which the other passes to make a bow on the stomach, and the loop can shelter the hands—well, a little bit, anyway. Pride will keep you warm, Mother used to say.

UP at Stein & Blaine is a natural-gray Russian broadtail (steely and very rare) that makes a coat with a high shawl collar of chinchilla and little gathers below the yoke in back. They particularly love circular hemlines around here, as in a coat of black Persian broadtail lamb that nips in to the body at the waist and swings out sidewise at the base. The ranch collar is substantially backed with ranch, too. A coat of black Alaska seal descends to the hips, and a circular trumpet flare begins below this. And seal is the fur of one of the few high-waisted coats I've liked; this nips deeply in to the body and winds up in an insistent circular width at the hem. Among the short jackets, mink or chinchilla is the selection for a little darling with brief cuffed sleeves and a straight, loose hang to the hipbones. This has what they call a "wedding-ring" collar—a round one, like a bolster, standing far away from the neck, the lower edge making a shallow yoke out to the shoulder tips. Mighty pretty.

—Lois Long

•

NOTICE

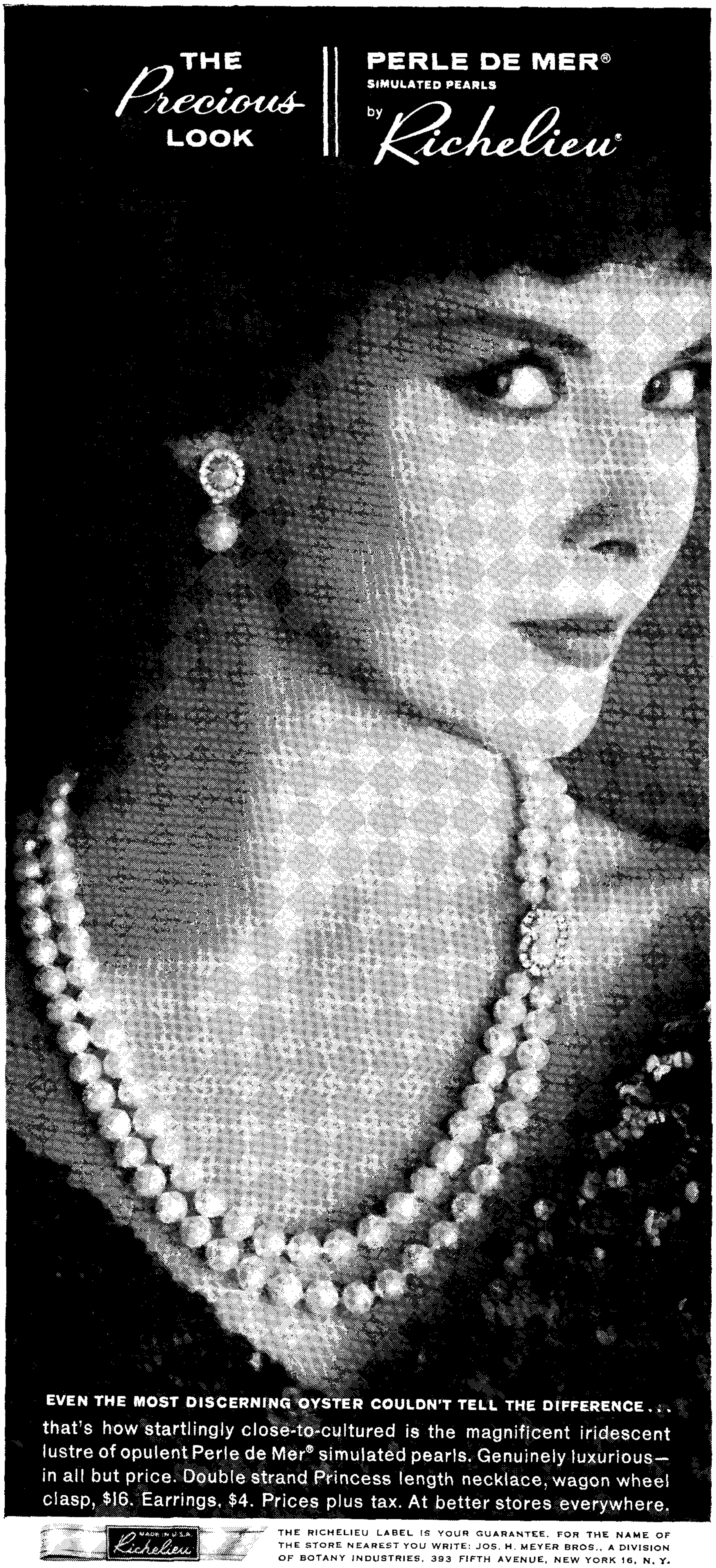
I will not be responsible.

Frances Protasowicki

54 Clarence St.

—*Adv. in the Bridgeport Post.*

Frances, you're just too *très gaie!*

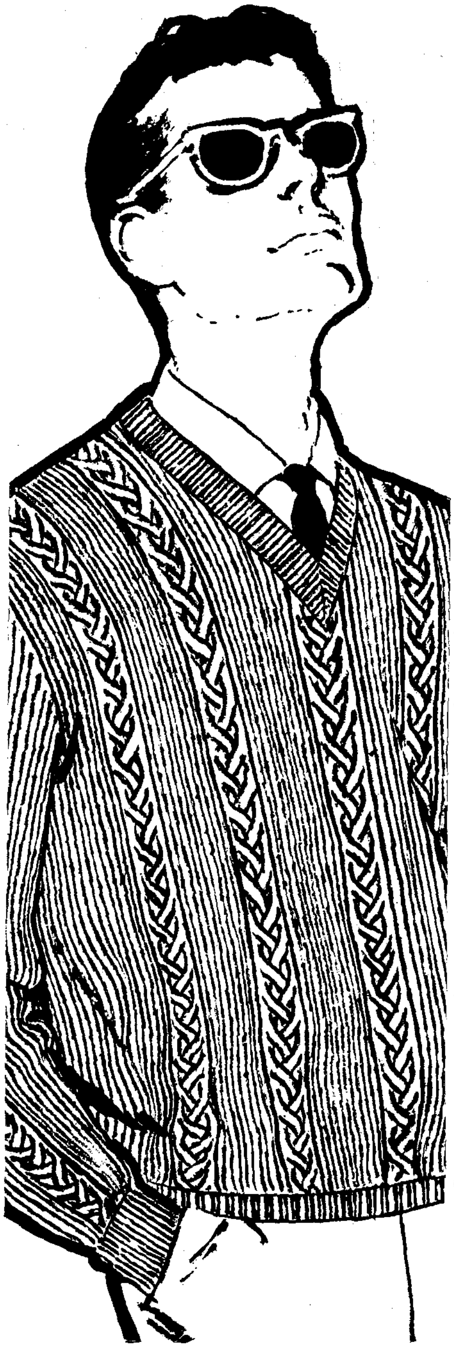


THE *Precious* LOOK

PERLE DE MER®
SIMULATED PEARLS
by *Richelieu*®

EVEN THE MOST DISCERNING OYSTER COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE . . .
that's how startlingly close-to-cultured is the magnificent iridescent lustre of opulent Perle de Mer® simulated pearls. Genuinely luxurious—in all but price. Double strand Princess length necklace, wagon wheel clasp, $16. Earrings, $4. Prices plus tax. At better stores everywhere.

THE RICHELIEU LABEL IS YOUR GUARANTEE. FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE: JOS. H. MEYER BROS., A DIVISION OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Lean. Vertical.
Rather British

This is the *British* British look, fresh from the customs. Made in England by Jaeger, foremost name in British knitwear. A sweater with a beautifully intricate cable stitch, and a lean, vertical, classic line. Has a high V-neck, fashioned sleeves, and colours as clear as a bell. Knitted in the noblest of wools—pure, natural, firm, soft. Comes in all sizes.

JAEGER

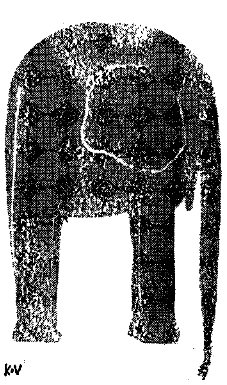
Jaeger imports are already in many fine stores in the U.S. Enquiries in U.S. to F. A. MacCluer Inc., 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., *and in Canada to* Frank Robertson & Company, 1440 St. Catherine's Street West, Montreal 25, Quebec, Canada.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

ANNIE OF CORSICA

BEFORE the summer, I had a very vague impression of Corsica. I knew that Napoleon was born on the island and that it is still part of France; I had read several French stories that dealt with Corsican bandits of great nobility whose sole activity was robbing the unworthy rich and saving pious girls in black from various hazards; and I had heard innumerable Corsican dialect stories in Paris, all told in a rich Italianate accent and all having to do with Corsican laziness or peasant shrewdness or simple-mindedness. Therefore, you can imagine the general disbelief when I told people that I was going to spend the summer on Corsica teaching theoretical physics. How and to whom?

The trick is this. Since the war, there has grown up among physicists something that a friend of mine calls "the leisure of the theory class"—the summer school. One now finds these schools in such places as the French Alps, Trieste, and Lake Como. Many of them attract faculties of considerable eminence—scientists who are happy to do a little teaching at a spa for an otherwise free vacation—and the students come from all over the world and are at a very advanced level; many have their Ph.D.s and are actively doing research. Some of the schools are now firmly established, and have even taken to publishing their summer lectures in book form; nowadays it is not uncommon in physics literature to see a reference to somebody's lecture notes datelined, say, Les Houches or Varenna.



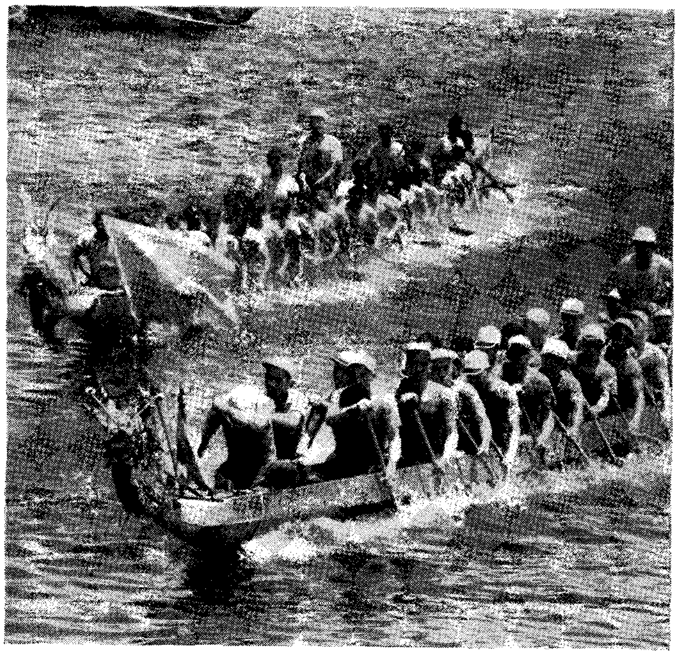
The school I taught at was still in the formative stage. It was situated on a beach in Corsica, and its only building was a half-finished stone summer cottage. The house had been started by two Continental families who wanted to come to Corsica in the summer and live together in the nude. For some reason, they abandoned this admirable program, and what remained was a shell of a house set on a small cliff about thirty feet from the Mediterranean. The families must have been very rich. There were elaborate light fixtures (but no electricity), a fine bathroom (but no running water), picture windows (but no glass in them), and a great, two-level stone living room. Professor Maurice Lévy, of the University of Paris, who was looking for a summer-school site, recognized the possibilities of the house and successfully completed negotiations to buy it. For school purposes, we turned the living room into a lecture hall and mounted two small blackboards on the upper level to make a kind of lecture platform. One of the bedrooms became a library and another one an office. The students lived in tents near the beach, and the faculty in a modest hotel on another beach nearby. There was a fresh-water spring, and the town of Cargèse was close enough to keep us well supplied with groceries.

The faculty consisted of three Americans (including me), an Englishman, an Italian, and several Frenchmen, including Professor Lévy, who ran the show. The Frenchmen were mostly from the University of Paris or from the huge international research center, C.E.R.N., in Geneva. Our students were all French. There were about forty of them, and they came from either Paris or Bordeaux. I was at first surprised to find such a large group from Bordeaux, which is not noted as a center of research in physics. The explanation is that everyone wants to teach in Paris, thus creating a tremendous pressure for university jobs there. As a result, up-and-coming young scientists who cannot find a full-time post in Paris often hold two part-time jobs—one in Paris and the other in the provinces. They live in Paris and commute once a week to, say, Bordeaux. Our Bordelais had been brought to Corsica by a young Parisian physicist who worked with them part time in the winter and was happy to have the chance of seeing them more regularly in the summer.

Cargèse, which is near the western shore of the island, some thirty miles north of Ajaccio, where Napoleon was born, was founded about two hundred years ago by some Greeks escaping the Turkish occupation of their country. The *Guide Michelin* has this to say about Cargèse: "852 habitants. Alt. 82 metres. Ajaccio, 52 km.; Calvi, 112 km." It awards a red rocking chair to the Hotel Thalassa, where the faculty lived. A red rocking chair means "quiet and secluded situation" in Michelin language and must refer to the fact that the hotel is on a beach at the end of a dirt

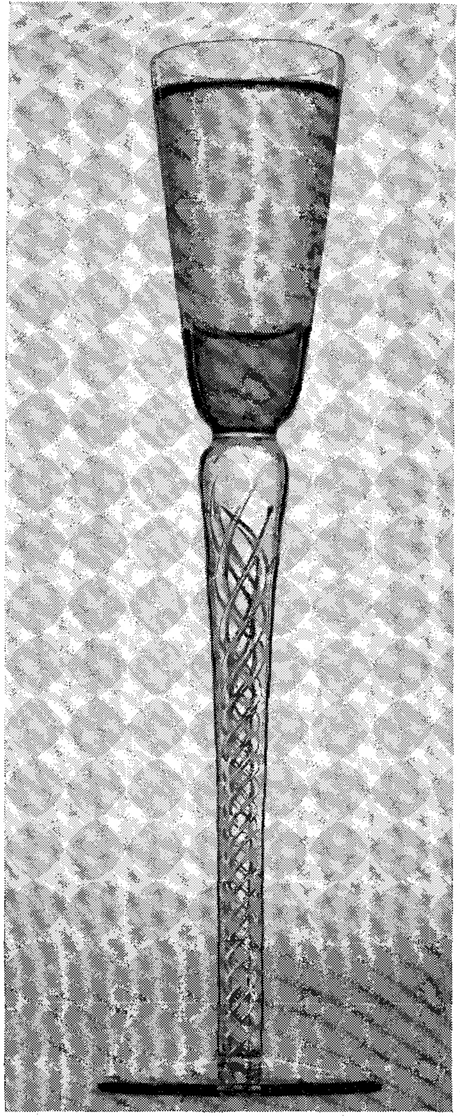
ONE OF THE FEW FESTIVE PLACES LEFT TO VISIT

HONG KONG



In Hong Kong, Chinese festivals begin with a running to and fro as all the important and many-coloured preparations are made. Fireworks sell well at these times — and on the festive day they are put to good and noisy use, with huge man dragons and lions playing out the old legends to drum and firecracker accompaniment. In Hong Kong no one's national day is overlooked and Thanksgiving merits as many flags as Ching Ming . . . geographically and emotionally, Hong Kong lies between East and West. ✠ Only by experiencing it can one capture the thrill of shopping in Hong Kong, for words cannot do justice to the glint of light on jade, the gleam of fine silk brocade or the intricate carvings in teak and ivory. Rare treasures are to be had for the looking, works of art preserved from the ravages of the Mongols, internal revolutions and time itself to find their way behind the plate glass windows and bamboo blinds of Hong Kong's shops. Across the street, slick cameras, binoculars and radios beckon with shiny precision, for this is Hong Kong, market place of the world. ✠ Hong Kong lies on the main, round-world air routes. Tokyo, Manila, Bangkok and Singapore are a few hours away by jet, which makes the Colony an ideal base for touring the Far East. The administration is British and orderly, the service throughout the Colony is typically eastern in its courtesy and desire to please. The hotels and restaurants are modern, air-conditioned and skilled in the gastronomic arts of dozens of countries and as many Chinese provinces. Small in size (398 square miles) but big in scenic attractions, temples, bazaars and Oriental colour, Hong Kong offers the vacationer swimming, golf, tennis, bowls, horse racing, Chinese opera, and the shopper the goods of the world at the lowest prices in the world. Finding your way around Hong Kong is no problem, for English is spoken throughout the Colony, street signs are in English and meter taxis and public transport work exactly the same as in your home town. You can sightsee on your own or use the services of the many tour agencies who operate conducted tours to all parts of Hong Kong and to nearby Macau. Ask your Travel Agent about Hong Kong or write Hong Kong Tourist Association, P. O. Box 5341, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG



85 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, N.Y., N.Y.

In America for you: Italy's most treasured liqueur

LIQUEUR STREGA

Strega is a haunting liqueur. Its ingredients have remained a secret for many generations. But there is no disguising its unique, sunny citrus flavor. Savor Strega straight, or on-the-rocks. Mix it in many ways. A smart free booklet tells how. Write: Canada Dry, Dept. N, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

road that has made a vertical descent of the eighty-two metres from the main part of town. It is a charming hotel, although not very quiet in the summer, when the beach overflows with visitors, mainly students.

The Greek influence has remained in Cargèse. Many of the families have intermarried, and the Greek family names have endured. The people look Greek—cream-white skin and jet-black hair—whereas most Corsicans have very swarthy complexions. The native language of the island, Corsican, is an Italian dialect, and you can hear the Italian in place names like Asco, Bastia, Bonifacio, Porto-Vecchio, Vizzavona, and Zonza. The Cargèsians are less reserved than most Corsicans, who give the impression of being a tough, introverted mountain race; indeed, the island *is* very mountainous, some peaks rising to more than eight thousand feet and remaining snow-covered all year.

It is easy to become fond of Cargèse. Life ambles along at a genial pace. There are some cafés that are given over to outdoor dancing at night. There are a couple of restaurants. There is a bus stop and a gasoline pump. There is a postcard-and-record store. When the bus pulls in, two or three times a day, the weary passengers, looking somewhat the worse for the rough ride over the mountain roads, divide themselves between the Café Les Sports and the Café au Bon Repos. To greet them, a loud-speaker from the record store is turned on and we are all treated to Tino Rossi singing "Ma Corse" for the hundred-and-fifty-thousandth time. A few records are sold. Some postcards are mailed home. The passengers are herded back into the bus, which lurches off, and Tino Rossi is put back to sleep. This ritual constitutes the main commercial activity of Cargèse.

Most of the actual physical labor of the island is done by the women. If the men happen to be around, they encourage their wives or girl friends with a few kindly words in Corsican. Some of the men describe themselves as professional fishermen, but no one takes this too seriously, and a breeze that an Atlantic fisherman would barely notice drives them off the Mediterranean and into the bar of the Hotel Thalassa. Here, among a swirling crowd of other Corsicans, Continental families, students, and physicists, they ride out the storm—joking, singing, and drinking innumerable Pernods. Sometimes the division of labor between men and women on the island borders on the incredible.

FROM SCOTLAND
Real Shetland Wool Sweaters
A VERY SPECIAL VALUE
$9.95

Made by Peter Scott of Hawick. Soft, bulky, full-fashioned...these sweaters will be prized for many years.
Ladies' Cardigan — sizes 36 to 42.
Colors: Lovat (soft blue-grey), Fawn (beige mix), Red (Elizabethan).
Men's Pullover — sizes 38 to 46.
Colors: Mallard (dark blue-green), Lovat (soft blue-green), Fawn (beige mix).
Delivery is immediate. Please add 50¢ for mailing. U.S. Duty, if any, on delivery.

Margles INTERNATIONAL
Est. 1921
35 King St. W., Cobourg, Ontario, Canada

RESORT FUN UNDER THE FT. LAUDERDALE SUN! 600' PRIVATE OCEAN BEACH, 2 POOLS! DELIGHTFUL CUISINE, ENTERTAINMENT, COCKTAIL LOUNGE, TENNIS, GOLF!

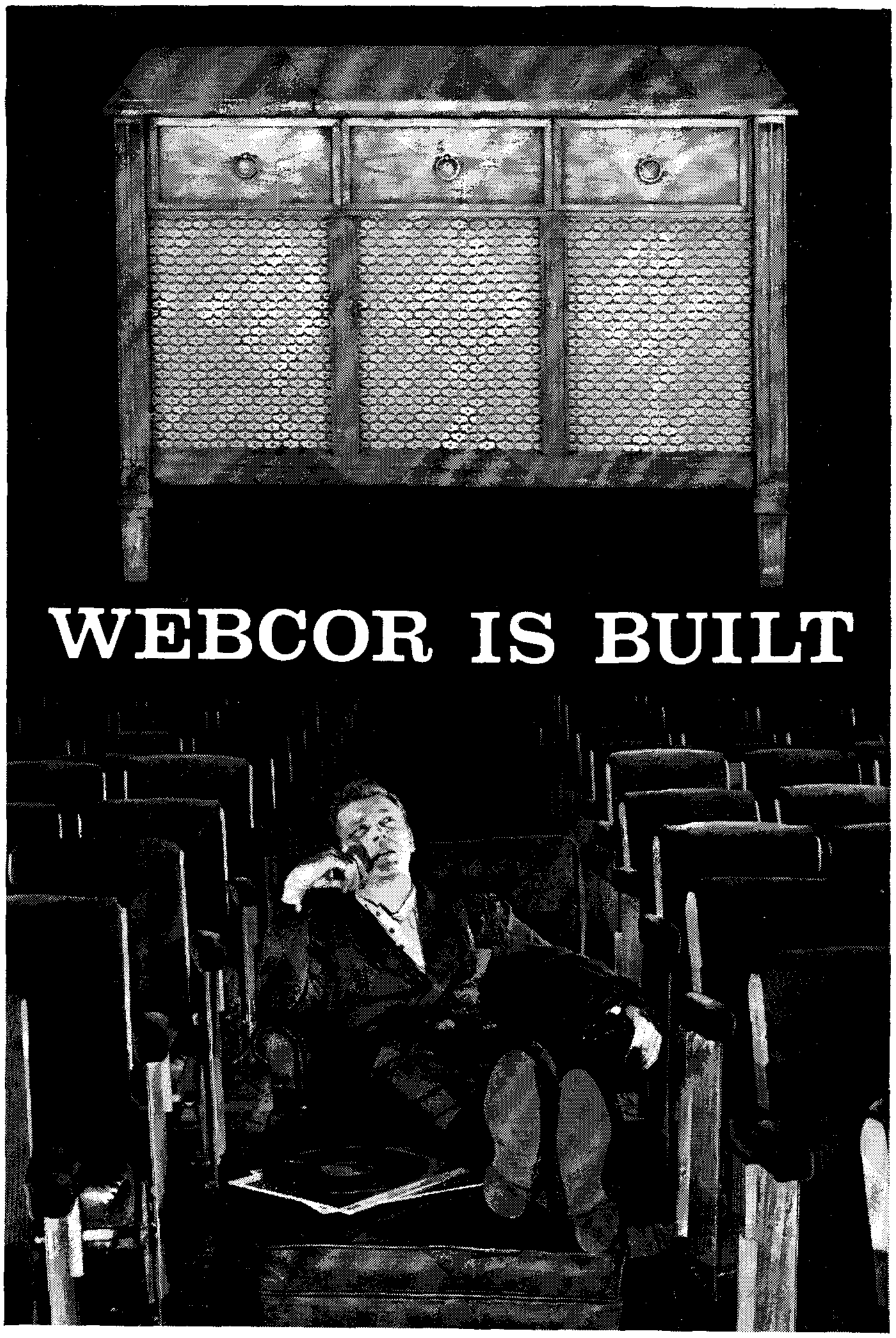
Lago Mar
HOTEL & APARTMENTS
- AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS, SUITES, APARTMENTS
- CLOSEST TO RACING, AIRPORTS, ATTRACTIONS

See your travel agent or write for brochure
LAGO MAR HOTEL AND APARTMENTS
FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA. • PHONE JA 3-6511
Under direction of Sidney Banks

Something's NEW at The
BARBERRY
DANCING
FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS 10 p.m.-1 a.m.
to EDDIE LANE'S MUSIC
Musical Interludes Nightly except Sundays
FOR COCKTAILS • DINNER • AFTER-THEATRE
THE BERKSHIRE
17 East 52nd St.
New York City
KNOTT HOTELS
PLaza
3-5800

For example, there was an elderly Corsican couple who seemed to be around the Thalassa a great deal. In fact, the wife helped out with all the heavy housework. The old boy, straight as a smokestack, would ride up to the hotel every day on his mule and, naturally enough, go directly to the bar, while his wife, arriving on foot, would arm herself with a broom and a mop and disappear into the hotel. I learned after a while that she *owned* the hotel but simply couldn't stand to see good money paid out for cleaning it. This remarkable lady even took over the cooking after her son-in-law fired the cook, a Parisienne. That happened just after breakfast one morning. The reason the son-in-law gave was that the cook had had the impertinence to use "*tu*" instead of "*vous*" in the course of an argument they were having, and the only way he could salvage his honor was to fire her. I must say that the cuisine, which until that day had been excellent, dropped into a bottomless pit of yoghurt, cold fish, and salads with black olives. For some reason, the manufacture of yoghurt is a tradition in Cargèse, and we had it twice a day. I shared a table in the dining room with a French physicist from Paris whose opinion of yoghurt was unprintable. He had a saturnine face, which was bounded below by a long, pointed beard. He was a brilliant pantomimist, and developed a number of routines that he displayed when the yoghurt was brought in; one of them was to drape his head obligingly over the edge of the table, as if he expected the guillotine to fall.

CORSICANS feel that they live in a part of France itself—indeed, Corsica is a department of Metropolitan France and not a province—but they are also very nationalistic and intensely proud of the island. The fact that they speak French and Corsican interchangeably and alternately summarizes their attitude. The Continental French, on the other hand, frequently look on the Corsicans as a mixture of bandits and buffoons. They joke about the Corsican blood feuds, which must have existed once, and the enormous indifference and laziness of the men, which is hard to deny. (It is claimed that the size of the olive harvest on the island is determined completely by the wind velocity in the olive groves.) The Corsican accent is so different from the sophisticated Parisian French that Parisians visiting the island are sometimes taken for Englishmen. The native accent has become the bread



for fifth row center stereo

Best seat in the house is the one you occupy in front of the Webcor ITALIAN PROVINCIAL stereo console. Its handsome antiqued solid walnut cabinet houses a powerful three-channel audio system—powered by a dual-channel 30 watt amplifier, reproduced by five high fidelity speakers. Automatic disk-changer, with diamond needle, plays stereo and monaural records in all four speeds, intermixes 7" and 12" LPs. Provision for drop-in Webcor radio—AM, stereo-adaptable FM, or FM-AM simulcast tuner. Same chassis also available in four other fine furniture cabinets. Webcor console fonografs start at $149.95; ITALIAN PROVINCIAL, $299.95—slightly higher south and west.

Webcor STEREO

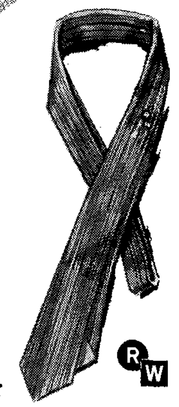
WEBCOR INC., Chicago
tape recorders, portable and console fonografs, radios, components, Dormeyer appliances and power tools

since you take
the trouble to
choose distinguished
shirts, ties, cufflinks,
suits . . .

it makes
good sense
to top it
all with a Stormaway

The inimitable Stormaway is proof that a coat need not be inelegant to be versatile and practical. Weatherproofed wool gabardine, lustre-loomed in Great Britain — tailored wholly by hand — available in well-bred styles and colors at **$120.** Stormaway by Malcolm Kenneth Co., 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

available at: SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Finchley

Gift Idea:

SPOT HIS INITIALS
just off center on a pure silk tie. Prince Igor cuts it on the lean and narrow with self stripes: navy, lt. blue, lt. or dark grey, maroon, brown, olive, black or cognac. 2 or 3 initials. **$6.50.** (Allow 10 days for delivery)

Finchley
564 Fifth Ave., New York 36 • Phone JU 2-3230
Initial Tie @ $6.50

QUANT.	COLOR	INITIALS

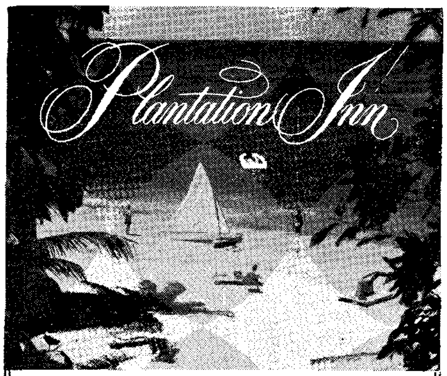
Add 3% Sales Tax in N. Y. C. Oustide delivery zone add 45c

NAME
ADDRESS
☐ *charge* ☐ *remittance herewith*

and butter of French stage comedians.

In view of the vast difference in background and interests between the Cargèsians and the physicists, one might imagine that our relationship was somewhat peculiar and strained. This was certainly so at first, but we were soon relegated to the category of harmless lunatics who did mathematics in the summer on a lovely beach better suited to swimming and lying in the sun. We were known as "*les savants*," said not with respect, especially, but also not with the veiled contempt that sometimes coats the word "professor." We bothered no one, and, in fact, were a modest gold mine for the people of Cargèse, who are very hard pressed, especially in winter, when there are no tourist buses. Our students did their homework during the day in the cafés, drinking black coffee and Orezza, a natural carbonated mineral water that is bottled on the island. At night, they drank the sweet Corsican wines and danced outdoors. Some even bought Tino Rossi singing "Ma Corse." I bought a vast supply of colored postcards, which always managed to understate the beauty of the island. At the Bon Repos, I became a favorite of the owner. The fact that I was an American made me, a priori, a great expert on the world at large. The Corsicans do not see many Americans; most of the summer visitors are Continental French, and a large number of these are relatively young students. I would arrive at the Repos every morning about eleven, just after my lecture. I was usually in a state of frustration. Since physics lectures are hard enough to understand in one's native language, we Americans did our best to lecture in French, and I found lecturing in French on physics very hard; when I concentrated on the physics, my French would become incoherent, and vice versa. At the Repos, I would order an Orezza to calm my nerves and then begin to read the *Nice-Matin.* While I studied the paper, the proprietor of the Repos could generally be found sleeping lightly in a nearby chair in the shade. If he happened to wake up, he would come over to my chair with *his* copy of the *Nice-Matin*, so that we could compare notes. He would invariably begin the conversation by remarking, "*Ça bouge*" ("It moves"). This turned out to be a reference to the world situation, and I was now expected to give a little talk on world problems, during which he would gradually nod off again.

By this time, the students would have



OCHO RIOS · JAMAICA, W.I.

Elegance with the provocative charm that marks it **Jamaica!** Pure luxury in an exclusive club atmosphere. Two golden beaches stretching into the warm, clear Caribbean; every room with its private balcony, terrace dining and the finest cuisine on the Island. Calypso gaiety; starlight dancing. Sailing, water-skiing, skin diving; all sports, of course. Plantation Inn can make the big difference in your Jamaica holiday.
Located on the preferred north shore. (70°-80° year 'round).

Consult your travel agent or
Wm. P. Wolfe, Representatives
New York, Boston, Miami, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Montreal, Toronto.

NEW SMOKING LUXURY...

Edgeworth
Executive Mixture
A LUXURY BLEND OF THE FINEST WHITE BURLEYS, GOLDEN FLAKE AND RARE RED VIRGINIA TOBACCOS-CUT CAVENDISH

This natural blend of finest Burleys, Golden Flake and rare Red Virginia achieves supreme flavor and aroma . . . with no added aromatics. For a free, full-size pocket pouch of this most luxurious tobacco you can smoke, send your name and address and those of your tobacco dealer. Mail request to Executive Mixture, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va.

The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

BY ZEUS - WHAT A WINE!
FROM THE LAND OF OLYMPUS

NICOLAOU
MAVRODAPHNE
EXQUISITE SWEET GRAPE WINE
IMPORTED FROM GREECE

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. N.Y.—N.Y.

MAVRODAPHNE

begun drifting in—our students and some of the enormous group of young Continental students to whom Corsica is a summer paradise. The eternal triangle on the island was a boy, a girl, and a motor scooter. The couples would buzz around the island until they found an attractive beach on which to set up light housekeeping in tents; hundreds of unclaimed beaches rim the island and are free for the taking. Sometimes the students would set up camp in one of the forests in the interior, but usually they organized beach colonies near a little town like Cargèse. In Cargèse, they spent the hot part of the day commuting between the beach and the cafés, and in both places they talked incessantly. Among French students, the ability to talk brilliantly is the greatest social asset one can have. The biggest catch in Cargèse last summer was a philosophy student who had "HEGEL" painted on his shoes in white—"HE" on his left shoe and "GEL" on his right—and who would vanish into the mountains every few days, usually in the company of the most attractive girl student. The second-greatest social asset one can have is the ability to play the guitar. Ah, imagine the man who both talks brilliantly and plays the guitar, perhaps simultaneously! It was nothing to find three guitars going at once at the Repos, sometimes accompanied by group singing but usually all but drowned out by the endless chatter. It is into this setting that I would like to introduce Annie.

The first time I saw Annie was when she came crashing up to the Repos on an ancient black motorcycle. This was no motor scooter but a vintage Harley-Davidson, always on the verge of total collapse. She insisted on driving it barefooted, and could be seen daily careering through the narrow main street of Cargèse, causing man and animal to flee to shelter. She was quite beautiful, with jet-black hair, deep-blue eyes, and an infectious laugh. On a good day, she was known to say about twelve words. Although she never asserted herself, one could see right off that Annie was the

BANISTER

116 years of award winning excellence

Baron

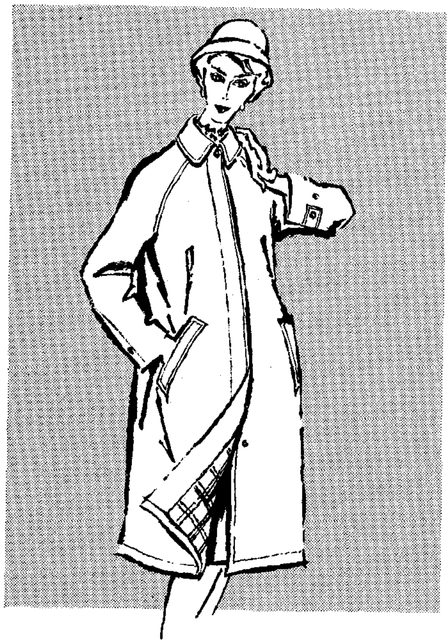
There is nothing finer to which a man could aspire . . . in the category of footwear . . . than the flawless styling, meticulous workmanship and top premium leathers so artfully combined in this Banister. It is, quite obviously, the ultimate in shoe excellence and, as such, more than worthy of the price put on it. In black or deep brown calfskin . . . $37.95 at the more select shops.

(*Other styles from $27.50 to $75.00, slightly higher Denver, West*)

BANISTER

JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY, SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASS.

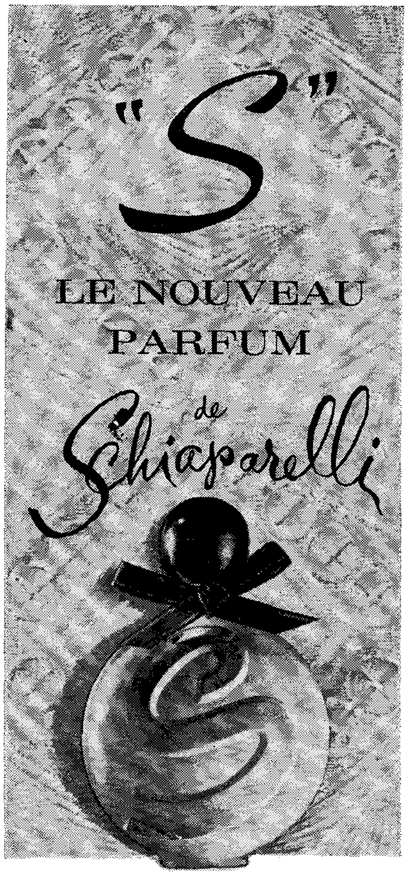
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lady Macintosh

Beauty and utility, in the most versatile coat you can own. London-tailored of superb English poplin, the Lady Macintosh wards off winds, shrugs off showers and readily adapts to changing seasons. In Macintosh Tan or Dover Sand, **$32.95.** Matching hat, **$4.95.**

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.



New enchantment from Paris—"S" Parfum, an incredibly elegant, beautiful bouquet of sun-drenched blossoms.

Created, bottled and sealed in France. *8.50 to 150.00 plus tax at fine stores*

PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI, INC. NEW YORK

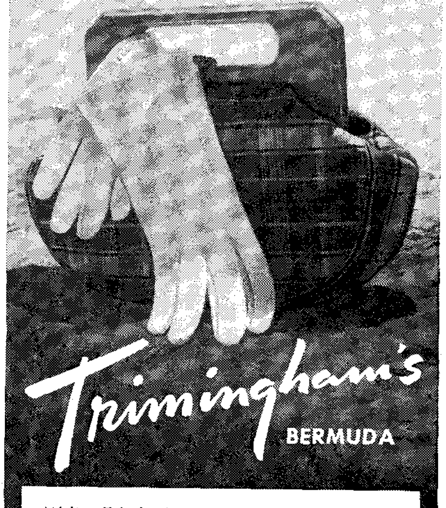
focus of the student group in Cargèse. When she was around, the conversation and the guitar-playing became even more intense, and when she went bombing off on the motorcycle there was a lull. On her daily visit to the café, Annie stayed only a little while; soon a band of young Corsicans, also on motorcycles, would come by to fetch her. They would salute each other in Corsican, and Annie would remark "*Mes cousins*" and be off.

Pretty soon, I found that I was beginning to wait for Annie's daily visit, like everyone else. I had no occasion to talk to her, since she kept herself very aloof, and as no one offered any explanations, it was quite a while before I could find out much about her. The clue came with the arrival at the Thalassa of a new family from Paris. I was told by our waitress that a wonderful family was coming to the hotel and that now we would be kept amused night and day. Since I was trying hard to finish preparing my lectures, I didn't show much enthusiasm over this revelation. Early in the morning after the arrival of the new Parisians, I was aroused by some prowling outside my window. A man's voice groaned, "*Mais, dis donc, ton oiseau, je m'en fous royalement!*" ("I couldn't give less of a good God damn about your bird!" is a rough English rendering.) I opened the blinds to examine the author of this remarkable statement. He was a small, wiry man in his middle forties, already brown from the sun, and he was addressing a very pretty girl of about twenty who had climbed onto the low roof over the front door of the hotel. The girl was cradling a baby bird in one hand and evidently trying to put it back into its nest. "*Tu vas casser la figure, et finalement je m'en fous!*" ("You're going to break your neck, and I couldn't care less!") the man said, looking rather desperate. The girl calmly deposited the bird in the nest and slid down a pipe next to the door. She stuck out her tongue and remarked sadly, "*Tu es idiot, Papa.*" A shutter banged upstairs and a woman's voice called "Robert!," at which father and daughter vanished inside the hotel.

With my day full of classes and students, I didn't catch sight of them again until dinner. My bearded colleague and I were just finishing our soup when they came in. The mother and daughter, with Robert following behind, made a striking pair. They were very brown, and were talking and laughing like two school chums. And, to top it off, there was Annie—in a dress, no less, although still barefoot. Furthermore, she seemed

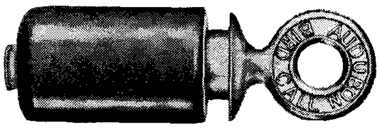
By mail from Bermuda
Scottish Tartan Handbags. Made in our workrooms. Pure wool with 8" Bermuda cedar handles. Your choice of over 20 authentic tartans. Specify Clan or colourings you prefer. $6.80 postpaid.

Luxurious English Doeskin Gloves. A Trimingham specialty. White shortie slipons with dressmaker stitching. They wash beautifully. In quarter sizes 6 to 8. $2.95 postpaid.



Write Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N22. Send for our illustrated catalogue.

the audubon bird call



twist it . . . a variety of wild songbirds answer

. . . an amazing little device that really attracts birds. Handmade of pewter and birch, simple to use, it's a perfect outdoor companion for children and adults. Used in Europe for centuries. Ask for it at your favorite book, gift, garden shop, or sporting goods store . . . or send $1.50 to

ROGER EDDY
NEWINGTON 11, CONNECTICUT
Mailed postpaid with instructions

DRAMATIC!
DISTINCTIVE!
Top of the Six's
GRACIOUS AFTER THEATRE DINING
666 Fifth Avenue • PL 7-6662

to be speaking whole sentences, one after another, most of them addressed to the bird girl of the morning. Behind Annie came two adults, who were evidently her mother and father; in fact, Annie's mother was a perfect likeness of Annie—the same deep-blue eyes and black hair. Papa was a curious figure, handsome and at his ease but also very distant; he acted as if he were viewing the scene from a telescope on the moon. At the sight of the girls, my bearded friend started a bit and sucked his breath sharply through his teeth. "*Délicieuses*," he said. During dinner, we made a number of attempts to board their table, but our comments on the yoghurt, the wine, and the general flora and fauna fell on stone. After dinner, they went out to the terrace for coffee and cognac, and we followed. They talked a while, and suddenly Robert spotted a ping-pong table at the side of the terrace. "*Le ping-pong! Le ping-pong!*" he cried, as if he had just discovered uranium. He leaped to the table and tried to talk someone in his entourage into playing. There were no takers, and he began to look a little unhappy. "*Qui va jouer avec moi au ping-pong?*" he finally said to the hotel at large, and before anyone else had a chance to say anything I challenged him.

He introduced himself, and when he found out where I was from he labelled the match "America vs. France." At once, we had the entire hotel lined up to watch. I have always regarded ping-pong as a miserable game, but under the influence of the girls and the cognac I did better than I had any right to, and gave him quite a spirited battle before I went down. However, the real battle was won, for as a reward I was invited to sit with them and have a cognac. I was introduced to the girls and their parents, and we talked about general things. But suddenly, when it was learned that I was an American physicist, the tone of the conversation became very hostile. I tried to get it down to a more friendly level by arguing that France and America were in a common life-and-death struggle against Russia, and that for our common survival we had to exploit what weapons we had available. This approach only seemed to make things worse, and after a few more minutes of debate Annie's father got up and, without a word, stalked off into the night. Soon everyone else left, and I found myself alone, wondering how things could have gone so badly just when they had seemed to be getting started.

The next day, I saw Robert on the

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

Economy Class was never like this

Quite frankly, it still isn't. However, AIR-INDIA's economy-class service, though it may lack certain of the frills shown above, is so unexpectedly delightful that it's hard to believe you're economizing. Especially now, when 17-day excursion fares are as low as $350 round-trip, New York to London.

So much for mercenary matters. Our point here is that no mere difference in fare could ever affect the tradition of AIR-INDIA's warm hospitality and thoughtful service. That's why, as an economy-class passenger, you'll find such niceties as a fresh flower on your dinner tray, soft music, lavish Indian atmosphere and attentive sari-clad hostesses.

Add to this the swift serenity of Boeing 707 Rolls-Royce Jets . . . the surety of AIR-INDIA's multi-million mile pilots . . . and a 14-year history of dependable world-wide service. And what do you have? A yearning we hope, to fly soon on AIR-INDIA.

Your travel agent is the man to do something about it.

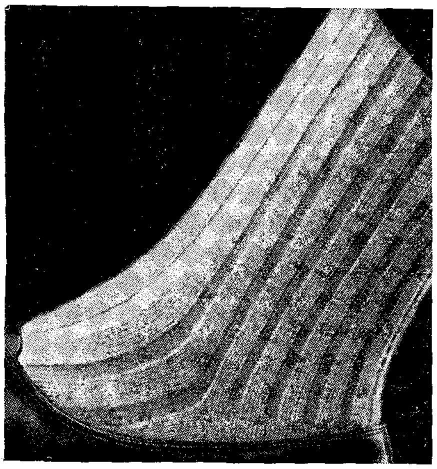
P. S. For those who must have champagne, caviar and pheasant, our first class service provides all this . . . and more.

AIR-INDIA
The airline that treats you like a maharajah

New York to London, All Europe and the East

AIR-INDIA, 565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK
CHICAGO—CLEVELAND—DALLAS—LOS ANGELES—PHILADELPHIA—WASHINGTON, D.C.—TORONTO

VIYELLA® SOCKS $1.50

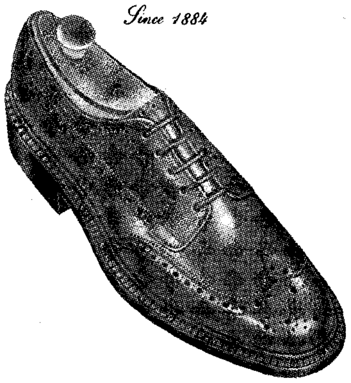


If they shrink, we replace!

VIYELLA YARN is spun in England from the softest wool (for warmth) and fine cotton (for lightness and long wear). The socks are permanently mothproof. Almost never need darning. And come in many manly colors. Short socks, $1.50; regular, $1.75. For store names – write to William Hollins & Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17. Or call MUrray Hill 4-7330.

Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884



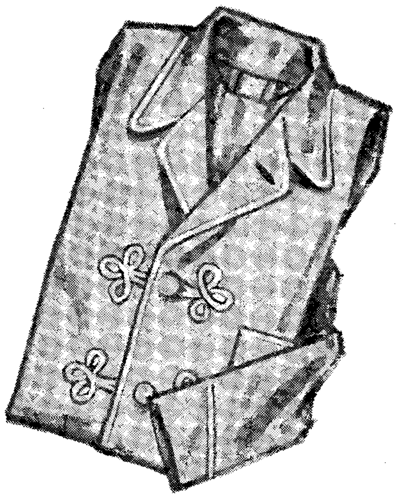
Ivy Guild Choice

An old school favorite available in hand stained English Albion grain or imported black calf. Fully leather lined. Available at finest shops or please write

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.

beach. I was going to avoid him, but when he saw me he came straight over. He told me he was sorry that the discussion had been so bitter, but he said that they felt strongly about these things. Before the Hungarian uprising, he said, both families had been very active members of the Communist Party. The two girls had studied Russian, and had even represented France at one of the youth festivals in Moscow. But after the uprising Robert and his family, like many other French Communists, had become completely disgusted and quit the Party. Annie's family, however, had stayed in; in fact, her father was a Party functionary. He was very poorly paid, and they lived on Corsica partly because of the beauty of the island and partly because life there was so much cheaper. Though the girls were still the best of friends, relations between the senior members of the families were somewhat tense. In general, they never spoke about politics, since the old wounds had never healed. Our ping-pong game had apparently set off an explosion, and I was an innocent victim.

In any case, I now had a chance to get to know Annie. We never again spoke of politics, and I am not sure that she gave much of a damn about them. It turned out that although she had grown up on Corsica, she had spent her winters studying in Paris. From the Latin Quarter, she knew most of the students who came to Cargèse for the summers. She was not terribly enthusiastic about life in Paris. Most Corsican students who go to Paris to study stay there, or somewhere on the Continent, and sooner or later they are lost to the island; this is almost inevitable, since Corsica can offer them neither sufficient intellectual stimulation nor economic opportunities. Going to Paris is for most of them a little like going to Wonderland, but for Annie it was quite different; in fact, she expected to settle in Ajaccio, with its thirty thousand people. Her most deeply felt objection to Paris was that it was too far from nature. The Luxembourg Gardens can't compete with the Corsican coastline, and, indeed, Annie lived in one of the most beautiful parts of Corsica. Her house (I saw it later) was set on top of a high cliff overlooking the Gulf of Porto, and the view was breathtaking. The Gulf of Porto is a rich-blue inlet cradled by jagged red walls; red mountains seem to soar out of the sea, and at sunset the whole arena glows with a fire that consumes any clouds that happen by. I watched the sunset from those cliffs many times during the summer, and Annie must have

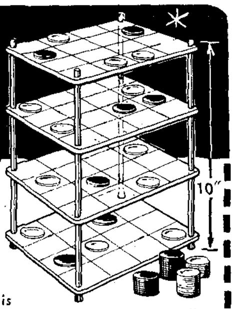


Gentlemen's PAJAMAS

Fine quality pima cotton, fully cut
and well tailored
Light blue, grey or white—all with white frogs
A. B. C. D.
$12.50
MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

NOW PLAY AMERICA'S EXCITING NEW GAME!



CHECKLINE
® (PATENT PENDING)
SPACE-AGE TIC-TAC-TOE!

Fascinating! Fun! Three dimensional Checkline® is just like Tic-Tac-Toe, but you can score diagonally, vertically, as well as horizontally. Here's the "classic" chess game of the space-age, that's easy to learn, guaranteed to challenge novices and experts alike. Two, three or four persons may play. Clear, sturdy plastic shelves, that snap together easily, make this game easy to watch as well as to play. Hours of fun for all ages at any party. Complete with polyethylene chips in 4 colors — $4.95 retail at leading department stores. Perfect Christmas Gift Item.
Or order direct to
HALL SALES—Dept. B11
13302 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, Calif.
(Calif. Res. Add 4% Sales Tax)

THE Ivanhoe By-the-Sea

Just 2 Minutes
North of Miami Beach
In beautiful, Fashionable Bal Harbour
A Truly Distinguished
Oceanfront Resort Hotel

Our Color brochure and rates are yours for the asking.
LARRY CLIFF - MANAGER
10175 COLLINS AVE., BAL HARBOUR, FLA.
NEW YORK PHONE: EL 5-2800, Ext. 92

watched them many hundreds of times more. If you tried to tell her what she would miss in life by settling in a small Mediterranean town—about the music, the theatre, and all—she would put a finger to her lips and nod toward the sun, which was gingerly placing itself in the sea. There's no competing with a sunset.
—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

◆

THOUGHTS WE DOUBT EVER WENT THROUGH ONE MAN'S MIND WHILE WAITING FOR THE MOVERS TO COME

[*Adv. in Advertising Age*]

A MAN CAN DO A LOT OF THINKING WHILE WAITING FOR THE MOVING VAN

AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER, THE 136 PEOPLE WHO ARE YOUNG & RUBICAM IN CHICAGO MOVED FROM 333 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE TO ONE EAST WACKER DRIVE.

THESE ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT WENT THROUGH ONE MAN'S MIND WHILE WAITING FOR THE MOVERS TO COME.

I am in advertising and I
believe in it.

I believe in advertising as
a worthwhile career, but
more importantly as
a force for good
in a free economy.

I know of no more significant
opportunity than telling
an honest public
about an honest product.

I believe in words and I
believe in pictures, not so
much in the way they can
be put together to arrest
the eye and ear,
but
in the way they get ideas
out of the package
into the buying mind.

I respect the arithmetic of
the census, but in so doing,
I try to listen to the heart
beat of the people.

The size of the market impresses
me, but it is the feel of it I trust.

When it comes to publications,
I do not question the number
of people they reach as closely
as I do the way they talk
to them; and it isn't the
power of TV that stirs me
as much as the purpose
to which it can aspire.

I believe that in the act of
advertising you move from
principle, not merely policy.
You seek to lead and to build
and you accept the risk, and
if you fail, you dare the
risk again. Or you are neither
leading nor building. . . .

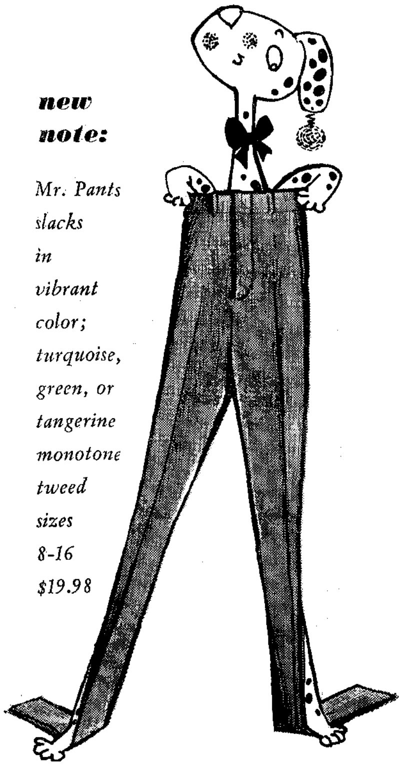
Advertising is my business,
and this is why I believe in it.

AALBORG
TAFFEL AKVAVIT
AALBORG
DE DANSKE SPRITFABRIKKER

Dry—easy—exciting! Cocktail parties are more fun—and less bother with ninety proof Aalborg Akvavit. Guests love Aalborg's crystal clarity and chill hint-of-caraway flavor. Serve it straight, right from the freezer (no worry about ice cubes!) with smörgasbord or hot and cold canapes and tidbits. That's how the Danes like it; you will too. In fifths and tenths.•Imported from Denmark.

90 PROOF AALBORG AKVAVIT
THE LIQUOR THAT YOU KEEP IN YOUR FREEZER AND SERVE AS A COCKTAIL

Briones & Co., Inc., New York 4 • 90 proof 100% potato neutral spirits

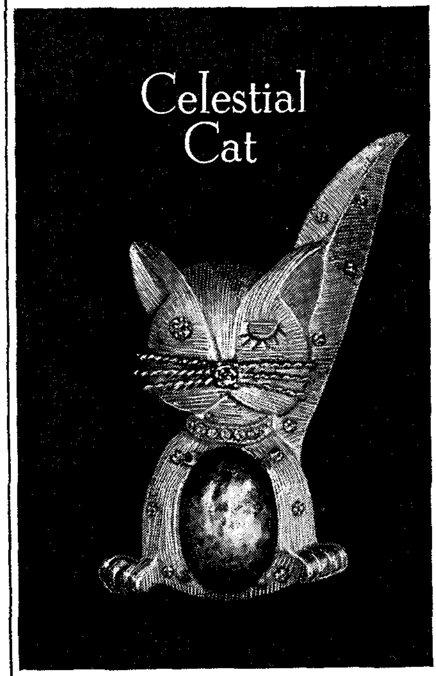


new note:

Mr. Pants slacks in vibrant color; turquoise, green, or tangerine monotone tweed sizes 8-16 $19.98

CASUAL CORNER

Add 35¢ for mail order . . Stores in:
Arlington . . Atlanta . . Corpus Christi . . Decatur . . Houston . . Lancaster
Memphis . . Milwaukee . . Providence . . Silver Spring . . Springfield
Syracuse . . Waco . . Washington . . West Hartford . . Worcester



Celestial Cat

This wry little kitten will delight your sense of the unique. Brushed Florentine gilt surrounds the fake jade stone. Just $5.00, plus tax.

Pin by *Albert Weiss* AW.Co.

available at B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVE., N. Y. • WHITE PLAINS • MANHASSET • SHORT HILLS
and other fine stores

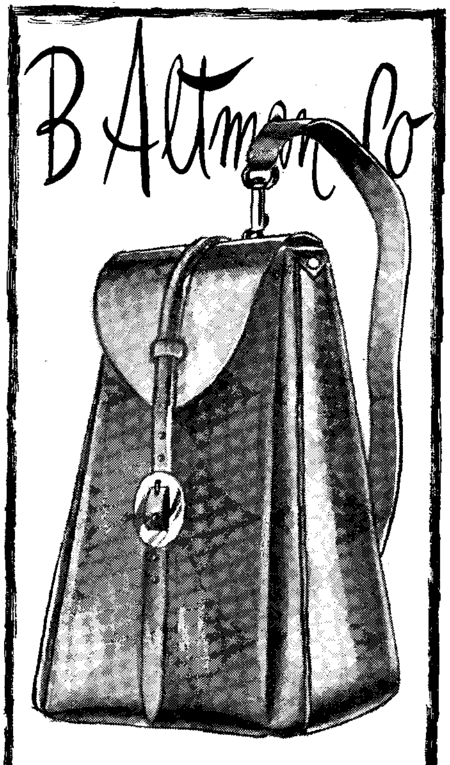
THE ART GALLERIES

O Pioneers!

THE way of the transgressor is traditionally hard, and so, frequently, is that of the innovator. Indeed, in the affairs of art the innovator is also, almost automatically, the transgressor. He is the breaker of rules, the overturner of the established order, and at the outset, at least, he is likely to be met with suspicion and disfavor. If he lives long enough, the world may catch up with him. Otherwise, he dies more or less unnoticed, and it is left for future generations to discover him.

Alfred Sisley, now the subject of a small but charmingly selected loan exhibition at the Rosenberg, belongs among the innovators, although only in the group sense, as one of the earliest and most devoted exponents of the Impressionist technique. In some degree, his life represents an inversion of the classic pattern of the struggling artist's career. Born in Paris in 1839 of English parentage (his father was an importer in the South American trade), he grew up in extremely comfortable circumstances. A coddled child, he was encouraged in his artistic aspirations, and it was not until he was well on toward maturity that he was left abruptly on his own, when his father's business failed. Until then, as a contemporary remarked, he had been painting more or less "as a dilettante;" paradoxically, the financial debacle seems to have strengthened his determination. Meanwhile, whether by chance or by some obscure predilection, he had chosen to study at the studio of Marc-Gabriel Gleyre, a conventional but remarkably liberal-minded academic painter of the period, where—and this was surely by chance—Monet, Renoir, and Bazille had also enrolled as students.

Such a congregation of similar-minded and gifted youngsters inevitably set off what I suppose we'd now call a chain reaction, and it was at Gleyre's studio—and even more in their sketching excursions outside—that the theories of Impressionism began to evolve. Monet was the prime mover, since he was the most powerful personality and the most resourceful and inventive experimenter with the possibilities of the technique.



B Altman & Co

the go-everywhere bag . . . the over-size shoulder carry-all with detachable strap . . . in leather-look plastic; black, brown, tan or bronzine. Altman handbags, main floor, Fifth Avenue, suburban stores. **26.00**

plus 10% Federal tax

PEOPLE OF INTEREST FIND THAT THE NEW CAFÉ LOUIS XIV INTERESTS THEM

CAFÉ LOUIS XIV

RESERVATIONS: CIRCLE 6-5800
15 W. 49 ST. AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
OPEN UNTIL 1 A.M., 7 DAYS A WEEK

Your Address: Chicago's magnificent gold coast

181 East Lake Shore Drive

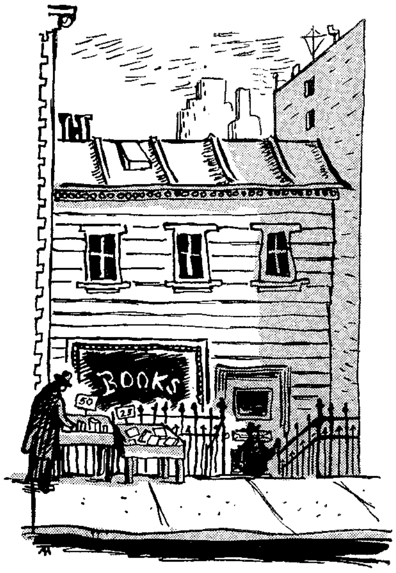
Overlooking Lake Michigan . . . five minutes from downtown . . . steps from Michigan Avenue stores. Fine Restaurant. Superb rooms and suites at sensible prices.

Donald O. Cronin, Mgr.
New York Office PL 5-9747

LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL

He also, like Renoir, lived long enough to benefit by the eventual acceptance of the school. Sisley, however, was equally dedicated, and his personal tragedy was that he died just a little too soon to see his work vindicated. Not a great deal is known about his later years. He was a secondary figure in the movement, to begin with, and his career has been less fully studied than the careers of the leaders. He seems, too, to have been rather shy and unself-assertive by nature. Although he abstained from the last few of the Impressionist exhibitions, this was on technical grounds, for he maintained his friendships with other members of the group. He was established by then at Moret, a charming walled town on the river Loing, some fifty miles southeast of Paris, and, living being cheaper in the country, he tended to stay there. He was never in want, apparently, in the way that Monet for so long was. But life was still a scramble, and when he died, in 1899, his canvases were still selling for prices—anywhere from fifty to a hundred francs or so, I believe—that seem ridiculous now. Ironically, it was in the years immediately after his death that the world "discovered" him.

In view of all this, it is interesting to observe how unfailingly cheerful and spontaneous his paintings are. As I've said, the exhibit is a small affair, with no more than twenty-one pieces on view. But the range is broad enough chronologically, from "Rue de Village à Marlotte," done in 1866, when he was in his middle twenties, and reflecting an early debt to Corot, to a couple of others, "Le Quai du Loing à Moret" and "L'Eglise de Moret Après la Pluie," that were done only a few years before his death; and though, with one exception (a rare still-life called "Nature Morte: Raisins et Noix"), the

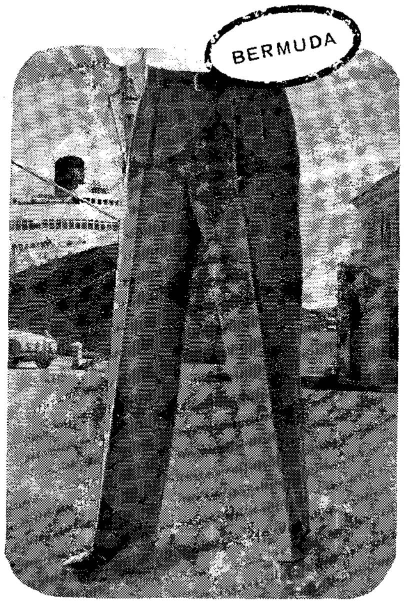


"Christmas is a family affair at Boca Raton" Says Sam Snead

Holiday festivities get under way at Boca, December 12th through 17th, with Sam Snead as host for our 5th Annual Pro-Am Golf Week. When the last foursome's in, Boca's Christmas Holiday House Party begins . . . 16 glorious days of activity and enchantment for the whole family. Four all-weather tennis courts, two golf courses, skeet, tennis, archery, a mile-long ocean beach and cabana club, deep-sea fishing in the Gulf Stream, supervised activities for children, teenage entertainment . . . all under the benevolent Boca sun. The Holidays take on a golden hue. Rates are surprisingly reasonable, full American Plan. Write R. N. Leggett for calendar of events and special Holiday House Party rates, or see your Travel Agent.

Boca Raton
HOTEL AND CLUB
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

AN ARVIDA HOTEL, A SUBSIDIARY OF ARVIDA CORPORATION
Nat'l. Rep.: Robert F. Warner, Inc. • New York • Chicago • Washington • Boston • Toronto



Our Exclusive Bermuda Doeskin Slacks

Our genuine Bermuda Doeskin Slacks are incomparable . . . they cannot be purchased from any other store in the world . . . expertly tailored in exclusive **Hunt & Winterbotham** Doeskin—a superbly soft yet durable material . . . specify Oxford, Charcoal or light Grey . . . Beige, Olive, Cocoa Brown, Eggshell, Yellow. Men's waist sizes 28 to 44 . . . cuffs unfinished for custom fitting. $33.85 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order to Dept. N.

H.A.&E. Smith LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

EXECUTIVE'S ATTACHÉ CASE LEATHER LINED
about $130, plus tax

CRAFTED OF WORLD FAMOUS "TESTA" & "SELLA" LEATHERS

This is SEEGER

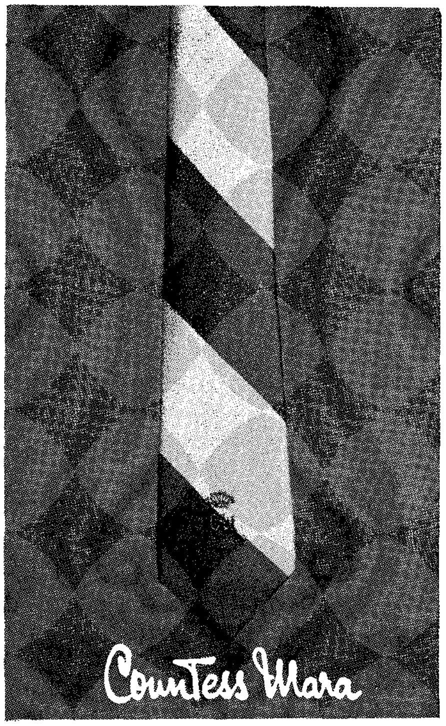
FLIGHTWEIGHT LUGGAGE

NEW YORK: Mark Cross, Dunhill Tailors
BOSTON: Shreve Crump & Low Co.
DALLAS & HOUSTON: Neiman Marcus
LOS ANGELES & SAN FRANCISCO: I. Magnin
PHILADELPHIA: Bailey, Banks & Biddle
and other quality stores. Or write:

KARL SEEGER • U.S. OFFICES
373 PARK AVE. SOUTH, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

paintings are restricted to Sisley's favorite—indeed, almost exclusive—subject, landscape, there's a serenity about them, coupled with a gift for particularizing a mood, that makes them endlessly delightful. Spontaneity, after all, was the essence of Impressionism, with its emphasis on the immediate response to the scene before one. But Sisley had more than that. He not only responded to the scene in its instant aspects, he absorbed it, or let himself be absorbed by it, in a way that Monet, for example, never did. Monet, by far the greater artist, was always a little removed from the subject, using it as a vehicle for the deployment of his more and more intensively developed techniques. Sisley gave himself to it—almost humbly, one sometimes feels, and completely—and in his own way profited in consequence. There are limiting factors in Sisley as an artist. Durand-Ruel, who, as the Impressionists' first real dealer, must be taken to have been perceptive, said that he was "the most harmonious, and the most timid" of the group, and it is true that he lacked boldness. He never extended himself. In a sense, he remained a dilettante to the last. But it's this implication of unassertiveness and humility that, I think, gives poignance to such paintings as "La Seine à Bougival," with its long line of poplars bordering the river; the more sweeping "La Terrasse de Saint-Germain;" and, among the many studies done around Moret, the pale, dawnlike "Le Quai du Loing à Moret" and the sparklingly colorful "Le Matin à Moret en Mai."

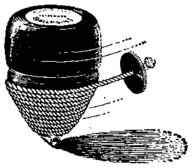
JULIO GONZÁLEZ, the Spanish constructivist sculptor whose works are now on view at the Galerie Chalette, was another innovator, this time a "pure" one, for it was he who, almost singlehanded, originated the techniques for the kind of welded-metal sculpture now so much in vogue. That's an overstatement, of course. There were constructivists, notably of the Russian school, who either were his contemporaries or were actually ahead of him chronologically. González, however, was far more directly in tune with the modern modes as they have developed since then, and in the gallery it is almost disconcerting to find oneself in the midst of such seemingly contemporary pieces as the hammered-and-welded head called "The Cagoulard" and the one-piece shaped cutout called "Pointed Head," and such still earlier metal collages as "Kneeling Woman" and "Little Maternity," and to realize that they are dated not this year but 1934,



Gifts for one man in a million

MARA STRIPES: Stripes with a difference, woven of the finest silk in unusual and imaginative color combinations. Black with light grey, Bahama, maroon, brown, olive or nugget, 8.50. Embroidered, of course, with the distinguished CM coronet.

COUNTESS MARA
110 EAST 57TH ST., AT PARK AVENUE
3 EAST 58TH ST., AT THE SAVOY HILTON


RAMBLER
BALL POINT STRING TOP

brings back a great sport

A good string top was once every boy's prized possession. The Rambler Ball Point, turned from New England birch, with a steel ball-bearing tip, revives an American tradition. Comes in a cloth bag, complete with string and button.

At book and gift shops and other good stores . . . or send $1.00 to

ROGER EDDY
NEWINGTON 11, CONNECTICUT
MAILED POSTPAID

Sets of 10 Color Slides $1.75

NEW UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN SETS
Featured This Month
BUSCH GARDENS, Tampa, Fla.

ALSO 8 MM MOVIES

Write Dept. N FOR FREE LIST

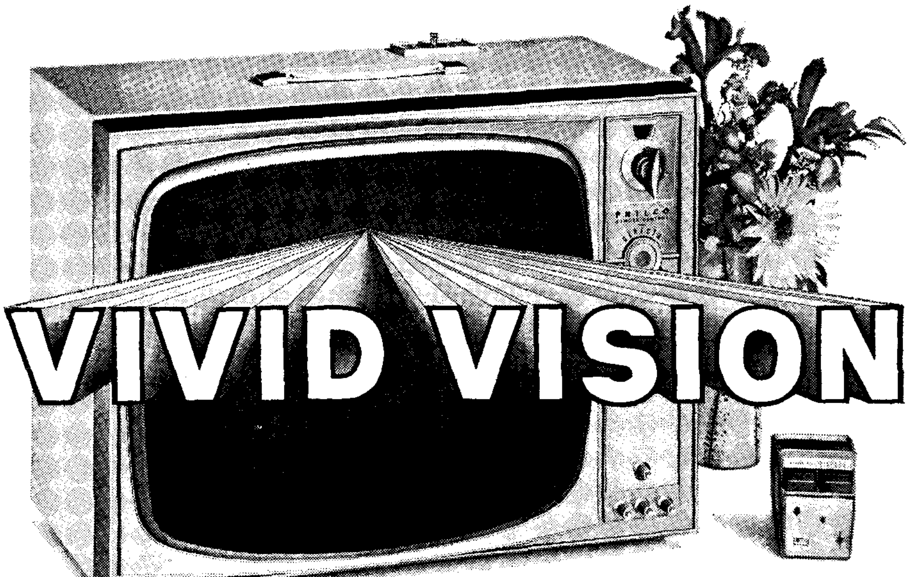
PHOTO LAB., Inc.
3825 GEORGIA AVE., WASH. 11, D. C.

1930, 1929, and 1927, respectively.

Yet González, when he died, in Paris, in 1942 (he was born in Barcelona, in 1876), was generally almost unknown, and the main reason he had turned from conventional sculpture to constructions in sheet metal was the purely practical one that he couldn't afford to pay for casting. As with so many men who go unregarded in their lifetime, there are vague spots in his career. One of the highlights, however, was his deep and lasting friendship with Picasso. This acquaintanceship began in Barcelona, where Picasso, five years the younger, was living at the time, and ripened in Paris a few years after González moved there, at the turn of the century, and in the decades thereafter. It was apparently a fruitful relationship for both, but on the evidence of the show its effects were more apparent in González. From all accounts, González acted as a steadying influence on the more youthful, more mercurial Picasso through many trying years. Nevertheless, the association seems to have led González into artistic adventures he might never have dreamed of. As the exhibition makes clear, his early work was "advanced" for its period but still largely traditional in concept—Rodinesque, for example, in the small nude of 1912-14, and in the "Anxious Mask," of the same period—and it was in sharp contrast with such later, very Picassoish abstract pieces as "Reclining Abstract Head" and the still more simplified, spidery construction called "Woman Combing Her Hair."

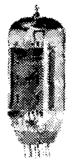
But there is a strong personal feeling about González' work that gives him true stature as an artist; indeed, he eventually explored the possibilities of abstract theory as applied to sculpture almost as thoroughly as Picasso himself. He had range, too, working until the end in both constructivist styles and sculpture in the round, and the exhibition—which contains some sixty pieces, in addition to a number of water colors and other sketches—has been shrewdly arranged to display his virtuosity. I liked especially "Spanish Mask," "Head of 'Oncle Jean,'" "Head Called 'The Tunnel,'" and "Head of a Man (Monthyon)," as examples of his ingenuity in attacking various aspects of the human head, and was impressed by such more ambitious efforts as the fanciful "Cactus Man II" and the intricately organized linear "Woman with a Mirror." The heroic-size welded figure of a striding peasant woman called "The Montserrat," which is his best-known work here (it was shown at the Mu-

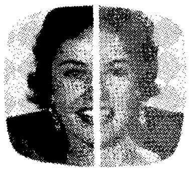
PHILCO
Cool-Chassis TV
brings you a totally new viewing experience:

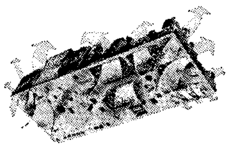


MODEL 3728 IN ANTIQUE WHITE
WITH BUILT-IN WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

Philco Vivid Vision brings to the TV screen a brilliance, depth and clarity never before attained! For the first time, the full range of contrast is visible on the TV screen—from absolute black through pure white, including all the important intermediate tones that create detail and dimension. You see television with an over-all richness, a vitality your present TV set couldn't match even when new! New solid-copper circuitry and the exclusive INTENSI-TUBE make Vivid Vision possible. These new Philco advances provide the reserve power that enables Vivid Vision to keep its new-set brilliance and vividness long after other pictures fade with age!


New INTENSI-TUBE and Beam-Booster Circuit increase video drive, give the picture brilliance, depth, realism never before possible. Only Philco has it!

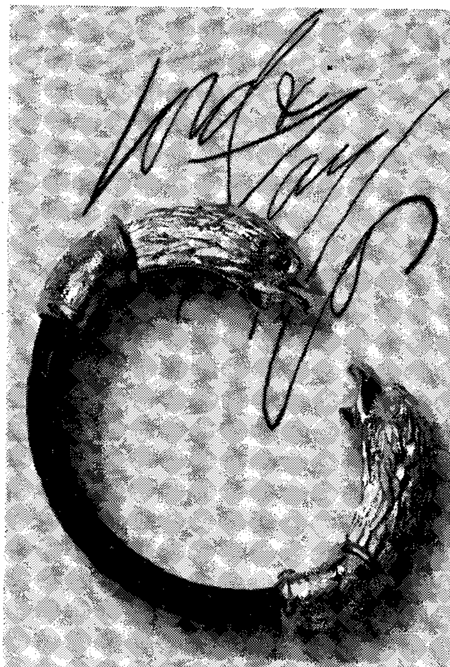

Revolutionary Black Level Control . . . maintains peak contrast, keeps new-set brilliance long after other TV pictures turn gray with age. See it!


Philco Cool-Chassis beats the heat, major cause of all TV failures. No parts underneath. No heat traps, more than 76% longer Philco TV life. It's patented.

All Philco TV covered by new 90-day Total TV Guarantee—parts, tubes, even service labor, at no extra cost to you!

PHILCO
Famous for Quality the World Over

TELEVISION, RADIO, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, FREEZERS, RANGES, HOME AND COMMERCIAL LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT, ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS, TRANSISTORS, MISSILES, RADAR, COMPUTERS, MICROWAVE AND COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



Handsome griffins

fly to your wrist in textured gilt, banded in mock tortoise shell. Here, a collector's item by Castlecliff, 15.00 plus tax

At all Lord & Taylor stores

THE TERRY WHOPPER

(a whale of a robe for mesdames et messieurs)

Also available 2½-inch black or white embroidered press-on script monograms at 20¢ per initial

C'est magnifique! C'est necessaire! Lifted from a hook in a Paris hotel and copied faithfully for your dry-off *plaisir*, this generous spread of white terry acts as a lush blotter after a shower. Ladies: tie the belt around collar. And men: wrap it around your waist. One size fits all of you. **$7.95** **Add 35c each for shipping.**

Send for our Terry beach n' bath color catalog

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

seum of Modern Art a few years ago), is not included, but there are a number of studies for a later version, left unfinished when he died.

—Robert M. Coates

•

ETERNITIES

"I'm rich,"
said
Irish
derby,
slopping
a drink
on the floor.
"So I've always
missed
the pleasures
of the poor."

"Taste his spit!"
said the sawdust.
"It's a scandal
and a shame."

"Naught but outer limbo,"
said the roach
on his way
to the door,
said the roach
on his way,
on his fraught-filled
way, on his fraught-
filled way to the door,
and toward
a stair of his own.

(When he reached
the cracked enamel
in the kitchen
of his pad,
he made a
tour
of quarters,
leaving molecules
like pennies
on the oilcloth
of the poor—
five molecules
of Scotch
on every
plate.)

But the fumes had drunk
his mind to stuff,
and roachie slept
an emperor's sleep,
dreaming of previous lives,
in derby hats,
when he had slopped
the whiskey
to the floor,
crying for the pleasures
of the poor.

—Norman Mailer

a little
gossip
is a good
thing...
in a
blouse
that talks
about
flowers
3.98

Ship'n Shore®

CANTON CARRY-ALLS

Holds everything: Packages, books, bottles, ice, last-minute loads, ski-boots, etc.
LARGE SIZE: 24" x 8" x 14"
NEW SMALL SIZE: 12" x 6" x 9"—beach, bike or knitting bag.
BOTH made of No. 6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone—fold flat.

Unmarked: Large $5.00* Small $3.50*
With initials or names in red or blue (specify which) up to 6 letters:
Large $6.00* Small $4.50*
If more than 6 letters, add 20¢ per letter.
*Plus 30¢ postage East, 50¢ postage West of Mississippi

CANTON GREEN STORE
Canton, Conn. Tel: Collinsville OWen 3-8551

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

CHICAGO

Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

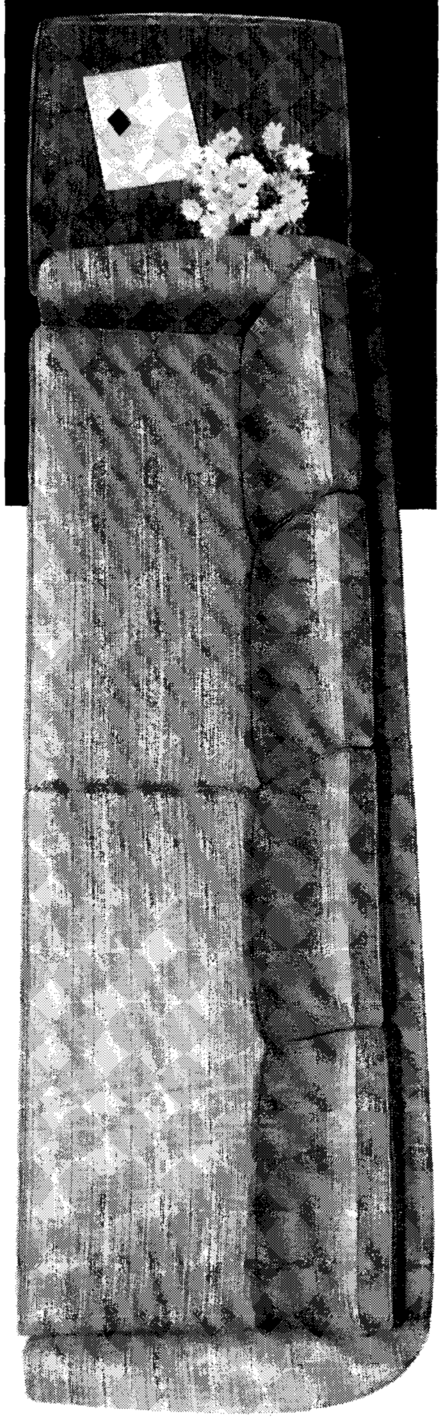
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 2

THE thermonuclear explosions in the Arctic, the oratorical explosions in Moscow, and the acceleration of harassments in Berlin may have heightened tensions in many parts of the world, but they have, paradoxically, removed some of the tension from the atmosphere here. The planners of American policy and strategy can once more go about their work with a fair degree of confidence that they understand the adversary and—what may be even more important—that the adversary is not totally lacking in an understanding of American and Western policy. A few weeks ago, they had no such confidence. From mid-August through mid-October, the city was gripped by a chilling and, in some quarters, almost paralyzing uncertainty over the specific, short-range aims of Soviet policy. Behind all the administration's talk about "standing firm" in Berlin and behind all the assurances of "readiness to negotiate" there was a fear that these staples of Cold War rhetoric might have become wildly irrelevant. It was easy and comforting to say that the Soviets "respect strength," but one possibility that had to be entertained was that they would show their respect by attempting to smash and destroy our strength right away. Another was that the measures we regarded as displays of power and resoluteness would be interpreted by them as demonstrations of weakness and of an appeasing spirit. (Late in the summer, a house guest of the Khrushchevs' returned with the impression that the Soviet Premier regarded President Kennedy's symbolic reinforcement of our Berlin garrison as a gesture that revealed our fundamental lack of seriousness. Would a great power preparing for a showdown, the host asked his American visitor, begin its preparations by sending crack troops into a death trap? The Soviet Premier professed to find this move positively comic.) Also, it was apparent throughout this period that the President's concern with the need to avoid "war by miscalculation" would get him nowhere unless the Soviet leaders shared his estimate of the dangers, and unless they calculated the dangers on a scale similar to his. Their behavior in the late summer suggested that they might have somehow persuaded themselves that—in Berlin, at least—the dangers did not exist.

Dreadful as most of the events of the past few weeks have been, they have been seen here as providing welcome evidence that the basic assumptions of American strategy are still sound. The September and October bomb tests show that our talk about a healthy Soviet respect for power is more than a hollow incantation. The White House two days ago characterized the fifty-megaton detonation as "a political rather than a military act," and it may well be true that this particular explosion could not have advanced weapons research, but the feeling among experts here is that the obvious political aim of this series of tests as a whole did not exclude a large military aim. The Soviets, these experts believe, resumed testing not only—and perhaps not even primarily—because they wished to play upon the fears of their antagonists and of the non-aligned nations but also because they felt that the power of their atomic arsenal was inadequate to their purposes. This could mean, of course, that they had revised their purposes and were now thinking not of deterrence but of conquest, either by forcing surrender or by starting a "preventive" or "preëmptive" war. The tendency here now, though, is to discount any such interpretation and to assume that the Russians are simply trying to build an atomic arsenal comparable to ours. For some months, Western intelligence people have been saying that the Soviets are a good deal further behind the United States in the development of atomic warheads than had previously been thought, and that their supply of operational missiles is nowhere near as great as had been supposed. The intelligence people may be right or wrong, but the Soviet Union is acting as if they were right. The apparent frenzy with which these tests have been conducted—bombs popping like Chinese firecrackers in Siberia and the Arctic, with far less time between shots than Western scientists consider necessary for a sound appraisal of results—suggests a

DUX



A gracefully curved back
generous, full depth seating
subtly sculptured wood details
DUX designs for the living room
by Folke Ohlsson.
Write for free brochure
and name of nearest DUX dealer.

DUX INCORPORATED
1633 Adrian Road • Burlingame, Calif.

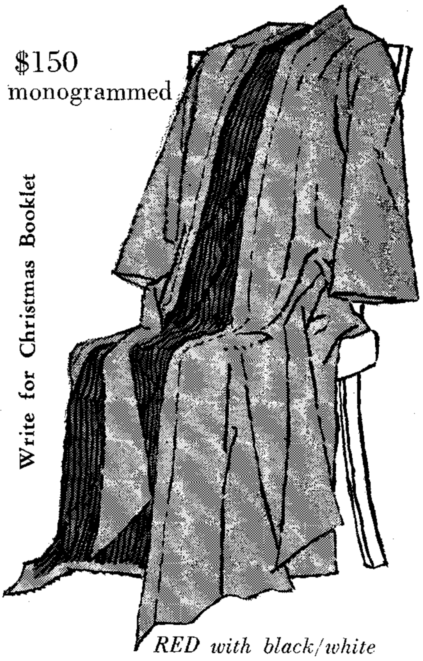
A COMFORTABLE AND ELEGANT
KIMONAROBE OF PURE
CASHMERE LINED WITH SILK

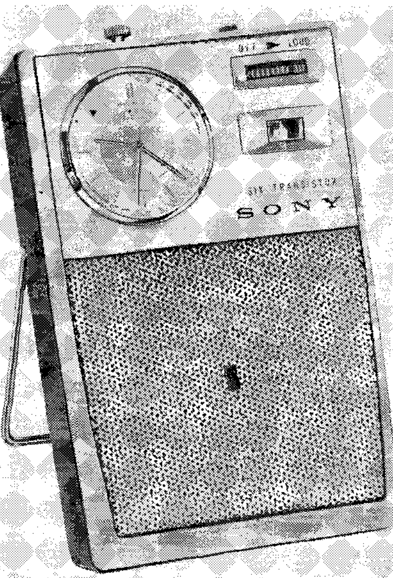
$150
monogrammed

Write for Christmas Booklet

RED with black/white
BLACK with black/royal
NATURAL with black/brown

DESIGNED AND MADE FOR MEN BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 22.





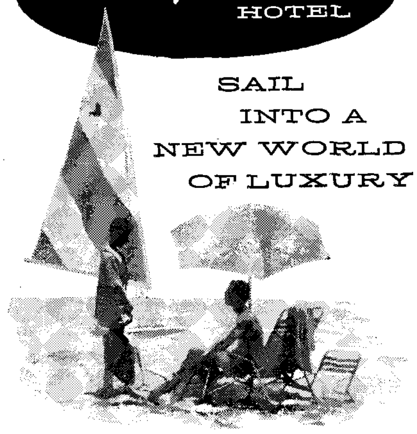
SONY
transistor radio with a 7 jewel watch alarm. ■ Wakes you gently to music ...Tunes in any specific program on time...Turns itself on and off automatically. ■ Fully guaranteed. ■ Complete with battery, earphone and leather carrying case. 49.95 ■ Add 75¢ for delivery ■ No C.O.D. please.
Lederer
711 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22

felt need for haste in attaining military parity.

This view, moreover, is thought to be corroborated by the bickering at the Party Congress and by the most recent developments in Berlin. Khrushchev risked—and possibly lost, it is felt here—a good deal of his authority in the Communist world beyond the Soviet frontiers by insisting upon the soundness of his view that war with the Western powers could and should be avoided. And he not only announced before the Congress that there was no pressing need to sign a treaty with the East Germans this year but also chose, in the midst of his arguments with the Chinese, to assume a greater degree of Soviet responsibility for the maintenance of order in Berlin. The belief here is that from the American point of view this was a distinct gain.

The changes wrought in the climate of feeling and opinion here are for the most part agreeable. It is helpful to be able to assume that Khrushchev has not altogether lost his grip on reason and reality, and that he does not at present seem disposed to move closer to the brink of Armageddon in order to get the West out of Berlin. And, in a period in which NATO unity has been subjected to almost unendurable strains, it is possible to take some satisfaction in the recent display of disunity among the Communist powers. Still, the climate can hardly be described as bracing. The Soviets have poured more poison into the air, and we, evidently, are going to contribute our bit within a matter of weeks. It is unclear to most people—including, it would seem, the President—whether *our* military needs require atmosphere testing. Except for a few references to an anti-missile missile and the neutron bomb, which would kill human beings but leave their handiwork intact, the Pentagon lobbyists for a resumption of testing have not chosen to give any explanation of what we are lacking in the way of nuclear power. Still, their case may be a strong one; in any event, the pressures created by them and their supporters in Congress have been formidable. The arms race is scheduled to go on for several more rounds, and the chances of getting any kind of start toward any kind of control or limitation before nuclear weapons spread to other countries appear to be remote in the extreme. The decline in the most debilitating forms of anxiety in the government has been accompanied by the increase of hysteria outside it. The squires of northern Virginia are reported to be joining the shelter-owners' arms

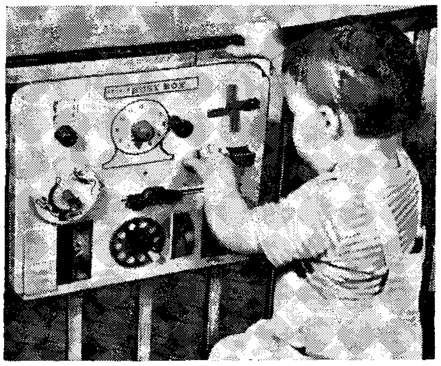
BARBADOS, West Indies
Sandy Lane
HOTEL



at the newest resort on the famous St. James coast. 18th Century elegance, every 20th Century convenience. 1,000 ft. private beach. All 54 bedrooms face the sea, are air conditioned—have private bath and verandah. Water sports, tennis, golf. Outdoor movies and dancing. Open year 'round.

E. N. Behard, Manager

See your travel agent or
Leonard P. Brickett, Representative
32 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.
WAlnut 4-5084



A BUSY BOX FOR BUSY BABIES
Here is a wonderful toy for inquisitive babies everywhere. The Busy Box fastens to a crib or play pen and provides doors and drawers to open, wheels and dials to go around, things to crank, and makes interesting sounds to hear. Two and three year old engineers will love it too. A safe toy of high impact styrene without loose parts. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We pay the postage. Send check or money order. Busy Box will be sent by return mail..........$5.00
HARVEST HOUSE, 1200 Niagara R678, Buffalo 13, New York

EVERYONE IN CHICAGO
EATS AT
Gene
Sage's 1 NORTH LA SALLE
EXCELLENT FOOD FINE LIQUORS
FI 6-2950 Closed week-ends

race and making ready to prevent the urban hordes of Washington from gaining a beachhead on the west bank of the Potomac in the event of nuclear attack, and a local Methodist spokesman has just added his voice to the chorus of divines who would sanction the use of force at the shelter door. There is an uneasy *détente* in Berlin, and—if General de Gaulle's arm is twisted hard enough and if the West Germans manage to form a government—there may be East-West meetings, which will be described by each side as efforts to determine whether the other is peace-loving enough to make possible a start toward negotiations at some future date. The prospects for getting anything better, or even anything different, are receding. The Soviet negotiating position seems not to have changed a bit, and since the West is willing to settle for the status quo, there is no particular reason why its position should change. Meanwhile, Berlin city officials report that about seventeen hundred people a week—most of them young and productive—are leaving West Berlin for good. This is a bleeding of the city almost as severe as the bleeding of East Germany that was staunched by the wall. If it continues, and if efforts to create a new role for Berlin—a headquarters for United Nations activity, for instance—are unavailing, the time will come when the West's commitments to the city will appear pointless.

There seems little reason to suppose that Khrushchev's lifting of the ultimatum reflected anything but a satisfaction with what he has gained thus far and an awareness of the dangers of pressing the West to grant him more. It could, though, reflect a shrewd appraisal of the domestic situation here and represent an excellent strategy for thwarting the efforts of the Kennedy administration to get on with those of its proposed undertakings that look beyond Berlin—and, indeed, beyond the Cold War. If the whole Berlin question were settled for better or worse—if the Western position were given a firm guarantee, or if it were completely destroyed—the administration could, with some hope of success, devote its energies to mobilizing public opinion in support of a number of its bolder foreign and domestic programs. Other crises would arise, of course, but there are not a great many other places where the nuclear power of both sides is so deeply committed, where their investments of prestige are so large, and where dramatic confrontations arise over essentially trivial matters. In any case, what has become plain to administration leaders in the

FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY

In Fine Whiskey...

FLEISCHMANN'S

is the BIG buy!

The First Taste will tell you why!

Established 1870

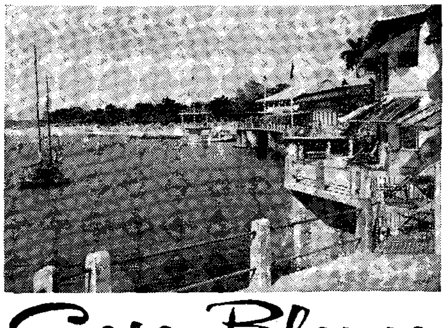
BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

FLEISCHMANN'S
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY

Our golfing skirt shows really professional form, pared to the simple essentials. Absolutely perfect tailoring joins four gores of Dacron polyester and cotton, flared slightly, and two gentlemanly pockets. The look is superb. Putty, Dark Olive, Navy, Frosted Blue, Frosted Green, Mid Olive. Sizes 8 to 16. About $14.00 at fine stores, or write:

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
IN NEW YORK: 1407 BROADWAY

Jamaica's Traditional Favourite



Casa Blanca
Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I.

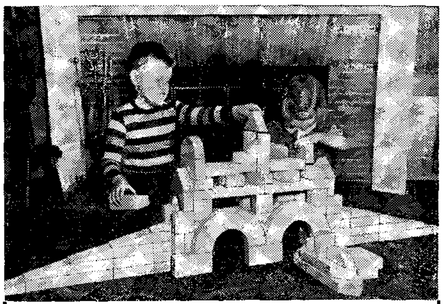
A Casa Blanca holiday gives you the best of everything in Jamaica . . . a superb location on famed Doctor's Cave Beach, lovely, air-conditioned guest rooms, extraordinarily fine cuisine and facilities for all sports.

Donald R. Knight, General Manager
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or our International Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 Fifth Ave., New York
JUdson 6-4500
Also in Boston • Washington
Chicago • Toronto • London

past few months is that tension of the Berlin kind makes it very nearly impossible—at least while the balance of political forces in this country remains what it is—to deal effectively with other tensions. Congress and the public can easily be persuaded to support measures that are, or appear to be, specific responses to the crisis—more bombs, more missiles, more back-yard shelters. In fact, the clamor for these measures is such that the President would be compelled to yield on them whether he regarded them as useful or not. But the price of such support is high. A vote for some crisis measure in Congress may mean the loss of a vote for an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, which the administration may regard as a good deal more important than an increase in nuclear weapons. The ease with which the President can gain support for "standing firm" in Berlin may increase his difficulties in standing firm elsewhere. A major concern in the formulation of a policy for Southeast Asia has been anticipation of the disgruntlement and criticism that would very shortly follow any significant American commitment in South Vietnam or Laos.

Throughout the administration, there is a melancholy awareness of the possibility that if the crisis is indefinitely prolonged, very few steps toward the New Frontier may be taken in the four years for which the President was elected, and disillusionment may lead to the denial of another four years. This week, for the first time in months, the administration has worked up a head of steam behind a policy that is not designed to have an immediate impact on the pending crisis. One of its most effective spokesmen—George W. Ball, Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs—has called for another long-term extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and has urged that there be written into the act a far broader authority for the President to reduce protective tariffs. Mr. Ball's statement was probably timed to coincide with a more resounding one—made before the Joint Congressional Economic Committee by Christian Herter, President Eisenhower's Secretary of State, and Will Clayton, who held Mr. Ball's position under President Truman—which called for a series of steps that would end in close American participation in the European Common Market and would, if the reasoning of its supporters is sound, create a producing-and-trading entity big enough to dwarf the Soviet bloc. The plan goes further than anything

Is it New York's most beautiful store? Certainly it houses the world's more imaginative wood, glass, ceramics, candles, playthings, furniture and food. See Wilburt, 194 3rd Ave. (17-18 St.)



PROJECT PLAY BLOCKS
Ideal Xmas Gift for Children from 2 to 10
These are the fascinating blocks children select for themselves—the same blocks used in nursery schools and kindergartens. No limit to the things a child can build. They develop skill, coordination, reason and concentration in building and expressing ideas of structures, bridges, trains, boats, etc. All pine pieces with rounded edges. Cut accurately to scale so that projects may be built systematically however the pieces are piled.

20 piece set (8 shapes)	$ 4.50 Ppd.
36 piece set (10 shapes)	$ 6.95 Ppd.
54 piece set (14 shapes)	$ 8.95 Ppd.
75 piece set (20 shapes)	$15.95 Ppd.
106 piece set (24 shapes)	$21.50 Ppd.
140 piece set (26 shapes)	$26.95 Ppd

Order by Mail. All prices postpaid. Add 15% West of Mississippi. Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STEPHEN H. BISHOP
P. O. Box 22-C Waban, Massachusetts

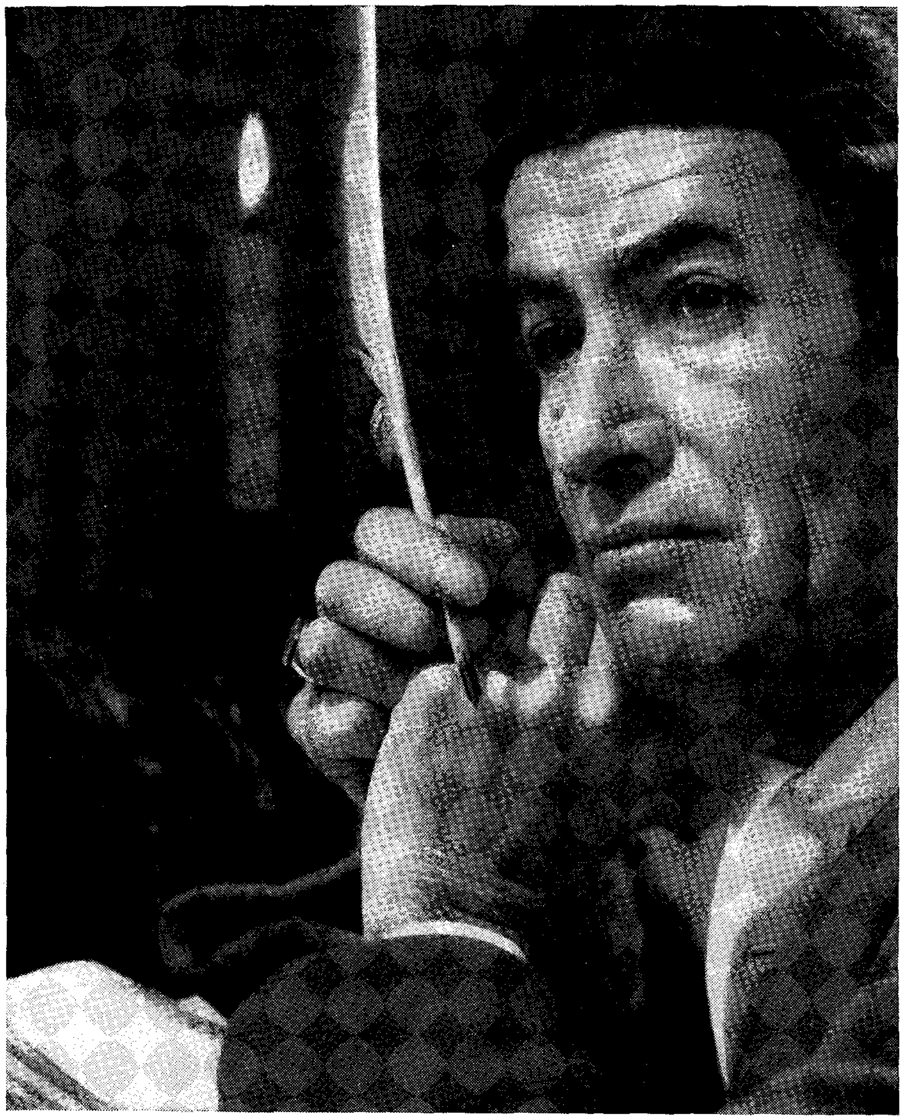
METROPOLE CAFE
48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088

COZY COLE
ROY ELDRIDGE
COLEMAN HAWKINS

the President proposed when he campaigned for office—indeed, free trade was not a widely featured aspect of New Frontier doctrine—and it may be that the prospect of a slackening off in foreign trade in the event of a failure to lower American tariffs will in time make inroads on Congressional protectionism. At present, though, there is a feeling that the administration will be lucky if it gets from the coming session a Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act as liberal as the one that expires next June. There is also doubt whether the President can find the time and the energy to seek support for the program.

As a proposition to commend to Congress, free—or freer—trade has the almost unique advantage of requiring no large outlay of funds. It cannot in itself be characterized as "spending." It would not unbalance the budget (import duties have become a very minor part of federal revenues) or lead to inflation. But outlays in the form of subsidies or compensation to industries that could not function in an unprotected market would be required in order to win the support of congressmen who have the interests of the protected industries at heart, and it is hard to believe that the protectionists will lack the ingenuity to make the proposal appear to be a "spending" measure that may cause us to lose the Cold War through bankruptcy. Just about every other part of the administration's domestic and foreign program breeds opposition on that ground, and it is on this account that the administration's supporters doubt their own and the President's ability to put very much of the program over as long as they feel called upon to request heavy defense appropriations. It may be that their obsession with the difficulty is in itself an inhibiting factor. There is not much evidence to support the view that the electorate frets about a balanced annual budget to the extent that its congressmen do; political experts have a hard time finding examples of elections won or lost on the issue, or even on such related economic issues as taxation. The fact remains, however, that Congress is obsessed and that Mr. Kennedy, who has become more and more of a Keynesian in the course of his political career, has, as President, become more and more addicted to giving assurances of his desire to stay clear of investments that, whatever they might produce in the way of security or future wealth, might give a disturbing look to the year-end balance sheet.

There are members of his circle who feel that the Congressional obsession



ONE OF A SERIES OF WILLIAMSBURG PORTRAITS BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Recording Session

"ONE bolt of damask, 10 chests of China Tea, 2 pipes of Madeira, 1 hogshead of Jamaica Rum. . . ." So runs a typical entry recorded two centuries ago in the ledgers of a Williamsburg merchant, such as William Robertson, Esq., owner of the windmill, Alderman, and Clerk of the Governor's Council.

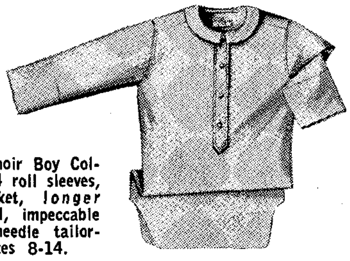
History does not remember the clerk who made the entry. Even his name is forgotten. Yet for all his anonymity, it is to him and not his master that we turn to complete our picture of colonial life. His ledgers, and those of his fellows, have recorded forever the daily details of our city's eighteenth-century trade.

Clerking is still an active pursuit in Williamsburg. Milling, shoemaking, and smithing are among the many other daily activities. Colonial tools, colonial dress, colonial methods: all are part of the Williamsburg scene. For here the eighteenth century lives on. Visit Williamsburg and *see.*

For color folder, information, reservations at the Williamsburg Inn, Lodge or The Motor House, write Box 718, Williamsburg, Va., see Travel Agent or call CIrcle 6-6800 in New York, FEderal 8-8828 in Washington.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Lady Milton
Sophisticated Slipover



With Choir Boy Collar, 3/4 roll sleeves, no pocket, longer shirt-tail, impeccable single needle tailoring, Sizes 8-14.

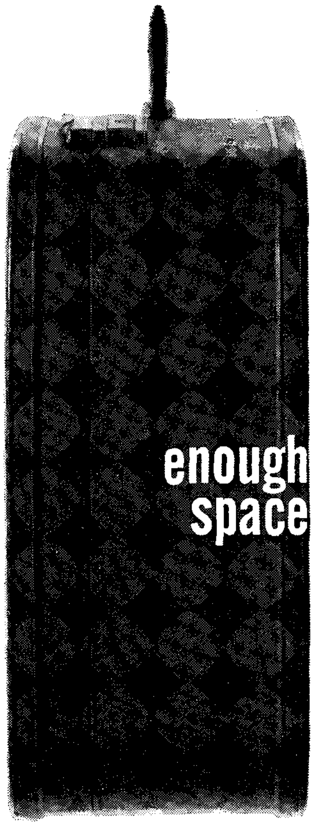
1. Fine combed white oxford $5.95
2. Combed oxford in blue, tan, gray, olive beige, golden beige, or yellow $6.50
3. Candy striped combed broadcloth or oxford with narrow stripes of blue, gold, olive, gray $6.95
4. Imported 1x1 pima broadcloth in white, light blue, cream or light olive $7.95
5. Dacron polyester/pima cotton wash 'n' wear in white, light blue, olive beige $8.95
6. Hairline broadcloth in soft blue, olive, gray or gold $6.95
7. Imported finest 2x2 pima broadcloth in white, soft blue, soft gray or cream ... $9.95
8. Conestoga hopsack in natural, gray olive, burnt olive, light blue, antiqued gold, yellow $7.95

No. 1-7 available in either four button pullover (as shown) or in regular coat model (button front). No. 8 in pullover only.

Mail orders filled in 3 days—add 50c mailing
1962 Traditional Booklet for Men and Women—25c

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
798 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta 8, Ga.
1707 Main St., Dallas 1, Texas



is what we don't have to tell you about this spacious luggage

SKYWAY

with spending is mainly a legacy of the Eisenhower administration ("Budget-balancing for its own sake is the *only* idea they managed to put over in eight years," one staff member said the other day, "and they managed it without balancing the damned thing themselves"), and that the President could overcome it by "taking his case to the people," as the customary phrase goes. He campaigned and won, they feel, on a platform centering on national and international needs that could be satisfied only by large expenditures, and he should be able to use the power of the Presidency to get what he wants and what he promised. This is a familiar refrain nowadays, particularly in the press, where it is constantly said that the President's greatest weakness has been his failure to "educate" the people about the dangers of this or the advantages of that. It is doubtful whether his failure—if that is what it is—is a voluntary one. The efforts he has made have not been encouraging. His televised press conferences attracted few listeners, and his use of the press conference in general has not been, from his point of view, rewarding. The speeches that have been successful have been those that dealt with the immediate crisis, and it was almost impossible for those to fail. The fact is that the only recent President who was much of a success as an educator was Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was a superb speaker, which Mr. Kennedy is not, and he commanded a kind of personal loyalty that Mr. Kennedy has yet to win. Furthermore, even he was successful only in dealing with clear and present dangers. Mr. Kennedy has done well enough with those—so well, indeed, that he can't seem to convince anyone that there are any other dangers or any inviting prospects. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

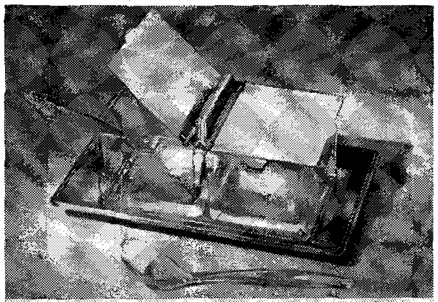
Harold S. Jurgensen is a man who lives his business, which isn't hard to do when you are the nation's largest retail purveyor of the finest wines, spirits, and foods. . . . Jurgensen is a big, bluff, hard-hitting type who looks at home on the floor of any of his stores and frequently is found there.—*Los Angeles Times.*

That's living your business.

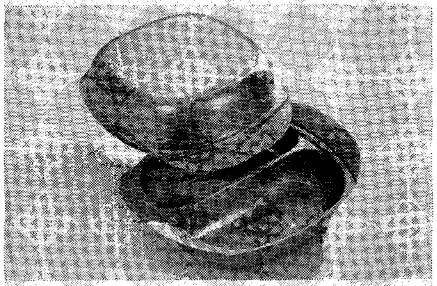
•

Liane, who is a staple in Vienna, is making her American début with an engagement at Max Loew's Viennese Lantern. The boniface had seen her during his recent European travels and pressed her into service for his Yorkville institution. She seems a breath of Al Wien.—*Variety.*

And we all remember Al.



Your favourite Jams and Jellies are neatly served in molded crystal and Stainless Steel; lids are detachable for easy cleaning. Set including spoons. $9.95



Swedish Stainless Steel expertly crafted into practical Casserole for oven to table service. Divided dish 1¼ Qt. capacity.
Reversible cover becomes a separate serving dish. $16.95

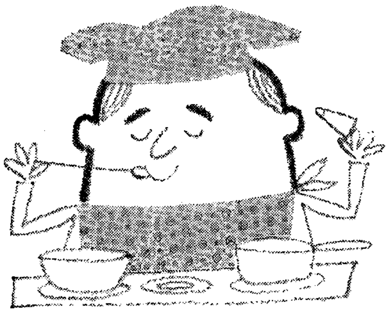
N.Y.C. residents add 3% sales tax. For mailing outside N.Y.C. add 1.25 for each.

Imported by Fraser's for

Cardel, LTD.

615 Madison Ave. N.Y. 22 PL 3-8880

the stove you cook on



comes to you by truck—
the lifeline of America's economy

HIGHWAY TRAILER INDUSTRIES, INC.
250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Member American Trucking Industry
ATA FOUNDATION INC

"His work is a delight."
John Canaday, N. Y. Times

BISSIER
first one-man show in U.S.A.

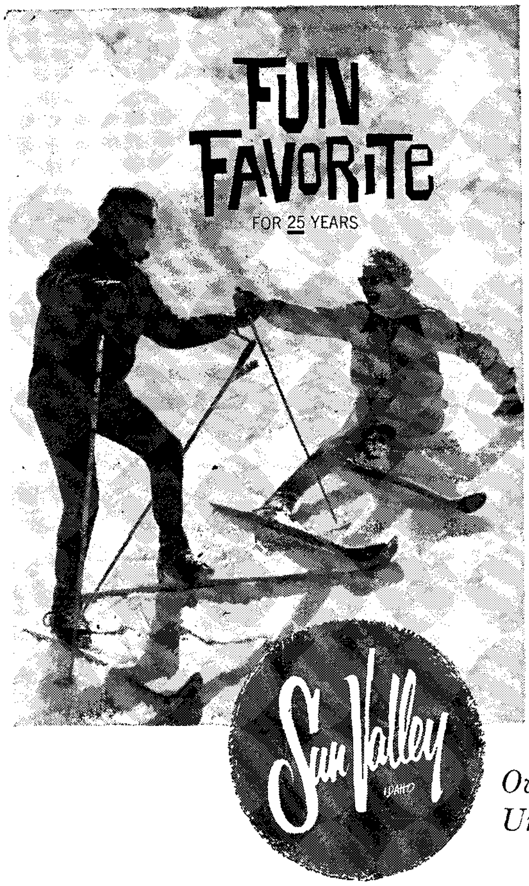
LEFEBRE GALLERY
47 EAST 77 ST. • RH 4-3384

THE RACE TRACK

Devil Takes It

THERE was nothing particularly sensational about the ninth running of the Garden State Stakes, the big bonanza for two-year-olds, at Garden State Park last weekend. Crimson Satan won it by two and a half lengths from Donut King, proving that time is a reliable guide to form. The previous Saturday, you'll remember, Crimson Satan ran the mile and a sixteenth in 1:44⅕, and half an hour later Donut King ran it in 1:44⅖. The handicappers figure that a fifth of a second equals a length, so there you are. As a matter of fact, the Garden State Stakes was almost a carbon copy of Crimson Satan's race the week before, even to the time, which was again 1:44⅕. Beginning slowly, he improved his position steadily under clever handling by Shoemaker, and after going around the leaders on the turn for home he drew away from them easily in the stretch. It was a typical Shoemaker ride. As was expected, Green Ticket, who is always greased lightning at the start, led most of the way, with In Force the closest to him. Donut King was boxed in along the rail, just as Carry Back was in the Trenton the week before, and although he managed to free himself in the last furlong, the best he could do that late in the game was beat Obey by a nose for second place. Then Grant, who rode Obey, and Gilligan, who rode Obey's stablemate Pinsetter, lodged objections against Pierce, Donut King's jockey, charging interference, but these were dismissed. Still, you can't blame Grant for trying, since second money was $60,273, of which he'd have got ten per cent. As it was, he had to settle for his cut of $30,136.50.

Crimson Satan, who has done most of his racing in Chicago, is a well-made chestnut colt built for speed, which is as it should be, since his sire was Spy Song, a famous sprinter in his day. Papila, his dam, comes from the Argentine. He was bred at Crimson King Farm in Kentucky and is owned by Peter Salmen, a Detroit manufacturer who has had horses for twenty years but has never before had a top stakes winner. Crimson Satan certainly hit the jackpot,



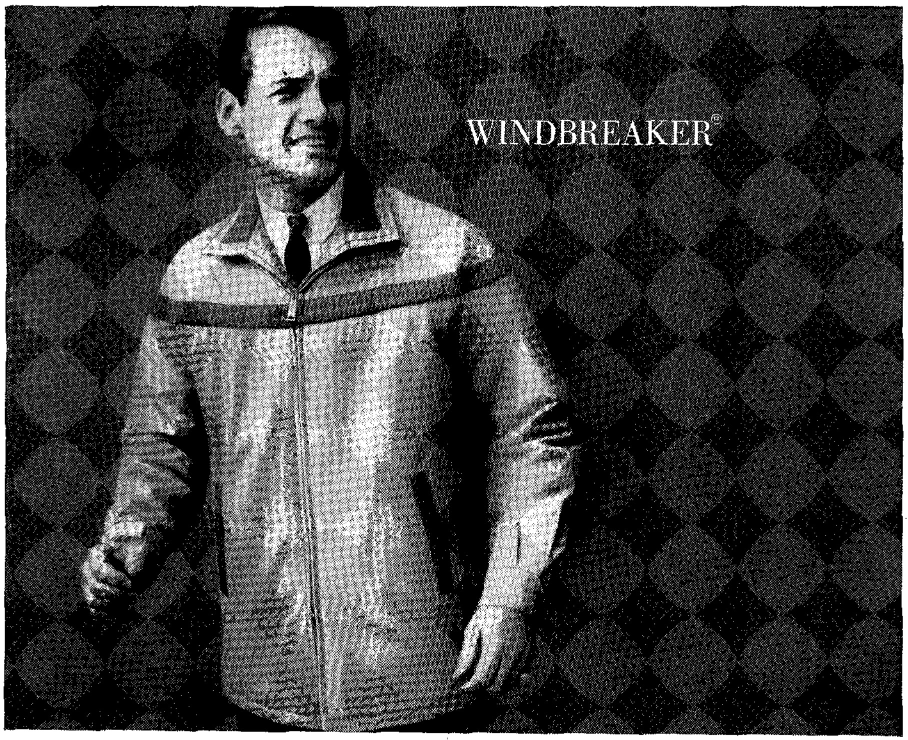
Learning to ski can be a laughing matter, in surroundings as pleasant as this. Since 1936—when the dream of Sun Valley became a reality—more than a hundred thousand persons have taken instruction here. That's a lot of lessons (and laughs) even for our 70-man Ski School.

We hope you'll come out this winter . . . and help us celebrate our 25th birthday.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Owned and operated by Union Pacific Railroad

for reservations: Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho (phone Sun Valley 3311) or Union Pacific Railroad, Dept SV-37, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your travel agent.



Winter Can't Enter **the knit-trimmed jacket of Greenwood's cotton poplin insulated with Curon quilted lining by Thermofab. Almost weightless Curon foam shuts out every gust of wind. In green, gold, blue, clam shell, putty and black. Sizes 36 to 46 regular. $19.95. Slightly higher for extra sizes and longs. At fine stores everywhere or write to Danville Jackets, Inc., Danville, Illinois.**

a **THERMOFAB LINING** quilted to **Curon®** the multicellular foam

®REG. T. M.
REEVES BROTHERS, INC.
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

In NEW YORK CITY

The smart place
to stay

HOTEL St. Regis

Leaders in society and business make the St. Regis their home in New York. They select the St. Regis for its convenient midtown location among the finest Fifth Avenue shops, its faultlessly appointed rooms and suites, with individual air-conditioning controls. Sign our register—the St. Regis edition of Who's Who.

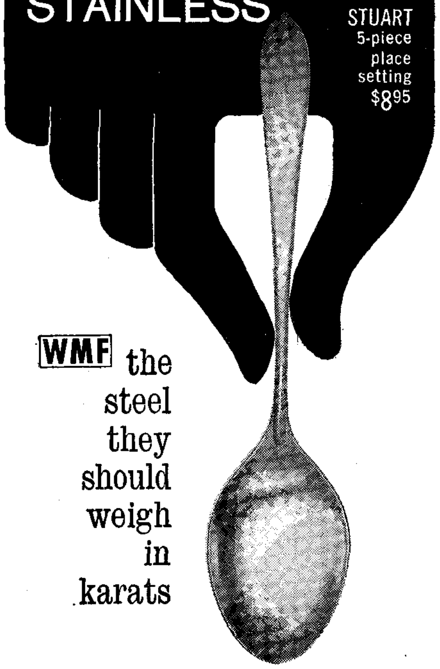
Fifth Ave. at 55th St. • PL 3-4500 • Pierre Bultinck, Gen. Mgr.

STUART: a classic pattern adapted to current taste by the artful use of elongated curves and convex shaping. Fraser flatware is minted of WMF Cromargan stainless steel. It is weightier, more sensitively balanced, hand-finished to satiny perfection. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 41 AND THE NAME OF A STORE NEAREST YOU.

FRASER'S, INC. ■ 236 5th AVE. ■ NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

FRASER'S
STAINLESS

STUART
5-piece
place
setting
$8.95



WMF the steel they should weigh in karats

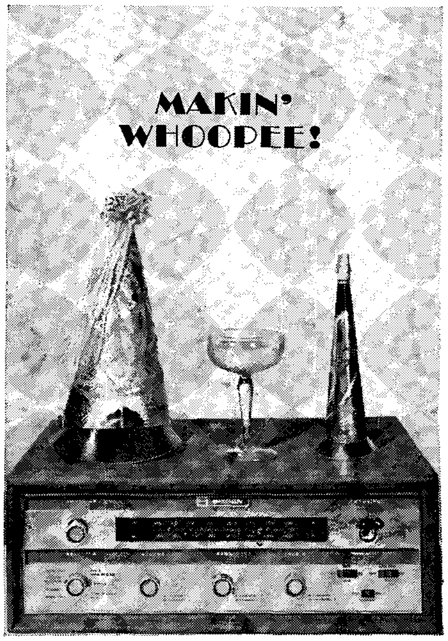
taking down $180,819. His next start will be in the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore a week from Saturday, and after that Miami.

You may be as tired as I am of hearing that the Garden State Stakes, which this time around had a gross value of $301,365, is the richest race in the world, but I wonder if you know that more than half of the purse is put up by the owners of the entries. This year, the nomination fees, subsequent payments, and starting fees totalled $176,365. Garden State's contribution was $125,000. The New York Racing Association adds the same amount to the Champagne Stakes and to the Belmont, and Churchill Downs adds as much to the Kentucky Derby. The Maryland Jockey Club adds $150,000 to the Preakness. The reason the Garden State's prize money reached such a high figure this year is that there were seven hundred and forty-nine nominations at $15 each and a hundred and seventy-eight at $35; to keep the entrants eligible, there were five hundred and nine payments of $100 each and three hundred of $250, and there was one supplementary entry (Decidedly) at $10,000. On top of all that, it cost each of the starters another $2,000 to get to the post. Next year, the new Arlington-Washington Futurity at Chicago is expected to gross $400,000, with $200,000 going to the winner. I suppose Garden State will top that in 1963.

SO many horses have shuffled off to Baltimore, Miami, and other points south that the racing at Aqueduct was pretty thin last week. However, the new Lexington Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs on the grass, was enthralling from beginning to end, Wise Ship winning it by a neck from Our Jeep. Art Market was third, and Wolfram, the favorite, was fifth. Shoemaker made his followers at the Big A happy with four winners on Monday, one on Tuesday, one on Wednesday, and five on Thursday. He didn't have one in six tries on Friday, but that's how things go in racing.

THIS is one of those weekends when I'd like to be in two places at once. Since I can't, I'm passing up the Roamer Stakes at Aqueduct for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, where Kelso and T. V. Lark will meet racers from England, Ireland, France, Denmark, Venezuela, and Russia. I'll string along with Kelso.

—AUDAX MINOR

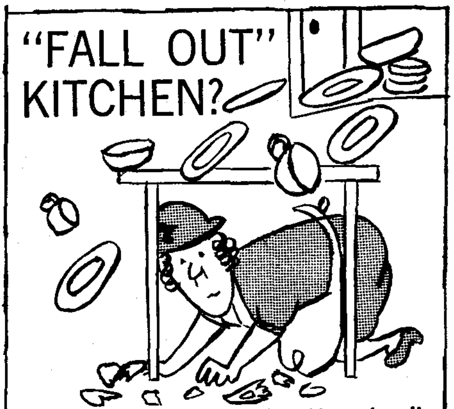


Born for fun people, BOGEN'S "Fun Couple" stereo receiver adds whoopee to any scene. Full, quality sound...chic, contemporary style...built-in Multiplex for stereo FM...the peak performance found in *all* components by BOGEN, leader in sound for 30 years. Receivers, amplifiers, tuners from $154.95. Turntables from $49.95. Write for FREE hi-fi component catalog.

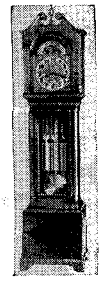
BOGEN
PRESTO

Desk K11, Paramus, N.J.—A Division of The Siegler Corporation

"FALL OUT" KITCHEN?



"Julian Hess Can Make It A Showplace"
JULIAN HESS Engineered Kitchens ®
Manhattan Showroom:
514 W. 181 St., N. Y. 33 • WAdsworth 8-6300



We Sell and Restore Clocks!
WATCHES—BAROMETERS

Repairs are done meticulously by Swiss trained specialists. See our fine collection of New and Antique Clocks, Pocket Watches, Minute Repeaters and Barometers.

All work guaranteed

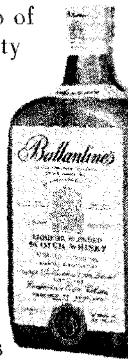
Greenhill & Rogers
Clock & Watchmakers since 1848
954 Third Ave. (at 57th St.)
New York 22, N.Y. • MU 8-5282

Praise Allah
Heavenly Seasoning for Meats

OLD TRYME SPICE HOUSE KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why it takes 42 fine highland whiskies (plus a wee bit of Loch Lomond) to make Ballantine's



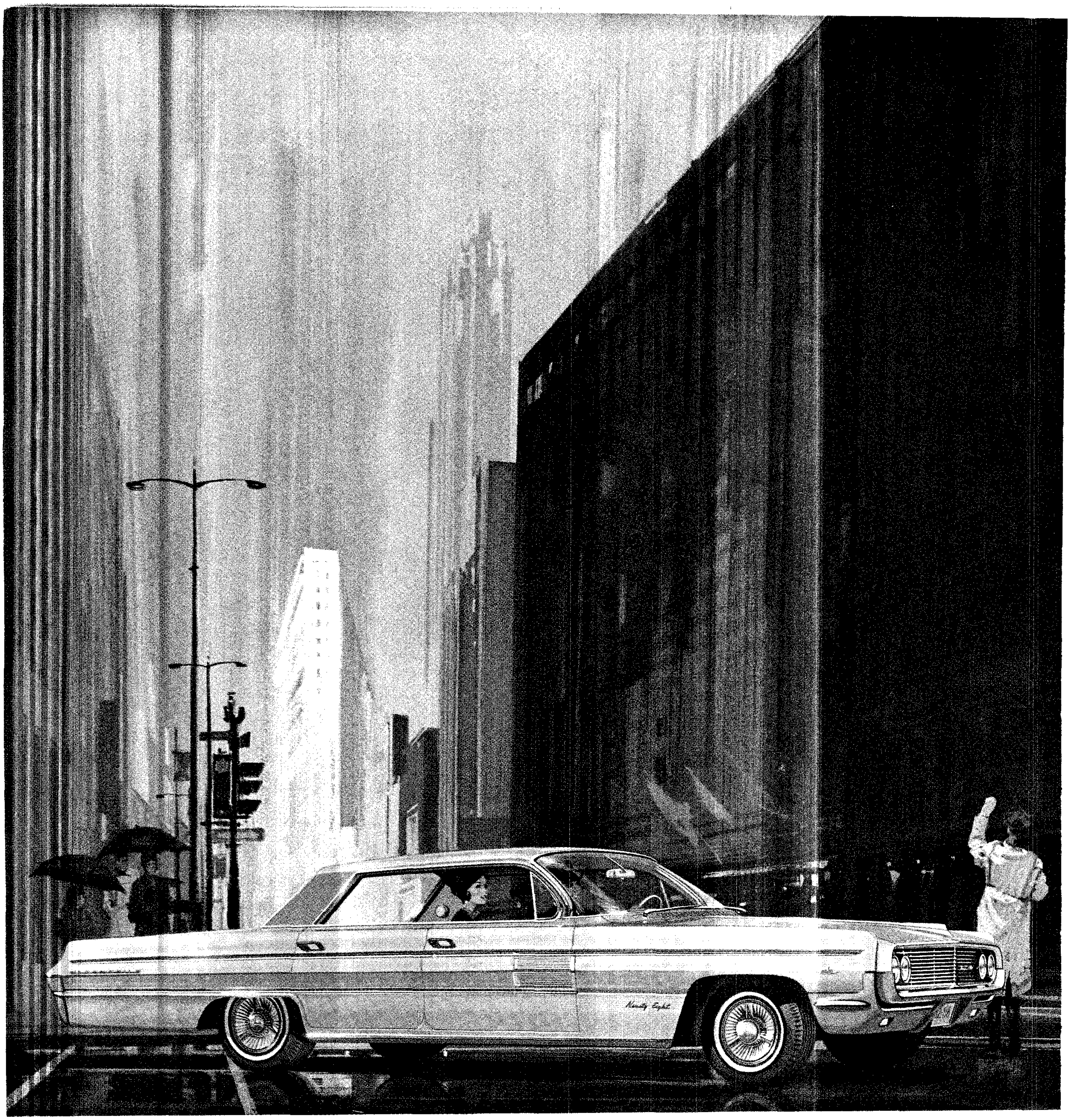
Almost all good branded Scotch Whiskies are made up of combinations of several individual whiskies. The quality of the individual whiskies used—and in what proportion they are used—is what determines the flavor and character of a brand.

Above you see 42 whisky barrels, one each of the fine Highland Scotches that are harmonized to make Ballantine's. Why 42? Because each of these Scotches has its own distinctive personality. (Can you notice the subtle color differences of the Scotches in the tester's glasses atop each barrel?) Once these 42 whiskies are wed in precise proportions, the result is Ballantine's pleasing, sunny-light flavor and gentle disposition.

The lake in the background above is Loch Lomond. Its water is used in an important step during the making of Ballantine's, when the matured whiskies are brought to the proper proof. Being uncommonly soft, this water lends some of the Loch's celebrated serenity to the spirit.

What you pour from the Ballantine's bottle is authentic Scotch Whisky—never brash or heavy…nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.



1962 Ninety-Eight Holiday Sports Sedan

Where style comes first . . . and quality counts!

For the discriminating buyer who demands "something extra"—it's the pace-setting 330-h.p. performance and trend-setting style of the magnificent

Ninety-Eight **OLDSMOBILE**

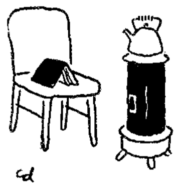
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THERE'S SMOOTH POWERFUL V-8 ACTION IN EVERY OLDS → *NINETY-EIGHT • SUPER 88 • DYNAMIC 88 • F-85 • STARFIRE*

HUBRIS

ONE morning this past summer, I saw in the *Times* the obituary of an eminent banker, Henry P. Davison. I read it, and while I did so I was flooded with the remembrance of some things that happened long ago, and that were set in motion by the death (and also the obituary) of another Henry P. Davison—Henry P. Davison, Sr., the father of this one. I never knew the Davisons, father or son, or any of their kin or connections. Still, for one Sunday afternoon in the year 1922, Henry P. Davison, Sr., and I did have a chance, remote, and—on my part—reluctant relationship.

In 1922, I lived in Buffalo with my family—my father, my aunt, who had come to live with us after my mother died, some years before, and my two younger brothers. Our house was a conventional, three-story frame one, built, I guess, around 1885, that had fitful outbursts of gingerbread here and there on its façade and a stained-glass window on the second-story landing of the staircase. It had a good-sized back yard, at the far end of which was a stable, built to house two carriage horses, that had been converted into a garage. I should say it was *used* as a garage, for the box stalls, mangers and all, were still there, with lettered wooden plaques saying "Schoolgirl" and "Sir Dilt" over their separate lintels, as were the carriage room, the hayloft, the harness room, and the rest of it. Even the huge old feedbox was still in place, and had enough residue of oats and bran in it to keep the mice busy.



I was thirteen that year, and although I had only just crossed over into the pale of adolescence, I already had symptoms of the full malaise—discontent, a moody Byronism, contempt for the familiar world around me, and an ever-lessening respect for the world of my elders that expressed itself in not always covert rebellion and a tendency to get into jams. These characteristics were lumped together by my father, on occasion, in the word "cheekiness."

The anarchic tensions that were pulling and pushing within me were abetted, somewhat fortuitously, by the monthly intrusion in our house of a magazine that really had no business there. This was the *Dial*, at that time the foremost periodical devoted to intransigence in the arts and to the avant-garde in general, and we were getting it because my father had taken out a subscription at the beginning of the year under a misapprehension (I found out later) about its editorial content. God knows what he thought he was getting; he was an investment banker, whose literary tastes ran to things like the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, practically anything written about the first Napoleon (my father was a short man), and the stories of Arthur Train, O. Henry, and Clarence Budington Kelland. The one thing in the world my father was not was avant-garde. After he had glanced through the first issue of the *Dial* to arrive, he never opened another. I did. Each month, I would watch for its brown paper wrapper among the numerous other magazines we took, snatch it off the hall table, and carry it to my room.

The *Dial* was a revelation to me. I devoured, indiscriminately, the poems of E. E. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot, and the prose of Thomas Mann and D. H. Lawrence, and I wholeheartedly admired the pictures, mostly drawings, by Picasso, Matisse, Pascin, and, again, E. E. Cummings, many of which I cut out and stuck on the walls of my room. (I had not known you were *allowed* to draw that way, much less that, if you did, your drawing might be printed in a magazine.) I read "The Waste Land," which the *Dial* published that year, with the thirst of one who had been nurtured on "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Idylls of the King," and "Evangeline." (If it arouses the skeptic in anyone to ponder a thirteen-year-old boy reading "The Waste Land" on his own, and for pleasure, I can only say that I understood it then as well as I do today.) I made heroes of the writers and artists in the *Dial*—especially of D. H. Lawrence and Sigmund Freud, who looked satanic with their black beards in the pictures in the book advertisements—and I was so won over by the novelties of E. E. Cummings' style and punctuation that I tried to palm off a theme written in Cummingsese on my English teacher, an old lady steeped in the literary tradition of the Waverley Novels, who had known Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in her girlhood and had been ever afterward a reverent, and vocal, admirer of his works. This composition was returned to me with a faint, spidery question mark on the margin, and was never mentioned again. I also tried my hand at the New Poetry. My

MOËT
IMPERIAL

For Memorable Moments . . .

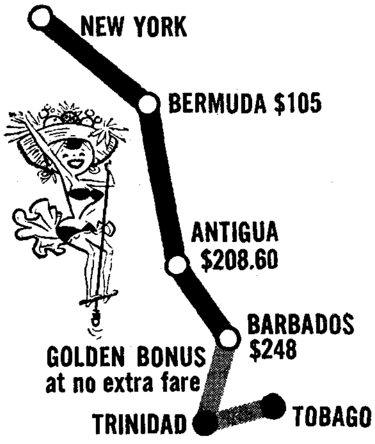
MOËT CHAMPAGNE

. . . The Great Champagne of France

Planning a trip to France? Be sure to visit the famous 15-mile champagne cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon in Epernay. For arrangements, see your travel agent.

Schieffelin & Co., New York

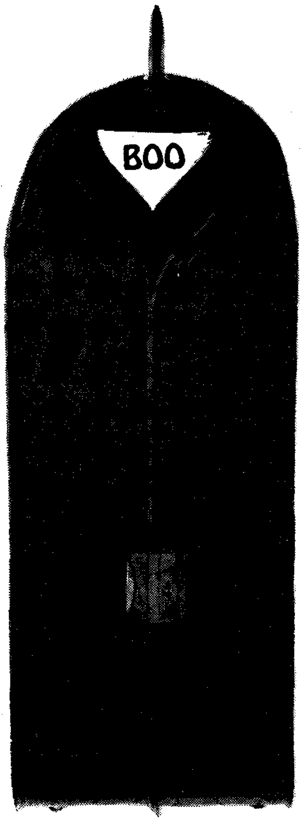
CARIBBEAN
—FLY THE GOLDEN ROUTE



Jet-prop Britannia flights four times weekly. One plane through service to Trinidad with stopover privileges. Your choice of first or economy class. See your Travel Agent or call BOAC, general sales agents for **British West Indian Airways**, 530 5th Ave., New York 36.

Fares above are round-trip excursion rates from New York—N. Y.-Bermuda sector operated by BOAC

BWIA
THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN



fear not – this luggage is puncture-proof
SKYWAY

subjects were invariably death and decay, disillusion and doom. I have forgotten all of the poems I wrote but one, and I remember that only imperfectly, but I shall try to reconstruct it, because it has a slight bearing on that Sunday afternoon in 1922. The poem was entitled "The Crow," and it went something like this (it zigzagged all over the paper, *of course, and had no* capital letters, but I shall just give it straight):

> Higher and higher
> And higher
> Flies the carrion crow
> Into the sky.
>
> He comes back to earth
> And sits in a rotting tree
> And utters a desperate cry.
>
> (He has flown to the windows
> Of Heaven and looked in.
> Oh, dread.
> He has seen God,
> Lying dead.)

I did not show my poems to anyone, but I carelessly left this particular effort lying on my desk, where my father saw it one night that winter when he came to my room to borrow some ink for his fountain pen. He read it, and then held it up for me to see, holding the paper well away from him and by one extreme corner, the way one carries a dead mouse by the tail.

"Is this—uh—a poem? Or what?" he asked me.

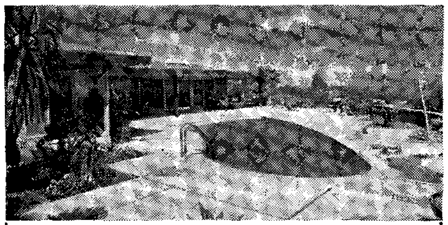
I was lying in bed reading. I squinted uncertainly at the sheet of paper—although I well knew what it was—and answered, with some embarrassment, "Yes—kind of."

"Hmm," said my father, replacing the thing carefully on my desk. "Well, good night. Thanks for the ink." When he said "ink," he showed all his teeth.

I WAS a little squashed by the incident, but the memory of it soon receded. By spring, I was wholly committed to the cultural renaissance. Revolt was in the air in our house. Then, enter Henry P. Davison, Sr.

This was on a Sunday in early May. We had gathered at the dinner table at one o'clock, as was our custom. My father, who did not always go to church, as the rest of us did perforce, had been reading the Sunday *Times* in his den, and came to the table a little late, looking solemn. He started to carve whatever we were having, then paused and said something like this to my Aunt Emily: "It's really a most shocking thing. Henry P. Davison died yesterday. I can't get over it."

My aunt made murmurs of sympa-



20 MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES
The Views Are Spectacular

They sweep across the San Fernando Valley from Chatsworth to Glendale, from the Santa Susanna to the Sierra Madre and Verdugo Mountains. On a hilltop in Encino, architect Harold J. Bissner has created a window-walled Contemporary home worthy of its almost unbelievably beautiful setting. In addition to 2 luxurious master and guest suites, there are a 30′ birch-paneled living room, large dining room and breakfast room, which open to the lighted pool patio shown above. Offering price is $105,000. For complete details on Property No. YN-71027, consult

PREVIEWS Inc.
The International Real Estate Marketing Service
49 East 53rd St., New York 22 • PLaza 8-2630
900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 17 • MA 6-1451
BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • PALM BEACH • CHICAGO
DENVER • FORT WORTH • SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON
PARIS • ROME

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.

Polished Aluminum Omelette Pan
Heat Proof Handles
Black, Blue, Red or Yellow
10½" 7.50 pp.
8½" 5.50 pp.
COPPER
9½" 16.50 pp.

The Omelette Book
by Narcissa Chamberlain 3.50
Write For Free Catalogue
903 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

FASCINATING! UNBELIEVABLE!
Roseland
DANCE CITY
TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30
AMERICA'S HISTORIC SHRINE OF DANCING
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

thetic interest, and my father went on. He had stopped carving, and our maid, Althea, who had come into the dining room with the mashed potatoes, had to just stand there holding them. "Comparatively young man, too," my father said, standing at his place and gazing out the window. "I just can't get *over* it."

Dinner had come to a standstill. Althea, with a white lace apron over her purple going-out dress, and with her Sunday-best gold pince-nez on her little snub nose, looked both foolish and impatient; she was due to go walking with her beau right after washing up the dishes. It was I who broke the spell—a little more thoroughly than I intended. "Who," I asked, with a languid droop of the eyelids, "was Henry P. Davidson?"

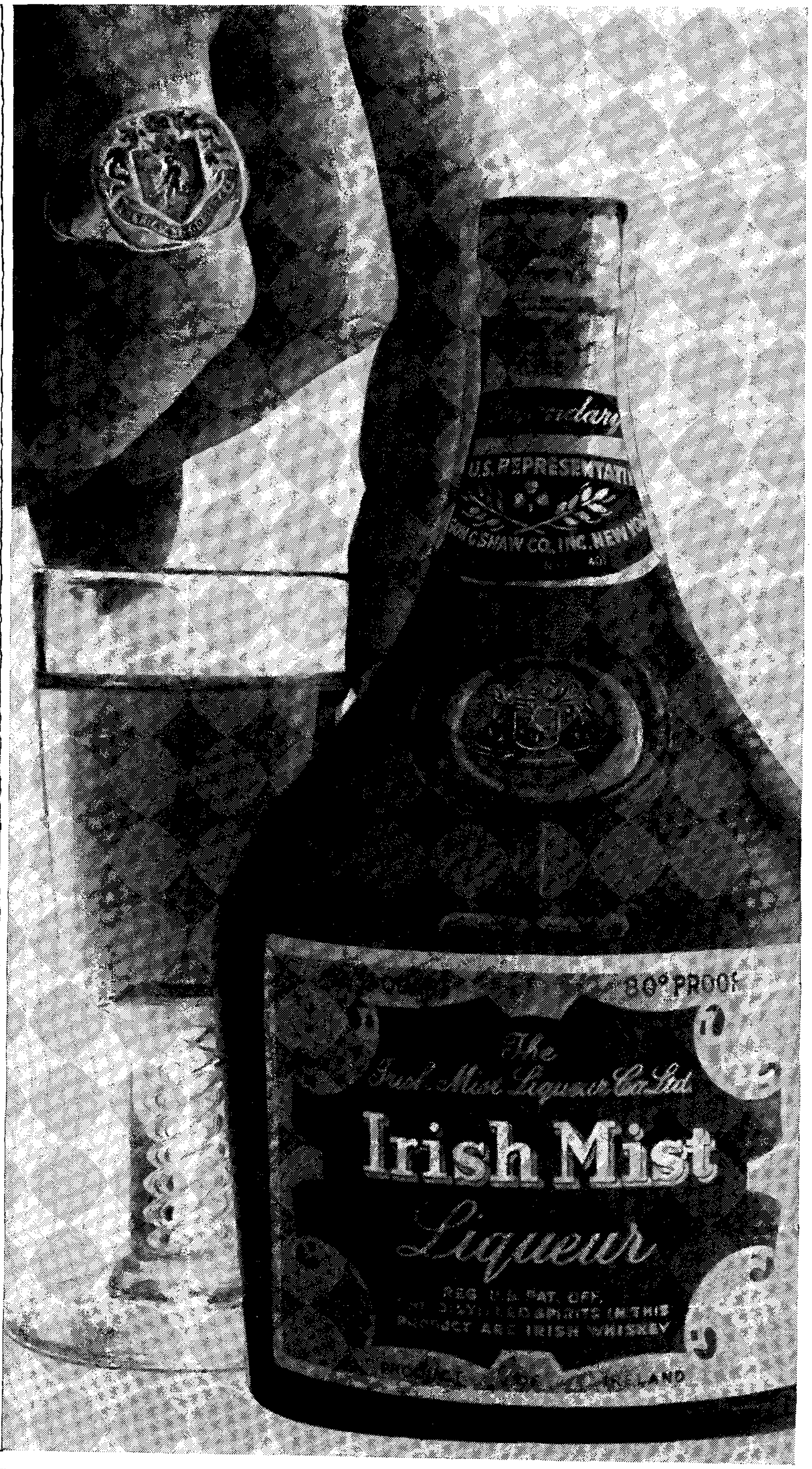
My father looked down at me and said icily, "*Davison*. Senior partner in J. P. Morgan & Company. Fine man. The best brain in Wall Street and, to my mind, one of the very best in the whole country."

"Oh," I said, with an insouciance that would have won the admiration of Oscar Wilde, "a *business*man. I thought maybe it was somebody *important*."

This remark had an electric effect. My father regarded me for a long moment as an archbishop might look at a young priest who had informed him that the Vatican had just burned down but that it was not a matter that need concern anyone overmuch. "Look," my father said finally, pointing his carving fork at my middle. "You go into the den and get this Sunday's *Times* and take it up to your room. Now. Read the article in it on Mr. Davison, and then you just sit down and write out the story of his life in your own words. You can have all this afternoon to do it in, while the rest of us go for a drive. Maybe you'll find out who's important in this world and who's not."

Something in my father's tone told me it would be better to drop the fainéant pose and get out of there. I left the room precipitately, after a quick glance around at my brothers and my aunt, who were all looking at their laps, and at Althea, who was still standing holding the mashed potatoes with a look of bewilderment on her face.

In the den, I swooped up armfuls of the *Times* and made my way, catlike, to my third-floor room. I flopped down on my bed, and with a heavy sigh contemplated the vista of a bleak afternoon. It is hard to believe now that forty years ago a Sunday afternoon's drive in an


U.S. REPRESENTATIVE
80° PROOF
The Irish Mist Liqueur Co. Ltd.
Irish Mist
Liqueur
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DISTILLED SPIRITS IN THIS PRODUCT ARE IRISH WHISKEY
PRODUCE OF IRELAND

Irish Mist
Ireland's Legendary Liqueur
its taste delights the world

80 Proof • Sole U. S. Representative: Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc. • New York 17, N.Y.

YOU'LL BE BESIDE YOURSELF WITH JOY AT

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

WORLD'S FIRST HOTEL WITH COLOR TV IN EVERY ROOM

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! The entire hotel is AIR-CONDITIONED. Every room with Barca-Lounger Chair, bathroom extension phone, "silent valet", butler's pantry, FM radio and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600 Teletype NY 1-392

FREE: NEW DOODLE MAP OF IRELAND

Doodle your trip right on the map of Ireland. Not sure where to go? Get free booklet: Ireland for Holidays. Mail coupon today, and see your Travel Agent.
IRISH TOURIST OFFICE, DEPT. NDN-11
33 E. 50th St., N. Y. 22 • Chi.: 135 So. LaSalle St.
Montreal: 2100 Drummond St.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

automobile was considered one of the pursuits of pleasure. These jaunts sometimes had destinations—a county fair, a farm auction, Niagara Falls, maybe, or even East Aurora, where Elbert Hubbard had established the Roycroft Press and an inn, plus associated gift shops that sold, for the most part, tooled leatherwork. (We had the whole set of "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Men," bound in limp leather that stank like castor oil, and I had an instinctive hostility to Fra Elbertus and all his works. The only thing that ever interested me about any of that East Aurora business was that Elbert Hubbard had gone down on the Lusitania.) Most often, however, our Sunday-afternoon drives had no destinations at all. We simply rode along country roads and looked at things and people and other cars, and enjoyed the very fact of locomotion.

I loved these outings, and especially that year, because we had a new car—a new second-hand car, that is. It was a maroon Marmon touring car that my father had bought from a partner in his brokerage firm, but it looked new and very spanking with its brass accoutrements and its Spanish red leather upholstery. It replaced a Model T we had had for some years—a car that used to boil over if you as much as looked at it. (During the tenure of the Model T, I remember, my father's right hand was very often bandaged; he could *not* remember that one shouldn't unscrew the radiator cap while the water was boiling—or maybe it was that when the car's innards started retching and regurgitating, he would get so mad he did not *choose* to remember.) The Marmon, though, was a thrill; it had some kind of suction treads on its tires that made a rich, clicking sound when we passed other cars, and gave one a warm and snobbish sense of satisfaction.

Up in my room, I could hear remote sounds from below—the buzz-buzz of conversation and the occasional whoosh of the studded-leather swinging door to the kitchen as Althea came and went with the vegetables, the dessert, and the coffee. I was not hungry—we ate enormous late breakfasts on Sunday in those days, and the big midday dinner was wholly unnecessary—but I was upset. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. A little later, after everyone had left the table and gone about the business of getting ready for the drive, I heard my aunt, on the second-story landing, say to my father something like "I don't think you should

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO LTD
LONDON
Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests
IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

Regina Mia
ARTICHOKE HEARTS
MARINATED
"Old World" Gift for the Gourmet
This gourmet's delight pleased Roman palates over 2000 years ago. Today, Regina Mia prepares the tender hearts of artichokes in a delicate marinade of imported herbs and spices. For salads or hors d'oeuvres—an exotic difference. Orders received by Dec. 15 delivered by Xmas in your name. Six 6-oz. jars in lovely gift pack. $3.30 ppd. Order a pack for yourself! Regina Mia, Castroville, California, Box 626N.

ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
"Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley" gay singing from 7:30 p.m.
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

All Credit Cards
El Quijote
Authentic Spanish Cuisine
226 W. 23rd St., N.Y.C. • CH 3-9934-7

make threats if you don't intend to see them through," to which I heard my father reply, "That wasn't a threat."

Just before the family took off, my aunt appeared in the doorway of my room and looked at me thoughtfully. "Well," she said, "I'm sorry for what has happened. But, *really*, Albert . . ."

"I'm all right," I said.

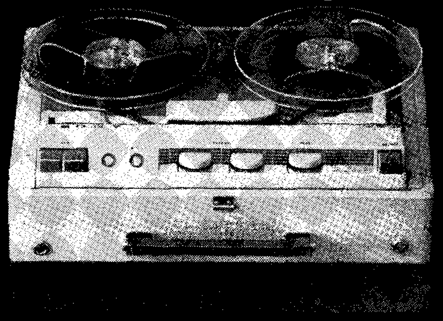
"We won't be gone for too long," my aunt said. "If you get hungry, there's peanut butter, and milk, and—well, *you* know where to find things."

"I'll be fine," I said. "I'd just as lief stay home anyway. Goodbye."

I HEARD the car start up, but it did not leave at once. From disjointed sentences, comings and goings on the front walk, and the slamming of the car doors and the front door of the house, I figured out that my dog, Rudolf, had invited himself on the ride, as usual, and, as usual, had been ejected from the car and escorted back into the house. He was much too passionate a car passenger for my father's liking; he leaned way out, barked when he felt like it, and often slavered on the back of my father's neck. After the car finally departed, I looked down the banisters, and there, sure enough, was Rudolf, circling dejectedly around his favorite spot in the front hallway, preparatory to taking one of his everlasting naps.

As soon as I had read the long obituary of Henry P. Davison, I got down to the business of doing the biographical essay. Writing the composition gave me some trouble, the seat of which was my father's instruction that the piece must be in my own words. I did not *have* any of my own words for, say, "financial acumen," or "foreign assets." What I did was concentrate on Mr. Davison's early years and his struggles as a young man, and I made only the chariest references to his business career. I remember little of it now, but I do remember two things in the *Times'* obituary that struck me then—my puzzlement when I read that Mr. Davison had died at the age of fifty-four (not my idea of "a comparatively young man;" my *father* was only thirty-six), and the fact that, during the recent Great War, Mr. Davison had been appointed by President Wilson to head something called the Red Cross War Council. This intelligence threw quite a bit of light on the reason for my house arrest. My father, during the same war, had been chief of the American Red Cross mission to Halifax that was dispatched to the city right after it had suffered disaster from the great explosion in the harbor, and in our house

new Sony



for portable use*

STERECORDER 464-D

for custom installation

only $199.50

now **both** stereo recording & stereo playback!

An unprecedented price for the famed Sony quality! The long-awaited Sony Sterecorder 464-D—dual purpose, dual performance! Dual performance means both 4 track stereo **recording** and 4 track stereo **playback**. Dual purpose means custom component installation **and** portable use. Recording and playback pre-amps are **built-in**, and such features as sound on sound, language and music training, two speeds, push button track selection and Sony precision engineering make this the most outstanding tape recorder value at $199.50. ■ **All Sony Sterecorders are Multiplex-ready!**

*Carrying case optional

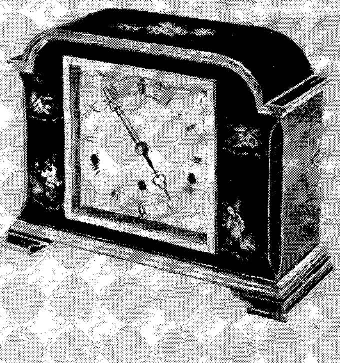
SUPERSCOPE The Tapeway to Stereo

For literature or name of nearest dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K
Sun Valley, California

WORCESTER

Clocks designed by experts, built by craftsmen exclusively for Worcester by

Elliott OF LONDON

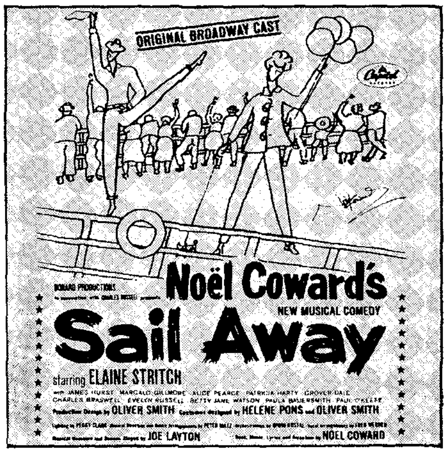


Style 5437. 8-day, jeweled lever, with full quarter-hour Westminster and Wittington chimes, 9" high: red or black lacquer . . . $275. Walnut . . . $225.

Complete illustrated folder at fine stores everywhere or write:

WORCESTER SILVER COMPANY
NEW YORK LONDON
11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

"A big, handsome, rakish vessel of a musical"
Howard Taubman, NEW YORK TIMES


ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
Capitol
BONARD PRODUCTIONS in association with CHARLES RUSSELL presents
Noël Coward's
NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
Sail Away
starring ELAINE STRITCH
with JAMES HURST · MARGALO GILLMORE · ALICE PEARCE · PATRICIA HARTY · GROVER DALE · CHARLES BRASWELL · EVELYN RUSSELL · BETTY JANE WATSON · PAULA BAUERSMITH · PAUL O'KEEFE
Production Designed by OLIVER SMITH Costumes designed by HELENE PONS and OLIVER SMITH
Musical Numbers and Dances Staged by JOE LAYTON
Book, Music, Lyrics and Direction by NOEL COWARD

IMMEDIATE SEATING

TO HEAR BROADWAY'S BIGGEST MUSICAL HIT THIS SEASON. WHY WAIT FOR SEATS? TAKE IT HOME AND HEAR IT NOW!

Capitol

©CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

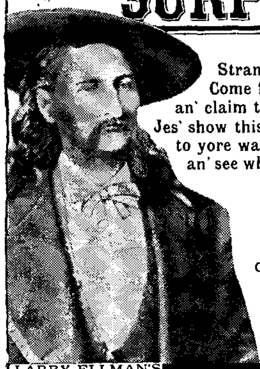
SEE

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

"Smash Musical Hit!"—LIFE

NEW YORK: LUNT-FONTANNE THEA.
LONDON: PALACE THEATRE
NATIONAL COMPANY: ON TOUR

SURPRISE!



Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

there were three things held inviolable—the Republican Party, the American Red Cross, and the Episcopal Church, in about that order. Mr. Davison had been a Republican, probably an Episcopalian, and now, it seemed, he had been what sounded like *boss* of the whole Red Cross. (I had occasion once, when I was a good bit older, to look up the definition of the word "*hubris;*" "a wanton arrogance," my dictionary said, "a reckless defiance of the gods, or things holy." I wished I had known that word then, on that long-ago Sunday afternoon.)

I wrote my piece in block letters, in ink, trying to compensate, in neatness and attractiveness, for what it lacked in substance. Then I took it downstairs and put it on my father's little walnut secretary in the den. It had taken me perhaps an hour and a half, and the afternoon was still young. I wandered from one room to another, feeling the loud emptiness of the house. (The kitchen door had slammed while I was at my labors in my room, signalling the departure of Althea and her sweetheart.) In the living room, I spotted two Melachrinos in the cut-glass cigarette box on the table. I lit one and sat down on the davenport, striking an attitude of elegant ease. The cigarette tasted wonderful—it was the first real, non-corn-silk cigarette I had ever smoked—and it occurred to me that I needed a drink to go with it. I looked over the bottles in the bottom of the breakfront cabinet my father used as a bar. There was a brown demijohn of pure grain alcohol (according to the label); a half-filled bottle of gin; an unopened bottle of whiskey; grenadine; bitters; and a bottle of Martini & Rossi sweet vermouth. This last was by far the most appealing-looking bottle; its label was, as it still is, a rich and inviting work of art, and the dark-reddish wine had a delicious taste when I tentatively sipped a little of it from the bottleneck. I took the bottle into the kitchen and filled a medium-sized glass to the brim. On my way back to the living room, I paused in the hallway and drank a toast to my reflection in the pier glass by the door. "To your very good health, Rupert of Hentzau," I said, reverting to an earlier literary enthusiasm of mine, which had also been the inspiration for the name of my dog, Rudolf Rassendyll.

In the living room once more, I lit the second cigarette and drank down the whole glass of vermouth. After that, I decided I was drunk. (This particular vermouth was non-alcoholic, as I discovered long afterward, and was used

THE SASSIEST GAL IN TOWN!
2nd SMASH YEAR!
THE BIG MUSICAL HIT
The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary present
TAMMY GRIMES in
"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"

Music & Lyrics by MEREDITH WILLSON
Book by RICHARD MORRIS
Directed by DORE SCHARY
with HARVE PRESNELL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.60; Loge $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Loge $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $4.80; Loge $4.30; Mezz. $3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.40; Loge $4.80; Mezz. $4.30, 3.80, 3, 2.50.

WINTER GARDEN THEA. 50th Street & B'way

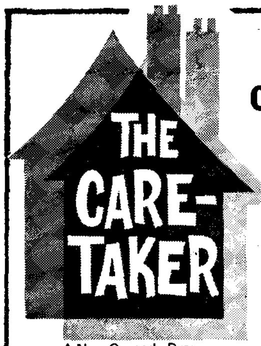
"JEAN KERR'S GARDEN OF WIT IS IN FULL BLOOM."—N.Y. Herald Tribune

BARBARA BEL GEDDES BARRY NELSON
MICHAEL WILDING
in

MARY, MARY
with
BETSY VON FURSTENBERG
and JOHN CROMWELL

"Broadway's Brightest, Wittiest Play"—TIME

Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.—$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90.
Fri. & Sat. Eves.—$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.—$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax incl.
HELEN HAYES Theatre, 210 W. 46 St., N.Y.C. AIR-COND.


THE CARE-TAKER

A New Comedy-Drama

"A WORK OF RARE ORIGINALITY."
—Taubman, Times

"DOWNRIGHT FUNNY THEATRE!"
—Newsweek

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 1.00; Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 1.00; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90, 1.00.

LYCEUM THEATRE 149 West 45th Street JU 2-3897

"HILARIOUS!"—John Crosby, Her. Trib.

OFF BROADWAY
THE PREMISE

Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30; Fri. 8 & 10:30; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30; Mat. Sun. 3 PM
154 BLEECKER ST. Reservations: LF 3-5020

Gaston
SUPERB CUISINE
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR
48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. ■ PLaza 5-4285

by my father only to flavor the Manhattans he made with rye whiskey.) I got up from the davenport and went around the room, staggering in an exaggerated fashion, and lit all the lamps. We had one lamp that I was very fond of; it was a conical affair made out of large chunks of colored glass embedded in lead—a truly ghastly artifact, and one I would give a good deal to have now. I read aloud, in a satirical tone, all the titles on the backs of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, which we kept in the living room in a special bookcase. Then I got my gun, a Daisy air rifle, and reeled out into the back yard. Rudolf came with me.

Rudolf was an Airedale, ever so slightly *manqué*. He paid little attention to any of us when he was in the house. He slept in the hallway under a large, tinted lithograph of a recumbent lion, which had real wooden bars attached to its oaken frame, and intermittently he would groan, sigh, and roll his eyes in boredom. However, the moment anyone made even a motion toward the front or back door, Rudolf was alert and atwitch with expectation. We went out through the kitchen, and once in the back yard, Rudolf, after a quick examination of the premises to see that everything was in order (no cats, no visiting dogs), stood at stiff attention, eying me with an expression that said "What's up?"

I had taken my gun and come into the yard without any notion of what I was going to do. I was still drunk (it was the two cigarettes, of course, that had made me giddy, along, I suppose, with the autosuggestion produced by the Martini & Rossi bottle), and I felt, with Rudolf standing there with such high hopes, that action was demanded. I looked around the yard and spotted a sparrow that had just lit on the trotting-horse weather vane we had on the cupola of the stable. It was a long shot, but I fired anyway, and, to my astonishment and considerable dismay, the bird fluttered up wildly a foot or so in the air, then dropped like a plumb bob to

PLAN AHEAD FOR YOUR NEXT TRIP TO NEW YORK—DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED—ORDER YOUR TICKETS IN ADVANCE

"BIG, HANDSOME, RAKISH MUSICAL."
—TAUBMAN, N. Y. TIMES

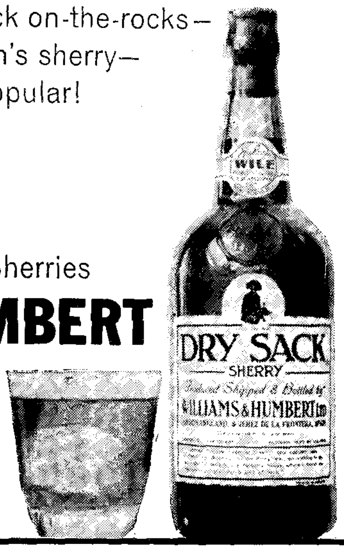
Noël Coward's new musical comedy
Sail Away
starring Elaine Stritch

Prices: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.60; Balc. $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Balc. $8.35, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.60, 4.00, 3.45, 3.00. Due to the tremendous interest in SAIL AWAY, it may not be possible to fill all mail-orders as requested. Please list alternate DAYS of the week (NOT DATES). Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

BROADHURST THEATRE 235 W. 44th St. N.Y.C.

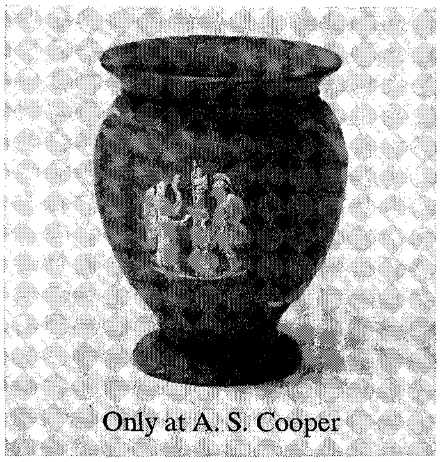
Dry Sack on-the-rocks changed men's minds about sherry

Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks—the man's sherry—is so popular!



World-Famous Spanish Sherries
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Julius WILE
NEW YORK
Let this seal be your guide to quality



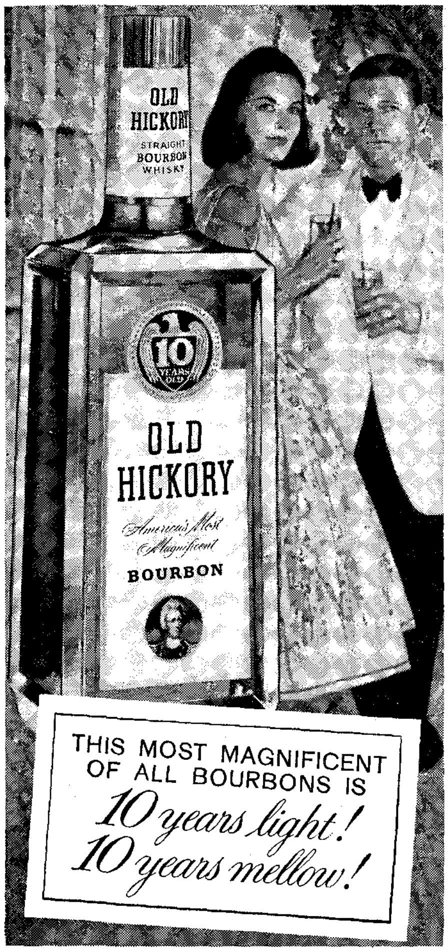
GENUINE WEDGWOOD
JASPER WARE
POSY POT

$9.50 a pair, incl. postage & insurance

Made in England by the pottery firm known the world over! Charming touch for your home, or gift for a friend's. 3¾ in. high, 3 in. across top. Traditional wedgwood blue with white. Use two together for table arrangement, center of beauty anywhere. Enclose check or money order. Write for Wedgwood or Jasper Ware catalogue.

WEDGWOOD
A.S.Cooper
& Sons, ltd

Front Street • Hamilton • Bermuda
Bermuda's Exclusive Wedgwood Representative



10 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

the driveway. Rudolf and I raced over to where the little bird lay, and I picked it up.

Suddenly I was a hunter. It was a sin to shoot a bird, but not if you had to do it for food. I had gone after game to feed my family (Rudolf), hadn't I? And now the family could eat. With Rudolf excitedly frisking around me, I loped back to the kitchen, carrying my rifle the way Leatherstocking did in the illustrations in our Cooper books, and steeling myself for what I had to do. On the kitchen table I plucked the little body (I could not bring myself to cut the head off), got out our smallest frying pan, and sautéed the bird in lard. When it had been done to a nice dark brown and had cooled off a little, I carefully lifted it out of the pan with a spatula and laid it in Rudolf's special dish. He came toward the dish very cautiously and sniffed at the shrivelled little corpse with a disdainful twitching around his nose. Then he looked at me as though he thought I had lost my mind.

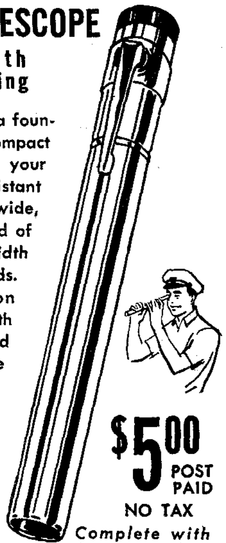
I put the bird in the garbage pail, and then went into the lavatory under the stairs and was quite sick. I was trembling and very weak afterward, but I felt compelled to clean things up. I emptied the ashtray I had used, and wiped it; I washed the vermouth glass, and the frying pan and spatula; and I gathered all the sparrow feathers and put them in a paper bag, and put that in the garbage pail, carefully, over the fried remains of the bird. Then I turned off all the lamps in the living room and went slowly upstairs, like an old man, and carefully laid myself down on my bed. I suppose I fell asleep instantly.

WHEN I woke up, it was dusk. Ralph, my next-younger brother, was sitting at the foot of my bed, shaking my foot and saying softly, "Hey, Al. Wake up. We're home. We saw a dancing bear in Le Roy, and we're not mad at you any more."

I was a little chagrined to be caught like this, with my guard so completely down. During the waking part of the afternoon, I had been vaguely planning to arrange some kind of martyred, or pathetic, or at least interesting, attitude to be discovered in by the family on their return—reading the Bible, maybe, or giving Rudolf a bath, or putting a final coat of shellac on the tie rack I had made in manual training for my father. Instead, and unhappily, here I was, vulgarly snoozing in my room. There was nothing for it but to go downstairs and face whatever welcome was in store for

FANTASTIC

POCKET TELESCOPE
New Model with
Ratchet Focusing



...No bigger than a fountain pen . . . compact enough to clip in your pocket. Magnifies distant views by 6 times...wide, sharp and clear field of vision covering a width of 262 ft. at 1000 yds. 6 coated precision lenses, combined with a perfectly corrected terrestrial telescope system giving you the unsurpassed optical excellence of fine binoculars.

262 FIELD
6 POWER

$5.00 POST PAID
NO TAX
Complete with Instruction Sheet

Shown ½ Actual Size

Money Back Guarantee

Send Check or Money Order to:

J. M. SCHMID & SON
SINCE 1857
137 MATHEWSON ST., PROV. 3, R. I.

"A floating palace in a sea of pearls"

This is what the Shima Kanko Hotel in Kashikojima, Japan calls itself. The claim is almost entirely true. Yet, most Americans visiting Japan have never heard of the place, let alone been there. Before you set out for Japan, or any other place, consult us. We won't let you miss the pearls.

THE
HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 East 49th St. N.Y. 17, N.Y. MU 8-0185

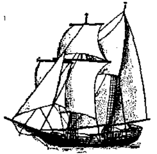
995 Fifth Avenue

*Just far enough
from the madding crowd to make
luncheon a delight... dinner a dream.*

Sunday Buffet Dinner 6 to 10 P.M.

THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First Street. BU 8-5800.
Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

SAILING VACATION
in the CARIBBEAN
58' DIESEL SCHOONER



Cruise the Virgins-Windward-Leeward Islands. Rare combination Beauty, Comfort, Sailability. Sleeps 4-6. 12 years chartering experience. Send for brochure. Cable: BluCru

AIRMAIL: SCHOONER BLACK DOG
Box 748N, ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

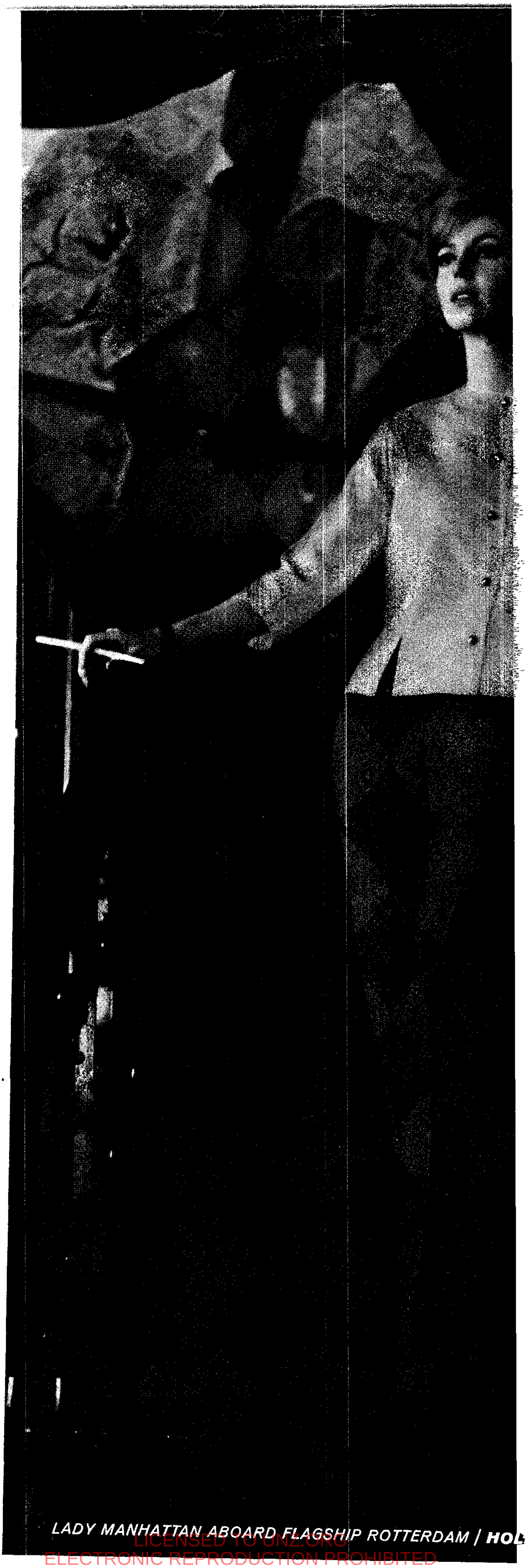
WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL

Enter (or entertain) with glamour... in this brilliant partnership of linen textured pure silks. The cardigan neckline shirt with vented 3/4 sleeves and front...the tapered pants, fully lined for no-sag shapeliness. Both in the newest of fashion hues, 8 to 18. Shirt, about $15.00. Pants, about $18.00. Slightly higher in the West.

Lady Manhattan, a division of
The Manhattan® Shirt Company,
1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

At these and other fine stores:

MACY'S, HERALD SQUARE
G. FOX & CO., HARTFORD
SHEPPARD CO., PROVIDENCE
HOCHSCHILD KOHN, BALTIMORE
HORNE'S, PITTSBURGH
L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS
J. L. HUDSON, DETROIT
RICH'S, ATLANTA
BOSTON STORE, MILWAUKEE
MAISON BLANCHE, NEW ORLEANS
FOLEY'S, HOUSTON
JUDY IRIS, PHOENIX
THE MAY CO., LOS ANGELES
ROOS/ATKINS, SAN FRANCISCO



LADY MANHATTAN ABOARD FLAGSHIP ROTTERDAM / ***HOL***

Finish dinner... with a flourish!

After coffee...enjoy the ***drier*** *liqueur*

B DOM AND **B**

BENEDICTINE BRANDY

There is only one proper blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness. It is achieved in Benedictine's own bottled B & B, made at Fecamp, France. The result is perfection . . . always uniform, always delicious!

Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc New York N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality • Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York. 86 Proof.

me. I grunted something to Ralph, and thought to myself, What does he mean, *we* aren't mad at me any more? What does *he* know about Henry P. Davison?

Downstairs, the living room was all lit up, and my special lamp seemed to twinkle at me with mockery as I went through, with Ralph, on my way to the kitchen. My aunt was making scrambled eggs—our ritual Sunday-night supper. I had seen, in passing, my father sitting in his Morris chair in the den. He had his glasses on and he was reading my composition; he was always one to get right down to the business at hand. I felt a little chill of apprehension when I saw him reading the piece, but I went about my regular Sunday-evening task of setting the dining-room table for supper. My aunt accepted my presence as though everything was normal, saying only such things as "Remember, forks go on the left," and "Don't forget the salt and pepper," and "I think tonight we'll put clean napkins in the napkin rings."

"You should have *seen* the dancing bear we saw, Al," Ralph said. "It was right on the main street in Le Roy, and this man—he was a kind of an Indian and he had it on a lease."

"Mexican," my aunt said. "Leash."

"Yeah," said Ralph. "And he came all the way from California with this bear in the sidecar. He's got a great big red motorcycle, and a Victrola, and he plays the Victrola on the *sidewalk*, and this bear *dances*."

"*The* bear," my aunt said. "I'd call it more of a shuffle than a dance. But it was very tame. Not a big bear, really."

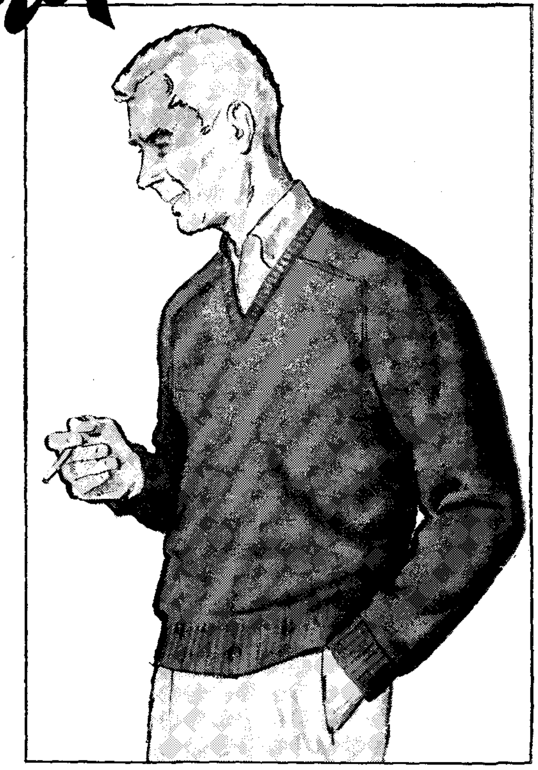
Everything was ready in the dining room. My aunt said, "Albert, will you tell your father that supper is ready now?"

I went to the threshold of the den and stood there waiting for my father to notice me. He was on the last page of my piece, and when he finished he looked up at me and, tapping the manuscript with the backs of his fingernails, he said, "This is very good, Albert."

I said, "Aunt Emily says she's putting supper on."

"Fine," said my father. "I'll be in in a minute."

While we were at supper, there was a good deal more talk about the dancing bear, and I welcomed the diversion, even though I was a little jealous because I had not seen it. My father said it was a pretty scruffy-looking bear, and that its collar was much too tight, probably on purpose, and that he did not like



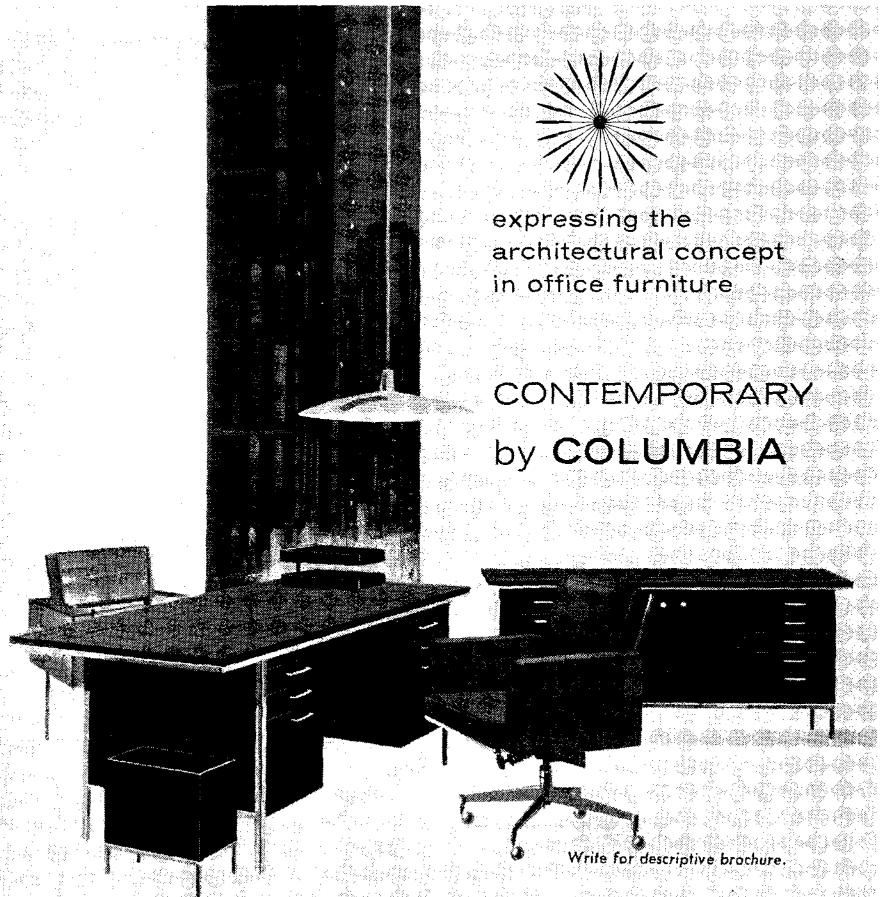
BRITISH **Byford** SWEATERS

Warn, light and definitely British

Handsomely styled, beautifully detailed Byford Sweaters sit right, fit right—almost as though they were knitted to order. Imported from England in all popular models. From $8.95 at fine stores everywhere. Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1, New York.

Makers also of famous Byford Men's Socks.

Illustrated: Fully fashioned Lambswool interpreted in interesting saddle shoulder.



expressing the architectural concept in office furniture

CONTEMPORARY by **COLUMBIA**

Write for descriptive brochure.

COLUMBIA-HALLOWELL DIVISION **SPS** Jenkintown 43, Pa. • Santa Ana, Calif.

where reliability replaces probability

SUPREME SATISFACTION

. . . that's the feeling—when you set the V-GUARD stylus in the groove of your favorite record – confidently you relax and enjoy music with the knowledge your record will fare best of all beneath the V-GUARD – that you are listening to music quality considered the best by the people who record and manufacture *the records you buy.*
Only the STANTON Stereo Fluxvalve* has the easily replaceable V-GUARD stylus.

*Covered under U.S. Patent No. 2,917,590

SERIES: 380–381–198–199
from $29.85

Send for your complimentary copy of Tech-Specs – a handy guide for planning a stereo high fidelity system . . . write Dept. W-111.

FOR THOSE WHO CAN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE
Pickering
PICKERING & CO., INC., PLAINVIEW, NEW YORK

When you
DINE *Italian,*
WINE *Italian with*
RUFFINO
Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Red or White
Schieffelin & Co. New York

RUFFINO
I.L.RUFFINO
RUFFINO

the way the bear kept his eyes on the Mexican at all times in such a fearful way. This Mexican bird, my father said, claimed he had been a colonel in Pancho Villa's army, and he was selling the story of his life in little pamphlets. "We didn't buy one," my father said dryly. I did not need to be told that; my father never spent money on things of that kind.

After supper, while my aunt was putting my brothers to bed, I sat at the table with my father while he drank his coffee and smoked a cigarette. This was our custom, and I did not want to do anything to break the routine or to call attention to myself. My father was silent for quite a long time, then tamped out his cigarette and took a box of Melachrinos out of his pocket and lit another one. I had to keep myself from wincing at the sight of it. He started talking to me while he was lighting the cigarette—it was a trick he had—peering at me through the match flame and the first puffs of smoke.

"That thing you wrote about Henry P. Davison is good," he said. "It's clear and plain, and it's well written. Don't you think *that* is better than sitting up in your room all day and writing poems about crows and railing at God?"

I just nodded and gulped.

"Look," he said. "Tell me something. Who would you say—take three men—are important in this world? Or important *to* this world?"

"You mean alive now?" I asked.

"No, not necessarily. Living *or* dead," my father said, waving his cigarette carelessly in the direction of the dead. "*Any*body."

"Well, uh," I said. "Michelangelo?"

"Um-hmm," he said. "Don't *ask* me. *Tell* me. Who else?"

"Well. William Shakespeare."

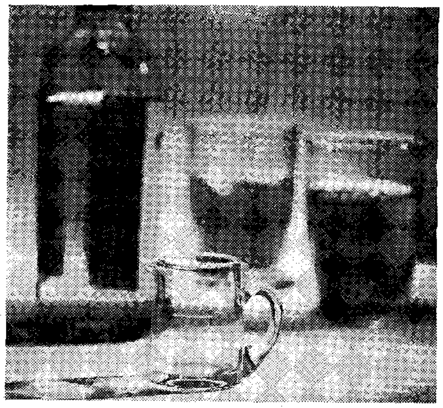
"I see," he said. "And?"

"And Jesus," I said, with another gulp.

"Interesting," he said, rubbing at his eyes. Then, "Well, it's been a long day, Alb. I guess you'd better go up now."

I said good night, and kissed him, and went up to my room.

MY father is dead now, and one of my regrets about him, and me, is that I never told him, then or in the years afterward, that I knew it was dishonest of me to choose those three names and trump his Wall Street ace with Jesus in that way. I always had a feeling he knew that *I* knew that I had "taken advantage," as we used to



Famous Bryce Spirits Pitcher

This unique little vessel has been individually crafted by the oldest house in America still hand-blowing and hand-cutting lead crystal in the ancient manner. It was especially designed for discriminating hosts or hostesses who consider a "shot-glass" somewhat prosaic, and who hesitate to pour a drink directly from the bottle. Because they are handmade, these delightful little "conversation pieces" vary in size, so you must not assume precise ounce measurement from the level marks on the side. All we can tell you is that the lower mark represents a respectable drink and the upper mark a lustier one. Write for the name of the dealer nearest you. Individually packaged—about $3.00 each.

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841

BAXTERS
SCOTTISH HAGGIS
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

One of
BAXTERS
Fine Foods from Scotland
Now Available –
New York—Charles & Co.
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.
Miami—Jordan Marsh & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Magruder Inc.

SCOTTISH HAGGIS

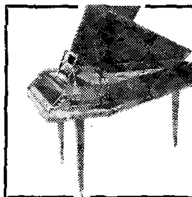
Haggis — national dish of Scotland — made in the Highlands. Serve as a main dish or hot hors d'ouvres. Traditionally in good taste.

Available at Fine Food Stores

IMPORTED SOLELY BY
CALVERT, VAVASSEUR & CO., INC.
19 RECTOR ST., NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
✻ COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

HARPSICHORD



In walnut $750
Custom built in New York
Also available in kit form for home workshop assembly $150
Write or call for brochure
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.
WAtkins 9-1838

say in those days. He never referred to the matter again, however. He was quite a nice man, really.

—ALBERT HUBBELL

◆

THE LONG, LONG DREAMS OF YASUO WATANABE

[*Letter received by a man on the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

5-1777 ICHIKAWADAIMON-CHO
YAMANACHI PREF'
JAPAN.

MESSRS,

We are congratulate that Mr. J. Kennedy was elected the President for your country.

Though America have been troubled the internatinal problem Cuba and Congo.

On any age or capitalism and communism would the educatinal activities of grown up will be the chief problem of common intresting in every countries.

On sending into the good soceity, such a inexperienced and repulsion youth.

We ourselves or social man must have a culture, understanding, and calmness jadgment.

Then is it impossible to attain of this object, I suppose ?

There is no need to say here the activities of youngman, (Education) is the most important problem.

For it was generally appreciated of socialman.

By these signfication as a representative sponsor.

I demand for building assistance "The whole youngman building of education" please pardon me that I beg you my propasal in this letter.

There are "Y.M.C.A." "The young men association" Boys (girls) scouts, and other 40 groups of young in Yamanachi Pref' and every members of each are partly acted, but some clubs are develop or irregular according to their local area.

For the purpose of such groups meeting, we must prepare the establishment of the complte "La maison de Jeune."

Every year our wishing are destroied.

Last year at the general assembly soceity of youngmen we are passed this item.

We are now trying realise "La maison de Jeune" this year.

We have been planning of this construction since Jan, 1961 but as you know Yamanachi Pref' is the smallest prefecture in Japan.

So we beg earnestly "Fund and other assistances" to the provincial public services.

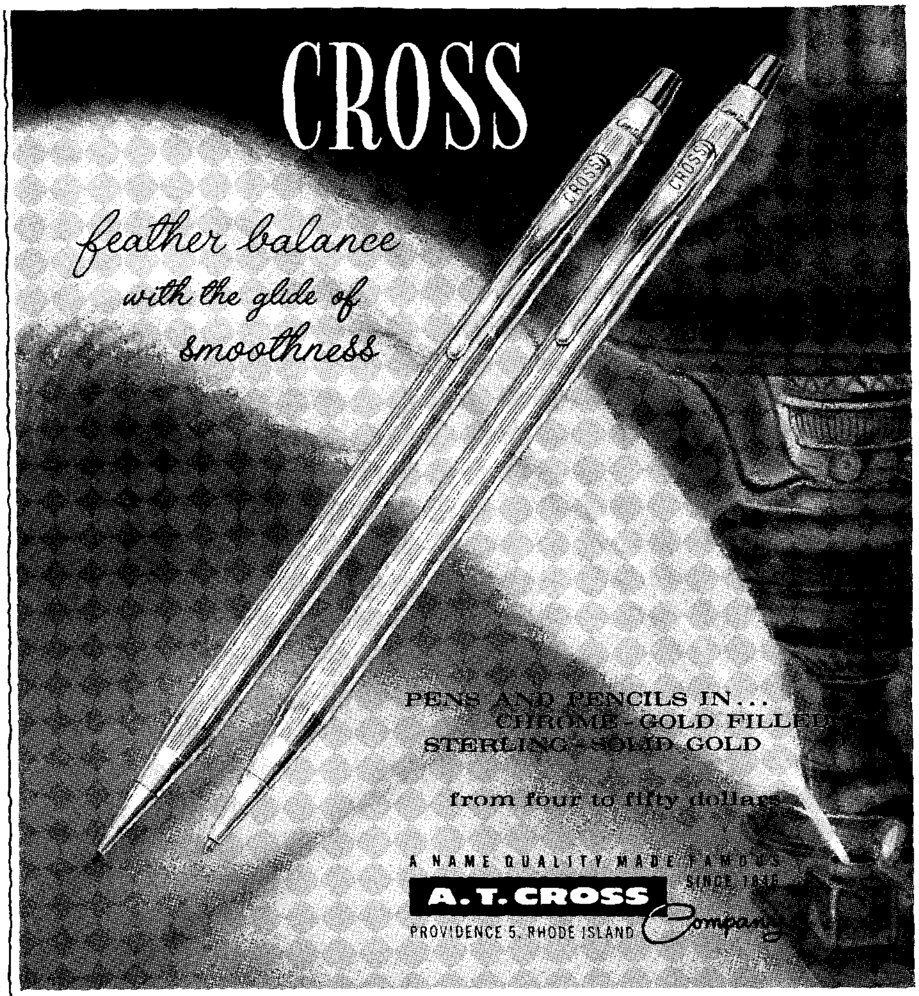
Although the district finance is decreasing and the forcast next year Budget, of course, is darkside.

The whole sum $200,000 of which ¼ sum we are bear expense with our efforts, and about another shortage cash we are demarding general public soceity for my country.

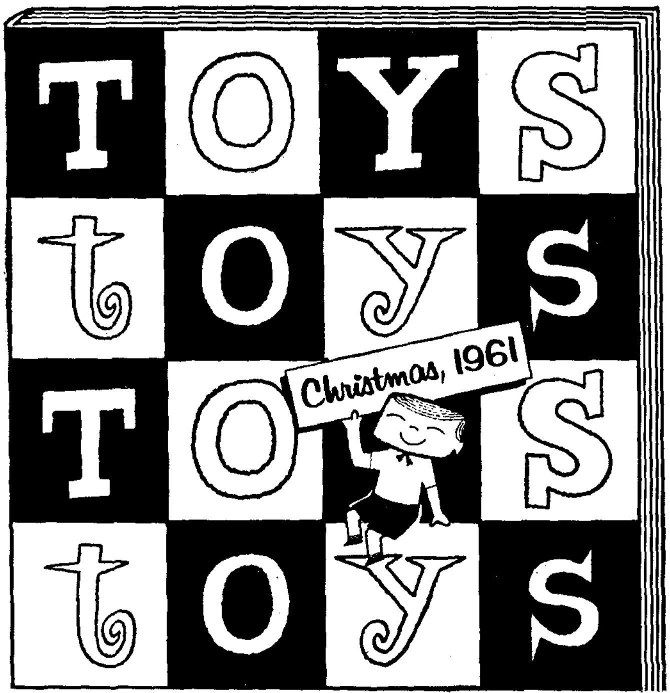
Today, for the realisation of our long dreams, please I beg you great rescue for our plan.

We are very happy if you are agree and cooperation of our plan, on account of your some Funds.

Yours very truly.
YASUO WATANABE.
The whole youngmen spokesmen.
(*A chairman committee of establishment*)



FREE
TOY
CATALOG
From The
World's Greatest
Toy Store
OVER
100 PAGES



Send Today!

F.A.O. SCHWARZ Dept. NY-3
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Exclusive Cel-U-Tone Finish

Beautiful choice of designs

LONG-LASTING PLAYABILITY

Congress PLAYING CARDS

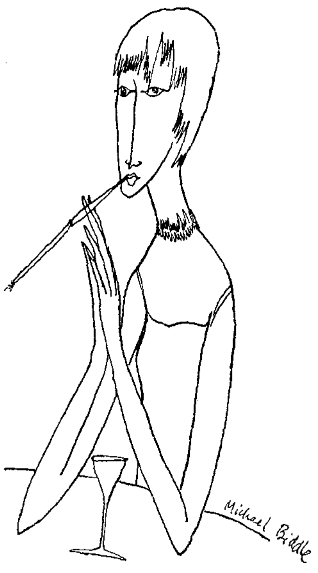
CHOICE OF THOSE WHO KNOW QUALITY

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, O
ALSO MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND OTHER FAMOUS BRANDS
CONGRESS Playing Cards CEL-U-TONE FINISH
Only Congress Cards have CEL-U-TONE FINISH
CONGRESS
606

NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

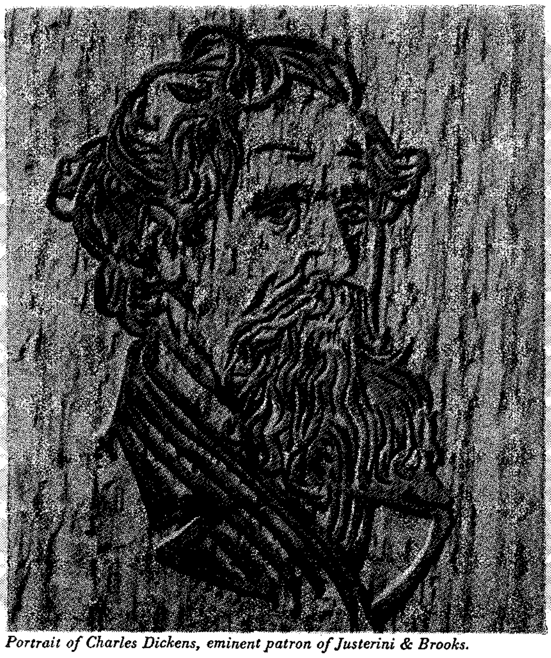
XXXIII—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

ALT., 7. Pop., 14,734. There is some difference of opinion in St. Augustine, among people who work around alligators, concerning the size of an alligator's brain. There is very little difference of opinion concerning an alligator's habits. It is generally conceded that alligators, as senior citizens, take such good care of themselves that an alligator three hundred years old doesn't look more than a hundred and twenty-five; that they enjoy lying around in the sun, with their eyes closed, in haphazard and untidy proximity to other alligators; that they take eight breaths a day, and no more; and that they respond enthusiastically to only one stimulus—the dinner bell. Down on the St. Augustine Alligator Farm, six thousand alligators lie around all day long—some on tiny man-made islands, others in long pens—in varying degrees of torpor. Nothing much seems to interest them, really. They've had it. If new alligators are added to the farm, the old-timers just wriggle over and make room for the newcomers. They couldn't care less where the newcomers came from, and they know where they are going, which is nowhere. Every once in a while, to satisfy visitors to the farm, an attendant will grasp an alligator by the tail and urge him up a pair of stairs to the top of a children's slide. Once at the top, the alligator slides down into a pool of water. He slides down because down is the easiest direction in which to travel. He usually slides down with his eyes closed. The chances are he's still asleep. Children of all ages delight in watching attendants turn an alligator over on his back, pat his stomach several times, and stand by while the alligator's muscles relax and his legs stretch out. The alligator seems to have been hypnotized into a deep slumber. More likely than not, he was asleep to begin with. The dinner bell is another matter, rousing the six thousand inhabitants of the farm to a seething, writhing mass. Once fed, they fall back again, easily, into the land of Nod. On the matter of their brains, there are basically two schools of thought. One holds that an alligator's brain is the size of a dime, and the other holds that an alligator's brain is the size of a quarter. "Nobody ever so foolish as to suggest one of those old 'gators got a brain the size of a fifty-cent piece," a St. Augustine alligator expert recently remarked.



The situation around the Fountain of Youth is not appreciably peppier than the situation at the Alligator Farm. The Farm lies across the Matanzas River from St. Augustine proper—on Anastasia Island, which can be reached from the city by the Bridge of Lions—but the Fountain of Youth is on the mainland, not far from the City Gates of the oldest permanent white settlement in the United States, and not far, either, from the Old Fort, the Old Jail, the Oldest House, Potter's Wax Museum, the Ripley Believe It or Not Museum, and the Oldest Wooden School House. St. Augustinians, old and young alike, take a tolerant view of the Fountain of Youth. "It's just an old concept," one of them said not long ago, "and there's no point messing around with the old facts about the Fountain of Youth. Messing around with the old facts won't get a person anywhere. Certainly won't make him any younger." The old facts are sparse. Juan Ponce de León is said to have sailed his fleet of three ships from Puerto Rico, in 1513, to have landed in the vicinity of what is now St. Augustine, and to have stayed five days, waiting for favorable sailing weather. Ponce de León had more in mind than the Fountain of Youth. He was also looking for gold. He would have settled for gold without the Fountain, or the Fountain without gold. During his five-day sojourn, he and his men sampled a good many of the local waters. Every time they spotted a spring, they would stop for a drink, and some of the men became so bloated that they had to be carried back onto the ships. When the five days were up, Ponce de León had found no gold and had come upon no elixir. All of Ponce de León's men, and Ponce de León himself, are now dead.

The Fountain of Youth lies in a park-like area, generously supplied with winding walks, palm trees, and lush foliage. Visitors come to the park in a spirit of anticipation. Old men and women hop up the driveway leading to the park at quite a clip, and young people tend to break into a run. Visitors are greeted as they approach the admission booth by low, mournful guitar music, coming from loudspeakers hidden in the trees. The guitar is played continuously throughout the park, in recordings. The music offers small comfort to the weary. It sings of heartbreak and the road all men must travel. It would make excellent incidental music at an alligator farm. Admission to the park is one dollar, payable to a lady wearing an antique Spanish costume; she looks like a woman who grows one day older every day. The Fountain itself is housed in a one-story mission-style structure, a short walk and several agonized guitar bars from the admission booth. Inside the building, dioramas depict Ponce de León's fleet under full sail and Indians hollowing out canoes. The Fountain is at one end of the building, down a few steps. It is not a fountain but a concrete well. Visitors are handed one Dixie cup apiece just before they go down the steps. The visitors line up near the well and edge toward an elderly gentleman who holds in his hand a yellow plastic pitcher. He carefully fills each Dixie cup with water. From time to time, as the yellow plastic pitcher is emptied, he dips a ladle into the well and scoops up more water, which he pours into the pitcher. Looked at from above, the water in the well is dark and forbidding. In the Dixie cup, it appears as clear as tap water. Its taste is neither enervating nor refreshing. It tastes like any other water. Many people take one drink, stand around for a moment or two, and make a little joke about feeling younger. Some people look about them for a receptacle into which they can throw their Dixie cup. They find it. Practically everybody giggles nervously. In harmony with the spirit of the park, visitors are urged, before leaving, to visit a nearby building where the bare and ancient bones of some fifty local Indians are laid out, many of them with their arms crossed, in what is ostensibly an attitude of prayer. Guides apologize for the generally run-down condition of the bones. "Lots of trouble with possums and coons getting inside here and messing around with the bones," a guide will say. "And all those little round gizmos you see spotted here and there, those little mounds, they are trash pits. The bones go way back." Vis-


Portrait of Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks.

JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

Success Story

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky has become one of America's leading brands. For many reasons we believe. But especially because the venerable English house of Justerini & Brooks safeguards its quality with traditional British determination. Try J&B, of flavour unsurpassed.

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

"WORLD'S FINEST" SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Take tee and sea
at the magnificent NEW
RUNAWAY BAY
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB

the resort hotel in Jamaica with its own 18-hole championship golf course

opens December 15 1961

NOW you can enjoy golfing within a few yards of your luxurious accommodations on this enchanted isle. Your room faces the sea, and you step out onto wide powdery sand beach. For a change of splash, bathe in the Olympic-size pool with adjoining snack bar. Star entertainment. Cuisine? Magnifique! Many other activities, including tennis.

Run away from the Doldrums.
Come to Runaway Bay!

Runaway BAY
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB
Runaway Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Represented by
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
Executive Offices:
610 Fifth Ave.
New York 20, N. Y.
PLaza 7-2444
Branch Offices:
Chicago, Ill.
HArrison 7-9531
Miami, Fla.
FRanklin 7-3575
Hollywood, Calif.
HOllywood 6-2185
Toronto, Ont., Canada
WAlnut 5-3808

See your Travel Agent.

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS
SYMBOL OF DISTINCTION
NEW 1961 COLLECTION

PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES
IN MOST AREAS

write HENRI FAYETTE, INC.
2735 ARMITAGE AVENUE
CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

FAVORITE
in New York City

. . . near everything, adjoining United Nations on Manhattan's smart East Side . . . overlooking the East River and the spectacular city skyline.

Bright, cheerful, outside, air-conditioned rooms and suites—radio and television—all moderately priced. Two popular priced restaurants; Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge.

Beekman Tower Hotel
49th St. Exit
East River Drive

3 Mitchell Place, New York 17 N-11-11
Send brochure and driving map showing *how to avoid New York City traffic.*
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ Zone ____ State ______

itors leave the bone yard with a song in their hearts—more music from the sad old guitar, plucking away among the trees. " 'Bye now!" calls the señora at the admission booth as visitors stroll out of the park. "Take good care of yourself!"

HENRY M. FLAGLER, the Standard Oil magnate, may have been searching for the Fountain of Youth when he first visited St. Augustine, in the winter of 1883-84, or he may have just wanted to get warm. In any event, he took a liking to the place, and pictured it as a winter wonderland serviced by fast trains rolling down the Florida coast and by a series of hotels more sumptuous and overwhelming than any ever built before, anywhere. The next year, he dispatched the young New York architects John M. Carrère and Thomas Hastings (they subsequently built the New York Public Library, among many other buildings) to Spain to study for a year and draw up plans for a huge Spanish Renaissance hostelry. Flagler wanted turrets, loggias, courtyards, fountains, inlaid marble-and-onyx staircases, rotundas, ceiling murals, and several hundred rooms with baths. "Spare no expense!" cried Mr. Flagler, and the Messrs. Carrère and Hastings took him at his word. The hotel was to be named the Ponce de León, and its towers were to dominate the countryside and to be visible from the sea. Carrère and Hastings took two years to build the Ponce de León. For the outer walls they fell back on the material used in old Spanish houses in the area—coquina, brought over from Anastasia Island. George Maynard, the muralist, was brought in to decorate the ceiling of the rotunda with figures symbolizing Adventure, Discovery, Conquest, Civilization, Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and Room Service. An Italian artist, Virgilio Tojetti, lay on his back and painted cherubs all over the ceilings of the drawing rooms. Old Ponce de León's fleet took form on the dining-room ceiling, bustling along in a brisk breeze. No column was too insignificant to be hand-carved, no frieze too humble to be embellished, no corner too obscure to be inlaid with mottoes. Gustatory admonitions were embedded in the woodwork—"*Amigo viejo, tocino, y vino añejo*" ("Old friends, bacon, and good wine"), and "*Oveja que bala bocado pierde*" ("The sheep that bleats loses its mouthful")—along with a few words of general advice, applicable anywhere, such as "*Quien mucho abraza*

Imported by HEUBLEIN
The Escoffier Sauce Diable
A. Escoffier
IMPORTED

THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE SAUCE . . . AND WORTH IT!
Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.
Sharp and zesty **Sauce Diable**—particularly fine with fish . . . excellent with meat.
Smoothly balanced **Sauce Robert**—a must for steaks, chops, poultry.
Escoffier®
HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO.
3 East 54th Street, New York 22

GIVE...OR ENJOY AT HOME
FAMOUS STEAKS
served by America's luxury restaurants

pfaelzer
PRIME
FILET MIGNON

You can't buy them in *any* market. Pfaelzer's U.S. Prime filet mignon is served in America's finest restaurants, hotels and clubs. Tender and flavorful . . . aged to mellow perfection. Quick-frozen; perfect arrival is guaranteed! Railway Express Prepaid to Continental U.S.A.
Box of 16 filet mignons 6 oz. ea., 1¼" thick $33
Write for free gift booklet.
pfaelzer
Brothers (pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YNA Chicago 32, Illinois YArds 7-7100

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

SINCE 1923
THE Divan PARISIEN
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

poco aprieta" ("Want all, lose all"). The Ponce de León opened on January 10, 1888, and the glittering assemblage on hand for the occasion had its choice, after the Blue Points and the cream soup, of broiled shad, ribs of beef, turkey with cranberry sauce, lamb chops, sauté chicken, and ham with canned corn. Mr. Flagler put up another hotel, the Alcázar, across the street from the Ponce de León, and then built a third, the Cordova. The Alcázar now houses the Lightner Museum of Hobbies, including stamps cancelled on Chicago streetcars that doubled as post offices some decades back, and replicas of crown jewels. The Cordova is empty and silent. Only the Ponce de León—known in St. Augustine as the Ponce—still operates as a hotel, keeping its massive doors open from January to April, holding dances every Saturday night instead of every night, and employing at the dinner hour a discreet musical ensemble, whose strains can be heard coming from somewhere in the vast recesses of the embroidered rotunda. The words "Bien Venido" still appear over the gateway arch. "Each season there are fewer of the old faces," a waitress at the Ponce said recently. "I guess they are just dying off." Ordinary tap water is served at the Ponce, in glasses.

During the daylight hours, there are few sounds in St. Augustine. At night, there are even fewer. The Oldest House is shuttered, the bridge over the moat at the Old Fort has been raised, the ladle at the Fountain of Youth has been put away until another rejuvenating day. The shrimp boats are tied up. Down in the Old Plaza, the Old Cathedral clock bongs the hours. The figures in the windows of Potter's Wax Museum—Attila the Hun, Ferdinand, Isabella, Robert Taft, Cleopatra, Caesar, Lew Wallace, Jefferson Davis—stare out at the statue of Ponce de León (asleep standing up), near the Bridge of Lions. "Douglas MacArthur and Charles A. Lindbergh on Order," reads a sign in the window of the Wax Museum. The night air is punctuated only by the sounds of an auctioneer along the Plaza, in the Ponce de León Galleries, their doors open onto the street. Guests at the Ponce and at the motels have drifted over to sit on camp chairs and watch the auction. "Two dollars for an eighteen-inch solid-gold chain! Why, lady, you can't sit there and expect to get an eighteen-inch solid-gold chain for two dollars! I let the fine old Spanish lace go for a pitiful price, and now this solid-gold chain. Shame-

a gift of Chartreuse

Chartreuse Liqueur is one of the most appreciated gifts you can select for any friend with a taste for good living. This rare liqueur has a colorful history dating back to 1605 when the Marshal d'Estrées gave the recipe to the Carthusian Friars. Today, this secret recipe is known only by 4 Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France, but connoisseurs the world-over know its distinctive taste.

Chartreuse is available in both bottles and half bottles in gift cartons.

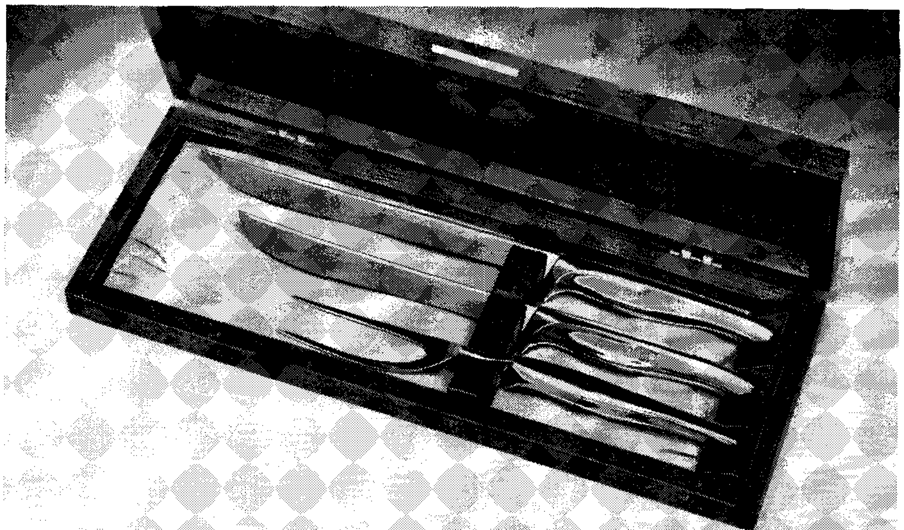
CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, N. Y. Dept. F

CHARTREUSE

1605



Reflecting your own good taste ...blades by CARVEL HALL

Those who know and appreciate superior quality cutlery will treasure these stainless steel blades hand-honed to a fineline sharpness. Each handle is triple-plated, then polished to a permanent jeweler's finish. Carving Service shown in the graceful Somerset design with walnut gift chest, $39.95. Matching set of six Somerset steak knives, $29.95.

the mark of America's master steelsmiths CHAS. D. BRIDDELL, INC. Carvel Hall ® STEELSMITHS *a subsidiary of Towle Silversmiths*

Smart Move!

SMART PEOPLE
ARE MOVING
INTO

THE
Westbury
Madison Avenue
at 69th Street, New York

The fashionable East Side hotel of good taste and individuality.

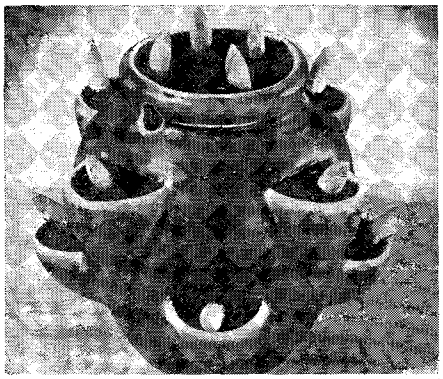
Magnificent furnished suites of 1 to 6 rooms (with serving pantry and air conditioning available) . . . for permanent occupancy on lease or monthly rental.

ALSO a number of rooms and suites for transient guests.

Complete hotel services
Restaurant
Famous POLO BAR

reservations - information
Charles L. O'Connor, Mgr.
Tel.: LEhigh 5-2000
TWX: NY 1-138

KNOTT K HOTELS



Indoor Gardeners Love Our Old-Fashioned
STRAWBERRY JAR WITH 12 LILY OF THE VALLEY PIPS

Complete
4.95
ppd.

Fine ceramic Strawberry Jar comes with 12 imported, specially treated Lily-of-the-Valley pips, plus bulb fibre and easy growing directions. The indoor gardener has the fun of planting. Bulbs will bloom 18 to 21 days after arrival.

A delightful way to say happy holidays . . . or add fragrant sweetness to your own home for the festive season!

Mail Orders Filled Promptly
Diners' Club and American Express
Accounts Honored. Give Acct. No.

Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
538 Madison Ave., Dept. 685, N. Y. 22, N. Y.
ELdorado 5-5620

THE
TROPICAL
TERRACE
MONTEGO BAY
Jamaica's Most Informal Sophisticated Hotel
SWIMMING POOL—LOW RATES

ful! Two dollars once, two dollars twice . . ."

Some seventeen miles down the coast, at the Marine Studios, in the town of Marineland, big fish and little fish swim around in the huge tanks night and day. During the daylight hours, divers walk slowly through the tanks, feeding the fish. Thousands of people go down below the surface of the tanks and peer at the fish through hundreds of portholes. At the Marine Studios, every day is busier than the one before. Whales permit themselves to be given physical examinations in public, opening their mouths while a doctor inserts a two-by-four tongue depressor. The porpoises are up early, ready to play basketball and baseball, frolic through the outdoor tanks with schoolbooks on their noses, ring school bells, and raise the flag. Effortlessly, they leap through the air over high hurdles. Flippy the Porpoise looks forward to each day with new delight; he knows that he will pull a surfboard through the water with incredible speed, carrying on the surfboard Fifi, a poodle who wears a pink tutu. The porpoises never wipe the smiles off their faces. They keep grinning even when they're at bat with two out and the count is three and two. There is harmony in the big indoor tanks. The tanks are integrated, and all the sea creatures swim around together, the way they do in the sea. The only exception is the enforced separation of porpoises and sharks. Sharks cannot abide porpoises. They become unnerved in a tank with them, and have nervous breakdowns. Sharks take themselves seriously, and porpoises are wise to them. Ridicule does the trick. For one thing, a porpoise grins as he swims past a shark, and this unhinges the shark. For another, porpoises swat sharks with their tails. They tickle and nudge them. This makes them miserable. "Oh, those porpoises!" a man at the Alligator Farm said not long ago. "Smart isn't the word for it! The day we all got to start worrying is the day those porpoises start signing checks."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

DUBUQUE, IOWA (UPI)—Benny Russo was 36 inches away from freedom again today at the county jail. A jailer said he found him only six inches away Thursday, he had chiseled 30 inches into his cell wall with a steel bed slat.

He had protested bitterly that too many books are being printed.—*Holdrege (Neb.) Citizen.*

And they just don't put the material into bed slats any more.

EVER
TRY A
Malpeque Oyster?

People who love them come to Montreal knowing they can enjoy this rare delicacy every day at the Queen Elizabeth. One of the things we make a point of is to provide the unusual, the unexpected—the different touch that makes staying at the Queen Elizabeth a gay, exciting adventure.

Hotel
Queen Elizabeth
In Gay Montreal

Family Plan • Free Garage • Single from $10
Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y.
Reservation Office • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

PIERRE
GRILL

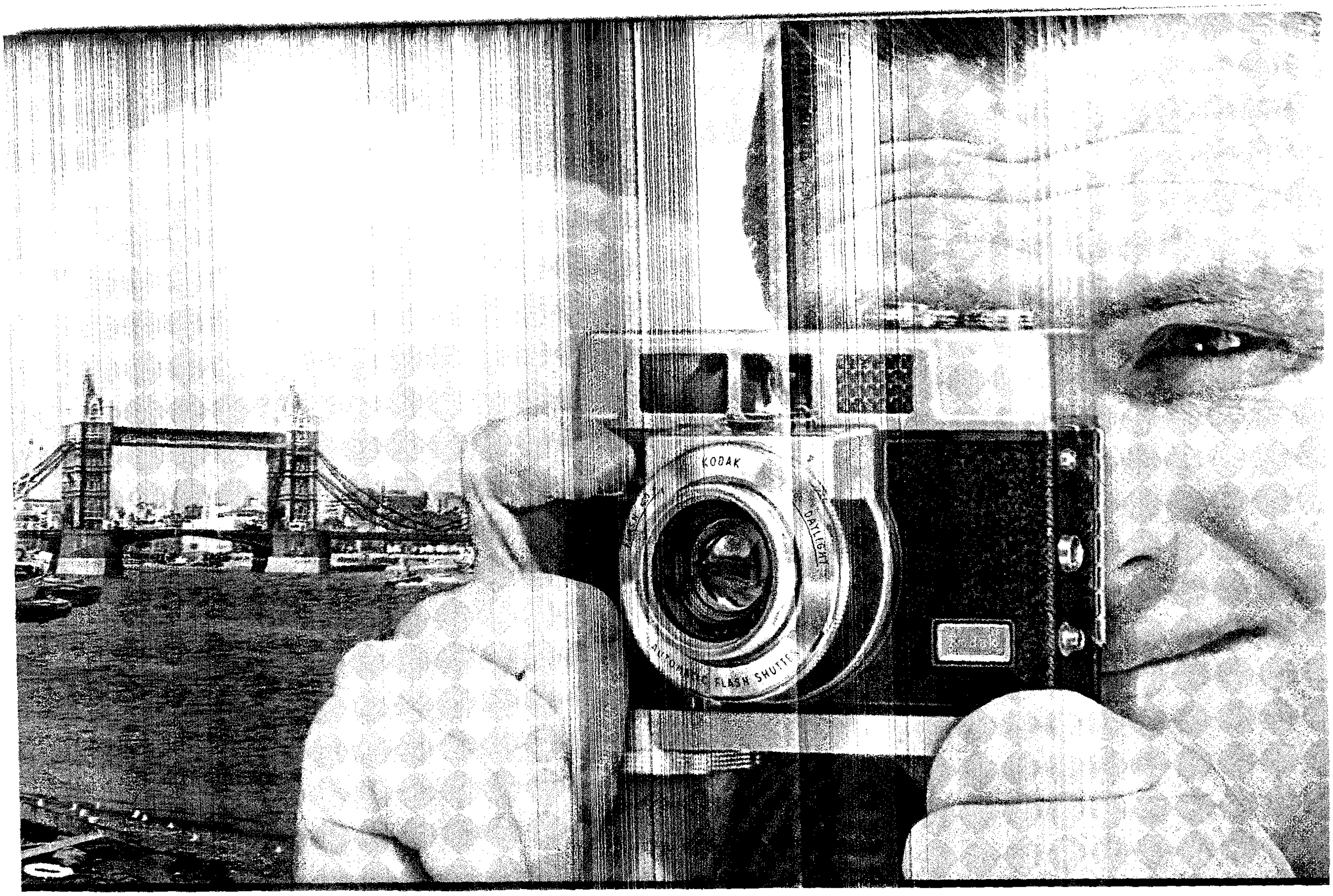
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
TELEPHONE—TEmpleton 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

ALL THAT *IS* NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

Welcome Home to
Dick Kollmar's Left Bank
309 W. 50 St., N.Y.C. Cir 7-3470
that added sophisticate
Danny Apolinar & TRIO
also Nikki Price



NEW KODAK MOTORMATIC 35 CAMERA

Winds the film for you! Sets the exposure, too!

If ever a camera wouldn't *let* you miss a picture, this is it!

The new Kodak Motormatic 35 Camera does almost everything automatically for you—and always keeps you ready for the next shot.

Automatic film advance

You aim, shoot, and—zip!—the film advances by itself, quick as a wink. You don't even have to move the camera from your eye.

You can click off sequence shots that tell a whole picture story. Or capture that perfect moment that so often comes just *after* you press the button.

Automatic exposure control

As you shoot, the electric eye adjusts the lens opening automatically, for correct exposure.

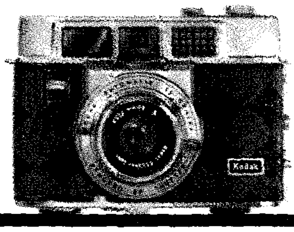
Your subject can move freely from bright sunlight to shade and back again. You never have to stop the action to figure exposure settings. And an automatic signal in the viewfinder tells you your focus setting—for close-ups, groups, or scenes.

Automatic flash settings

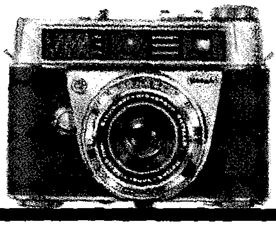
Flash shots are easier, too. You simply set a "guide number." Then focus and the lens automatically sets for correct exposure!

This is the most automatic of the Kodak family of fine automatic cameras. Has fast shutter to 1/250 second, fast $f/2.8$ lens. The price? Less than $110. See your dealer for exact retail prices. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Another electric-eye "35"! Kodak Automatic 35 Camera reads the light, sets the lens by itself for correct exposures . . . less than $90.

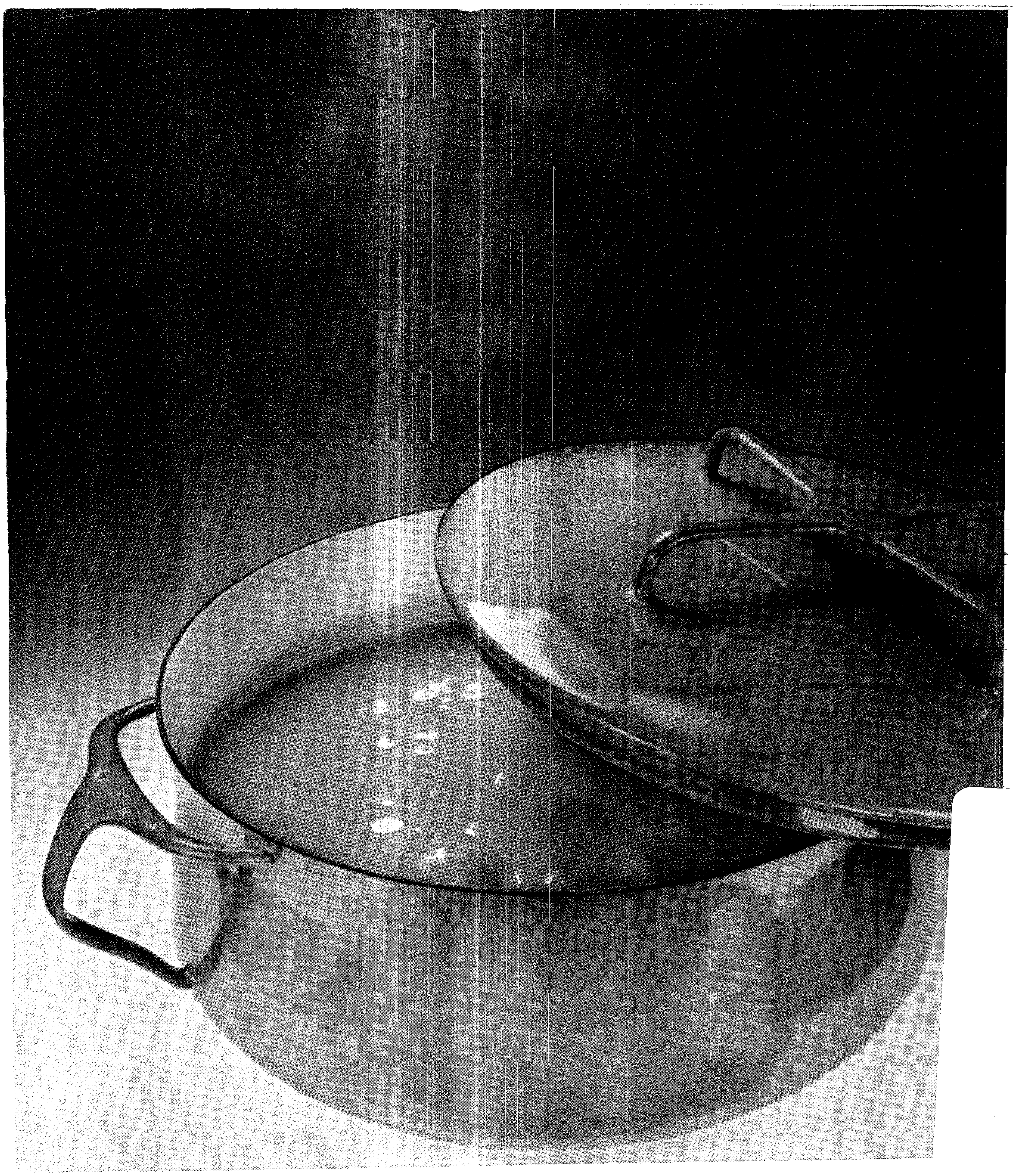


Retina precision, new ease! Kodak Retina Automatic III Camera has fully automatic exposure control, coupled rangefinder . . . less than $130.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888



"To Tell The Truth"* starts in 10 minutes and Dansk says let it wait.

People who live with Dansk may not boost rating points, but they eat well. The stomach becomes more tranquil, so does the spirit.

If the pressures are sweeping you toward the TV dinner (and, eventually, the food capsule) Dansk's Kobenstyle casserole could be your first move in the right direction. When its lid is lifted at the table, everybody relaxes and enjoys the meal.

Kobenstyle is practical, too. The casserole above holds 6 quarts and weighs 5½ pounds. In cast iron, it would weigh about 13 pounds.

And how well does Kobenstyle cook? Brilliantly. It's thick at the bottom, spreads the heat evenly. Stews know. Cassoulets, too.

There are 3 Kobenstyle casseroles and a stunning pitcher (same curves, elongated). In red, *turquoise*, yellow, one is more tempting than the other.

Good food, nicely served, leisurely eaten. That's what Dansk is all about. Dansk casseroles, salad bowls, flatware, carving boards, trays, even candles and holders
there'll be Dansk linens, glass
If Dansk *isn't* in your life, it ou

("Swing the set around, dear.
bread is blocking the screen.")

DANSI

Write for the free catalogue of the com
®Dansk Designs, Inc., Dept. Y1111, Grea

*(MONDAYS 7:30 PM ON CBS-TV, IF YOU INSIST ON NOT EATING)

BOOKS

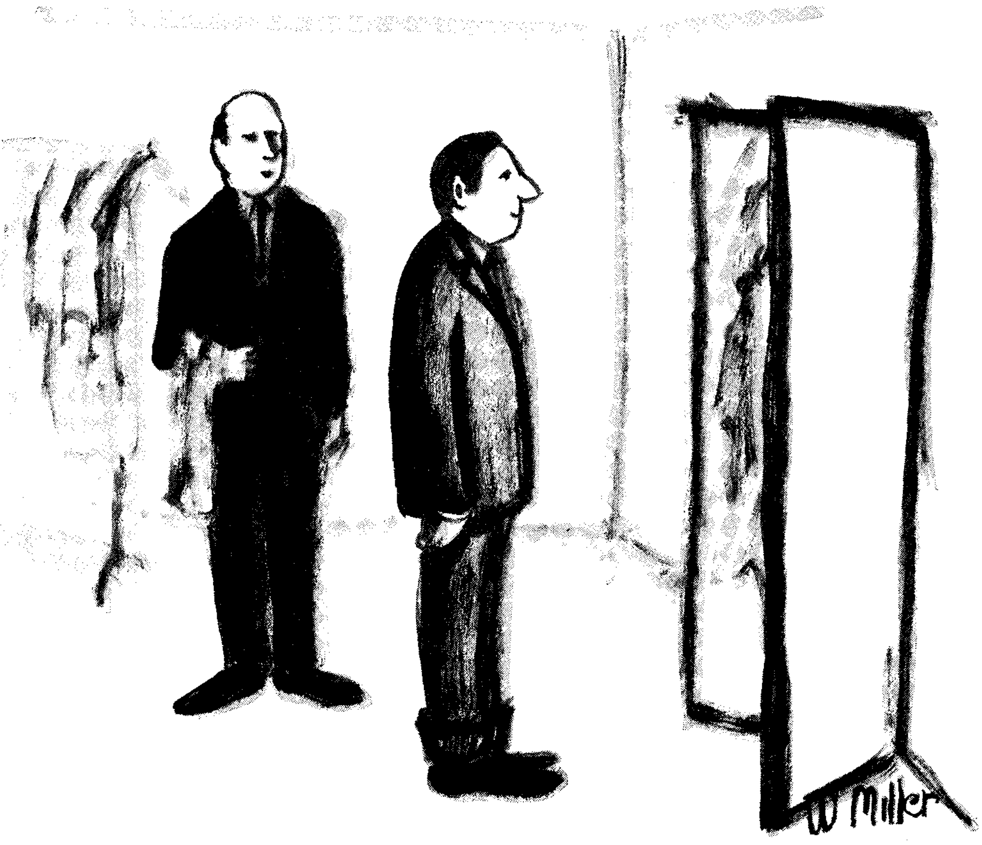
The Novels of Daniel Fuchs

BOOKS
LOANS

HUMILIATION, as the theme of a minority-group novel, is one of the hardest subjects in the world for a writer to see in perspective. He must have felt it to want to write about it; he must be free of it to be able to. If it still rankles, the writer is in no position to see clearly. If it is glossed over, he forfeits his material. He can resort to two stereotyped evasions: the novel of special pleading, in which the characters, by virtue of belonging to the group, are made more lovable than we know them to be, and the novel of social significance, in which they start out as typical, turn into heroes, and end up incredible. To see humiliation from a comic viewpoint is rare. It is less a matter of self-knowledge and dispassion than of temperament. The slum life of Brooklyn Jews, a life of poverty and debasement, is anything but intrinsically funny, and from a social point of view it is tragic. It is the particular triumph of Daniel Fuchs that in three novels written on the subject in the thirties, and now reissued by Basic Books—"Summer in Williamsburg," "Homage to Blenholt," and "Low Company"—his characters are neither too charming nor too heroic. Moreover, they are often marvellously funny.

"Summer in Williamsburg," the earliest of the novels, is the least comic, the most personal, and the least certain. It is a novel about a tenement and what goes on inside it. One suicide begins it, another ends it; between these parentheses, the action is a simple conflict. Label Hayman—the first of Fuchs's gentle, put-upon fathers—is good, honest, and a failure. Uncle Papravel, a racketeer, is dishonest and a success. Hayman's two sons, Philip and Harry, are torn between these opposed views of life, one moral and stagnant, the other workable and self-damaging. It is a problem dear to the first-generation novel, whether it is Jewish, Irish, or Italian. Money is an overpowering hypnotic for Fuchs's characters: for Mrs. Linck, the janitress, whose apartment is filled with guinea pigs that slide around in the dark; for Old Miller, the miser, who hides his bankbooks under the floorboards and is finally swindled in a diamond deal; for Tessie, Philip's unsteady girl friend, who lives her life as if it were a movie but marries a ladies'-underwear salesman. Money here is more than the solution to poverty; it is the overcoming of a deeply felt hurt. It is one thing to be hungry, another to be hungry and unloved, and something else again to be hungry and despised. Fuchs's slum dwellers want, like most people, to be rich (or safe) and loved. More important, they want to be *recognized*. Recognition requires visibility. Money not only talks but can be made to be seen. But if love is a psychological solvent, and money a social one, neither is a guarantee of recognition—if by recognition you mean that unquestioning look of approval the world sometimes gives back. The young, confused intellectuals of Fuchs's first two novels feel this keenly without being able to put their finger on the source of their uneasiness. They are offered honesty-and-poverty or dishonesty-and-wealth. What they really long for is to overcome the world's indifference. After a scarring adolescent love affair, Philip is left dangling, unable to make a choice. Harry, who has been one of Uncle Papravel's gangster henchmen, quits and becomes a tie salesman. Fuchs is honest in not offering us a solution, but—in one respect, at least—he is still unsatisfactory as a novelist. Even an insoluble problem can be made dramatic, and Fuchs, in his first novel, does not yet know how to tell a story.

"Summer in Williamsburg" is a rhapsodic book; it contains the largest quantity of felt life of all three novels. But it is more random collage than construction. It is filled with the sights, sounds, and smells of the streets, the pungency of Jewish idiom, and an absolutely sure sense of the physical look and social meaning of institutions—the candy store, the street gang, the social club. Though Fuchs knows that the daydream is the most powerful force behind action, he still doesn't know what to do with it. He is, in this book, an observer longing for a point of view. His most enchanting character is Cohen, a useless, mocked writer of intellectual pre-



"That particular suit is a big favorite with many of the young fellows who shoot off our rockets and run our electric brains."

tensions. (Cohen's play is first called "The Whoremonger," then "The Harlot-Master," and finally "Green Gods in Yellow.") It is the character of Cohen who shows Fuchs the way out. In one scene, Cohen is dressed in a rented tuxedo on the way to a party. He loses the girl he is escorting in a subway crush. At the party, he is sent off to retrieve a jar of herring someone forgot to bring. Cohen gets it, takes a taxi back (a very unusual experience for him), and, in his excitement, drops the herring, which spills over his rented suit. In despair, he tries to commit suicide by jumping off a bridge, but is fished out of the water by a man on a passing barge. The special combination of the real and the absurd, a form of slapstick that is to become Fuchs's trademark, is here in embryo.

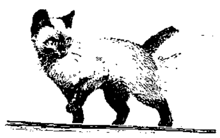
In all of Fuchs's novels, someone is going to the movies, trying to go to the movies, at the movies, or thinking of going. The antidote to the nightmare is the daydream. The terror of economic squalor is helplessness, and the heroines and heroes of the movies are free to make choices that Philip and Tessie, for instance, are not. Fuchs, who must have gone to the movies as often as his characters, learned from them something his characters never needed to know: the unconscious power of the movies lies not only in their content but in the medium itself. No matter what image they present, they attack reality in a basic way by dissolving its strongest cement, the everyday relationship of cause and effect. They manipulate time as if it were not consecutive, and space as if the impossibly near and the impossibly far were within visual range. Fuchs, naturally compassionate, naturally ironic, was looking for a way of handling his material. According to his preface—splendid in its modesty, relevance, and brevity—he was aware as early as "Summer in Williamsburg" of the necessity of form; at the same time, he wanted to be true to life. The two things seemed either incompatible or beyond his powers, but for an inherently comic writer who was also a moviegoer slapstick was ready to hand. Muteness and violence are two of its ingredients; they are all the funnier for ordinarily not being funny at all, and they connect seriously with life. Muteness, an early technical drawback of the movie camera, automatically excluded verbal wit. Silence has little value for a novelist. Fuchs sought out its equivalent: his characters do not know how to say what they mean; often they do not even *know* what they mean. In dialogue, the ten-

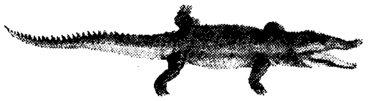
WITTY BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Clothes Since 1888

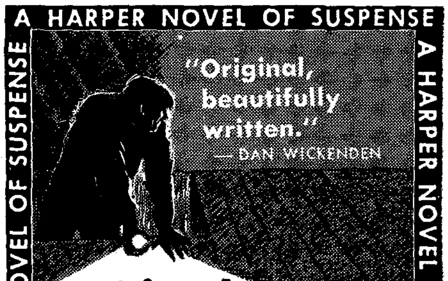
PATINA...THE POLISH OF URBANE LIVING... suit of Forstmann 100% wool, $115. At:

WITTY BROTHERS .... NEW YORK
JORDAN MARSH .... BOSTON
DUNHILL'S ...... HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
THE UNION .... COLUMBUS

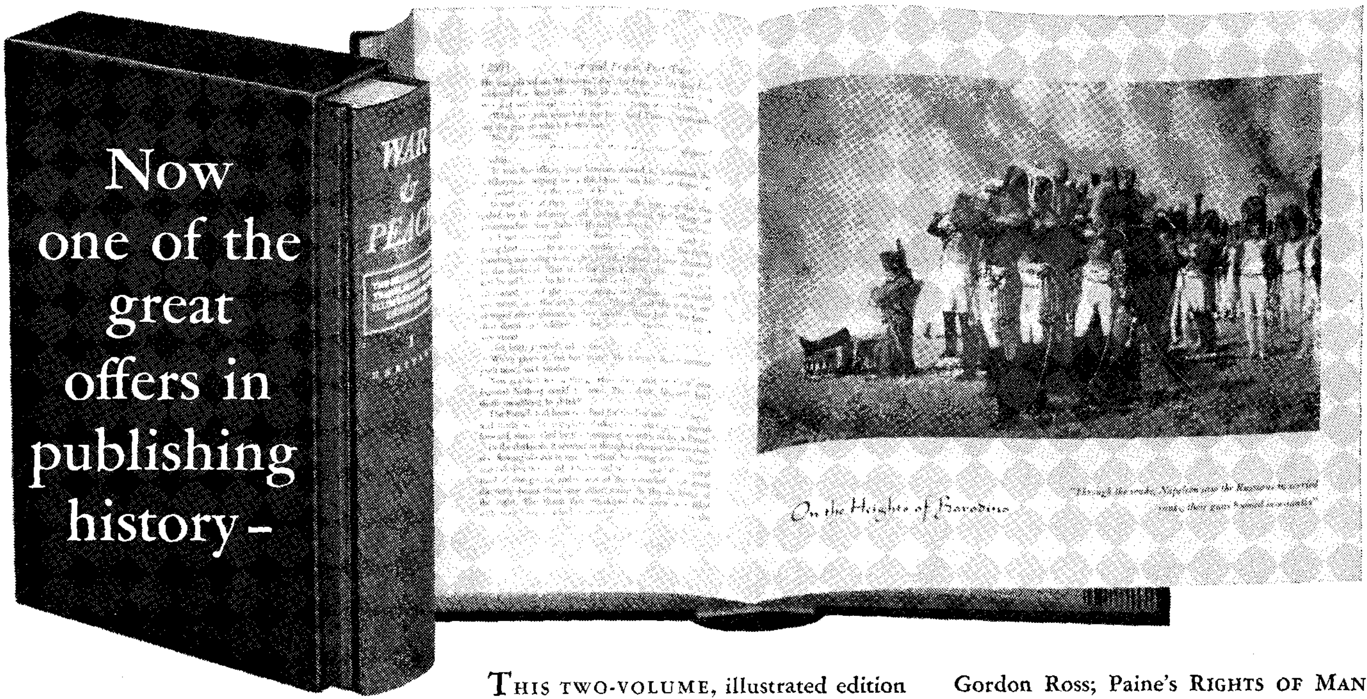
Stevens Forstmann Fabrics
FORSTMANN
Men's Wear Division of
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813


"Anyone who has ever had a cat for a friend will be charmed by Cucumber, the Siamese, part witch, part angel."
—DOROTHY VAN DOREN
CUCUMBER
The Story of a Siamese Cat
By Enid Colfer
$2.95 • Drawings by Victor Dowling


Playing midwife to a crocodile is just one of the minor chores when you have a house full of pets in Africa.
GOD'S CHILDREN WITH TAILS
By Violet Campbell
Photographs • $4.95
Now at your bookstore
THOMAS NELSON & SONS


A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
"Original, beautifully written."
— DAN WICKENDEN
A Friend of Mary Rose
by ELIZABETH FENWICK
Terror stalks a child and her friend, an old blind man. $3.50
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"With this novel
HORTENSE CALISHER
takes her rightful place among the top-rank of excellent writers of our generation anywhere in the world."
– SANTHA RAMA RAU
FALSE ENTRY
$5.75
Little, Brown


Now one of the great offers in publishing history –
WAR & PEACE
On the Heights of Borodino

FREE

[with Trial Membership in The Heritage Club]

the famous Heritage illustrated edition of

WAR & PEACE

in two volumes

THIS TWO-VOLUME, illustrated edition of Tolstoy's monumental work can be *yours* FREE with a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club. The translation by Louise and Aylmer Maude (considered the most readable in the English language) was revised by the Maudes for this edition, and Mr. Maude added a new and important introduction.

To capture the dramatic impact of Tolstoy's immense canvas, we called upon the talents of two great artists: Fritz Eichenberg made a series of powerful drawings, and these are complemented by full-color reproductions of the famous paintings by the 19th-century Russian artist, Vasily Verestchagin. (Eight of Eichenberg's drawings and *all* of Verestchagin's paintings are reproduced as double-spread fold-outs.)

NOW, AS A FIRST selection in a special eight-months' Trial Membership, this two-volume set is being combined with a rousing, colorful Heritage edition of BEN-HUR, wonderfully illustrated by Joe Mugnaini. And all three volumes come to you at the low membership price of the BEN-HUR . . . only $3.95!

THIS IS OUR exciting way of introducing The Heritage Club to booklovers who have not been exposed to its fine publications. Here is a different "Club," one that provides its members with the world's great books in fine editions. Heritage books are individually designed, beautifully illustrated, printed on quality papers, and handsomely bound and boxed!

And because of the cooperative nature of the plan, a member pays only $3.95 for each volume (or *even as low as $3.55 each* if payment is made in advance).

WITH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP now: after the first (three-volume) selection, you will receive one book each month for seven months. These will be:
Swift's GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, with a series of remarkable wood-engravings by Fritz Eichenberg; Dickens' THE PICKWICK PAPERS, illustrated with color drawings by Gordon Ross; Paine's RIGHTS OF MAN, illustrated with color lithographs by Lynd Ward; THE BOOK OF PSALMS in the King James version, set as verse, designed and decorated by Valenti Angelo; London's THE CALL OF THE WILD, illustrated with water-colors by Henry Varnum Poor; THE NIBELUNGENLIED in the prose translation of Margaret Armour, with color drawings by Edy Legrand; Dickens' A TALE OF TWO CITIES, with color drawings by the world-renowned artist, René ben Sussan.

IF YOU PREFER substitutions, in the Club's Prospectus (a copy is mailed when the first three volumes are shipped) is a list of two dozen in-print books, including: *The Deerslayer, Quo Vadis?, The Three Musketeers . . .*

Fill in the Reservation Coupon *now* – you are protected by a ten-day return privilege. All we ask is that you mail the coupon promptly!

Reservation Coupon

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22

Please send me the two-volume WAR & PEACE and BEN-HUR (ALL THREE VOLUMES FOR $3.95), together with a copy of the Prospectus from which I may select the remaining seven books on my Trial Membership and a method of payment. I understand that if I should decide not to accept membership I may return the books within ten days and owe nothing.

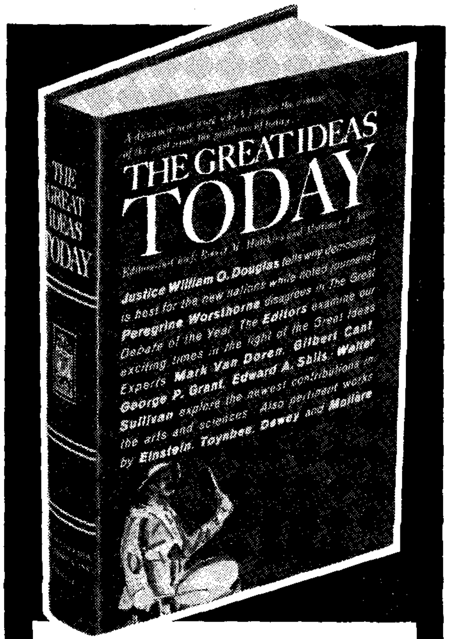
MR.
MRS. ____________________
MISS (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ZONE STATE ____________________

NY-268

How can the Great Ideas of all time help us now?



One remarkable volume relates the basic thinking of mankind to the issues of today.

What is happening in Africa, in Berlin, on the nuclear testing grounds of Siberia is not new. Throughout history, great thinkers have addressed themselves to such problems, and great ideas have come forth. Now, these ideas are related to the problems of our times in this enormously important volume, edited by Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler.

Among its contents are: "A Great Debate" between Justice William O. Douglas and one of England's foremost journalists; an examination of international events and domestic politics in the light of the Great Ideas; the year's developments in the arts and sciences; vital texts by Mark Van Doren, Toynbee, John Dewey, etc., etc.

"Here is an absolutely new, gleaming educational tool. It does not *supplement* the news; but, by viewing our current life against the rich, fascinating backdrop of 2500 years of human thought and experience, it makes the news — I think for the first time — *intelligible*."—CLIFTON FADIMAN

More than 250,000 words; 185 photographs, many in color; nearly 600 pages; 6¼" x 9¼".

THE GREAT IDEAS TODAY

$8.95 at all bookstores

Published by
ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
•
Distributed by
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

sions exerted by these two human failings can become a form of significant muteness. (In the theatre of the forties and fifties, the device was extended until is became absurd; playwrights got stuck with the inarticulate hero. He had something to say but he couldn't talk. The result was several celebrated plays that were, in reality, long intermissions.) As for violence, the camera has two advantages that can enhance or dissipate its impact: in space, the closeup; in time, the ability to speed up or slow down action. The enhancement of violence is pointless in comedy. In slapstick, violence is always harmless; its comic-strip characters are hit over the head but never land in the hospital with a concussion. Fuchs's scenes of violence—the destruction of a bus station in "Summer in Williamsburg," Moe Karty being beaten up by his brothers-in-law in "Low Company"—are oddly similar. He describes violence with great accuracy; nevertheless, there is always a certain distance and disinterestedness. We watch each scene as if we were looking at a good dogfight—concerned, but aware of its absurdity. Aside from finding it the solution of technical difficulties, Fuchs understood very well the message of slapstick: the world doesn't work for one's benefit. It was the same conclusion he had arrived at in "Summer in Williamsburg," in which the matter and the form fell apart. In "Homage to Blenholt," the subject and the method say the same thing.

THE Philip Hayman of the earlier book becomes Max Balkan in "Homage to Blenholt"—another young dreamer, this time one who thinks up get-rich-quick schemes and sends them off in the mail to large companies. Cohen, a character in the first book unconnected with its narrative conflict, is moved to stage center and transformed into Mendel Munves, an amateur etymologist, who knows "not only all possible languages but also all the dialects of each." And the sinister but attractive gangsters and gamblers randomly strung throughout "Summer in Williamsburg" are rolled into Coblenz, a hard-drinking horseplayer tortured by a toothache and a passel of kids who roller-skate in the apartment above him. For the two suicides that form a thematic thread in "Williamsburg" we have, more appropriately, the attempts of Max's girl friend, Ruth, to persuade him to see a Joan Crawford movie at the Miramar. Max doesn't want to go to the movies. A funeral is to be held for Blenholt,

TREASURE from SCOTLAND

THE FAMOUS GROUSE BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Matthew Gloag & Son
Perth

SCOTCH for the TRUE CONNOISSEUR

The Famous Grouse Brand Scotch Whisky represents the cumulative blending experience of five generations of the Gloag family since 1800. To test the superb quality of this treasure from Scotland, try it straight.

FAMOUS GROUSE
Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N. Y. C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

Beware of losing sleep!

BEWARE OF MIDNIGHT
by JOHN WELCOME

A master of suspense weaves a sleep-chasing tale of intrigue that crosses the face of Europe.

$2.95 at better bookstores everywhere

ALFRED • A • KNOPF, Publisher of Borzoi Books

NEW CATALOGUE
20th CENTURY FIRST EDITIONS
HOUSE of BOOKS, Ltd.
18 East 60 Street
New York City 22

JOHNNY JOHNSTON'S CHARCOAL ROOM

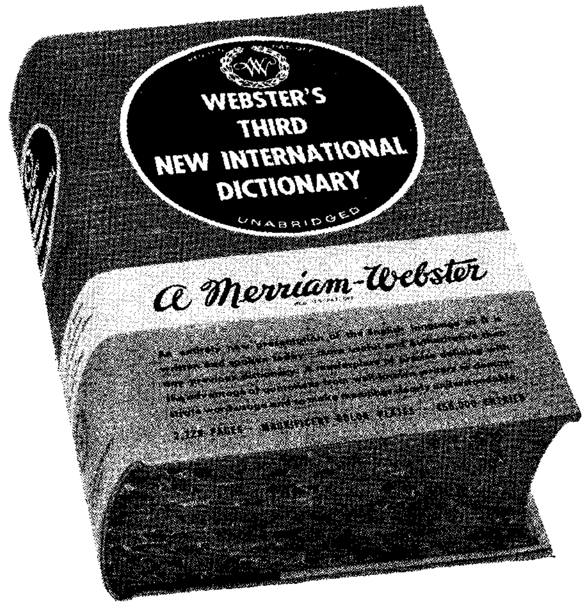
where steak is king

Second Avenue at 45 St. • MU 4-7250 • Open 7 Days
Member of All Charge Clubs • Free Park After 6 P.M.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER ANNOUNCES a completely new unabridged dictionary that brings you today's language in a fresh, new, exciting way!

Webster's Third New International Dictionary

This is the English language as it is spoken and written — a personal key to knowledge, enjoyment, and success for you and your entire family...



This is for you: for every man or woman who knows the advantages that come through better understanding and use of the English language.

This is the new — all new (not a revision) — Merriam-Webster Unabridged: the dictionary of the English language as it is spoken and written today.

As you love words, as you admire clear expression . . .

. . . you will delight in the liveliness and freshness of Webster's Third New International. It is the living language: vivid, exciting, and warm. Like no dictionary you've ever used.

The living language . . . to enjoy and understand

Almost a generation and $3,500,000 ago saw the beginning of this tremendous project. Over 100 language specialists on the resident Merriam-Webster staff — and hundreds of special consultants — were involved.

Now out of a unique research and editorial program comes the great new Merriam-Webster Unabridged.

With it, you hold the English language in your hands: the working vocabulary of the English-speaking world. Complete, up-to-date to serve students, scholars, business and professional people, you and your family! Here, as with preceding Merriam-Websters, is the final language authority of its time.

100,000 new words or new meanings!

This new dictionary brings you 100,000 new words or new meanings never before included in the unabridged Merriam-Webster. It covers the tremendous changes in the general language and the advances in science, medicine, space, atomics as well. Over 450,000 entries in all!

Definitions take you to the heart of meaning — fast!

In the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged, the meaning of every word is given vividly in a single flashing phrase of precise meaning for quicker, easier understanding.

200,000 demonstrations of word meanings!

In thousands of instances, definitions are followed by actual quotations from well-known persons and publications to show you exactly how a word is used. Our language comes alive and is clearly understandable.

These dramatic new features combine with many others such as: a simplified pronunciation key; 20 magnificent plates in glorious color; 1,000 crystal-clear synonym articles; fresh, complete accounts of word origins; clear and easy-to-read type in an easier-to-handle book.

Wonderful growth investment for you and your family

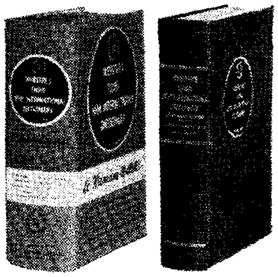
You will find the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged exciting, inspiring, and informative. Covering every area of human thought, it is inexhaustible; you cannot use it up.

In all the wonderful world of books here is an investment that will grow for years to come. Now is the time to make it *yours* — without waiting. Examine and buy a copy conveniently and without delay at your leading department, book, or stationery store.

INSIST ON
MERRIAM-WEBSTER

WARNING: Don't confuse this genuine unabridged Merriam-Webster with "big" dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Look for the Merriam-Webster trademark to protect yourself from inferior substitutes.

INDIA-PAPER STYLE (far right) — same in contents but reduces thickness and weight by approx. one fourth.



FREE! for colorful Preview Booklet, mail coupon today.

© G. & C. MERRIAM CO., DEPT. 808,
SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

Please mail me without obligation of any kind the fascinating 16-page Preview Booklet describing the remarkable advantages offered by the new unabridged Merriam-Webster — Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

Name..........

Street..........

City and State..........

DINNER
in the exciting
Embassy Club
Dinner from 6:30 P.M.
After Theatre Supper
Dancing from 8:30 P.M.
to the incomparable
music of
QUINTERO
AND HIS
CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA
Closed Sundays
Reservations: PL 5-1000
Sheraton-East
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK
Vice-Pres. & General Mgr.
Member of Diners' Club

HOUSEHUNTING?
In an Unfamiliar City?
Turn to Homerica, the company that guards the interests of the intercity home *buyer*, in over 125 major cities and their suburbs. Given your particular family needs, we'll recommend the right suburbs and locate the right houses for you. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.
HOMERICA INC.
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

the former Commissioner of Sewers, and Max admires Blenholt with a passion. He sees him as a modern Tamburlaine, a dynamic power-hero immune to the flatness of everyday life. (Actually, Blenholt was a diabetic crook who died because of an addiction to candy.) While Max tries to get Coblenz and Munves to go to the funeral, Ruth tries to get Max to go to the Miramar—a neat seesaw for Fuchs to play on. In spite of Max's desperate efforts, neither Coblenz nor Munves goes. (Munves is hooked on an etymological find: Sealwudu has been mistakenly placed in Essex by Krapp, the grand old man of etymology. Coblenz's toothache has wedded him to the bottle; he beats a broom futilely against the ceiling of his apartment.) There is a little pearl peddler who wanders in and out of the tenement, trying to unload a string of fake pearls. They suggest Old Miller's diamonds in the earlier novel. But it is in the character of the father that we see most clearly what a large step Fuchs has taken between his first and second novels. Label Hayman, the passive schlemiel of "Summer in Williamsburg," is now Max Balkan's father, an ex-tragedian of the Yiddish theatre; he works as a sandwich man, advertising Madame Clara's scientific beauty treatments, and he sits around the apartment in a clown's costume, reading the *Tag*. And what a difference that costume makes! Just as Cohen, the writer, has been intensified in Munves, the etymologist, and Philip, the dreamer, in Max, the dreamer on the make, so the realistic Label Hayman has become the symbolically richer Mr. Balkan.

"Homage to Blenholt," one might say, is "Summer in Williamsburg" rewritten from a point of view. The noose of action is pulled tighter, the fantasy is given freer rein, the absurdity is wilder on the surface but more controlled at the root. The humor is now implicit in the structure of the novel, not incidental to it. The funeral scene has the madness of a debacle in grand opera in which nothing comes off. Max, an underprivileged Hamlet, acts at last. He tries to rescue an enraged woman who dashes up to the rostrum at the funeral service; her car, which tied up the funeral procession, has had the air let out of its tires by Blenholt's gangster cronies. For his trouble, Max is trampled by the crowd and is offered one of the funeral cars by a gangster as a place in which to recuperate. He finally makes it home, shaken and sadder, but only slightly wiser. For when he gets there, he finds that he has received a nibble

SHAW PARK is Jamaica's SHOW PLACE
It's located on lovely Cutlass Bay and it's lazy and romantic. All rooms have terraces overlooking the sea. The sports facilities are complete. You'll find luscious food and an atmosphere charged with sophistication.
On Cutlass Bay
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, W. I.
SHAW PARK
beach club
A DINKLER OPERATION
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or our International Representatives
LEONARD HICKS, JR. & ASSOC., INC.
New York • Chicago • Washington
Detroit • Toronto

THE MOST LUXURIOUS RENTAL APARTMENT HOUSE ON THE OCEAN
CRYSTAL HOUSE
Now Renting for November 1961 Occupancy
We Welcome your Inquiry
5055 Collins Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida
Phone: UN 5-0393
New York: EX 2-7711

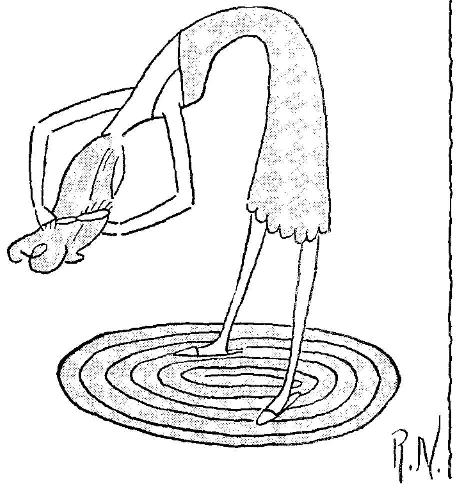
FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES
SOAVE • VALPOLICELLA
BARDOLINO • CHIARETTO
Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

Brass Lamps
WARD & ROME
63 East 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

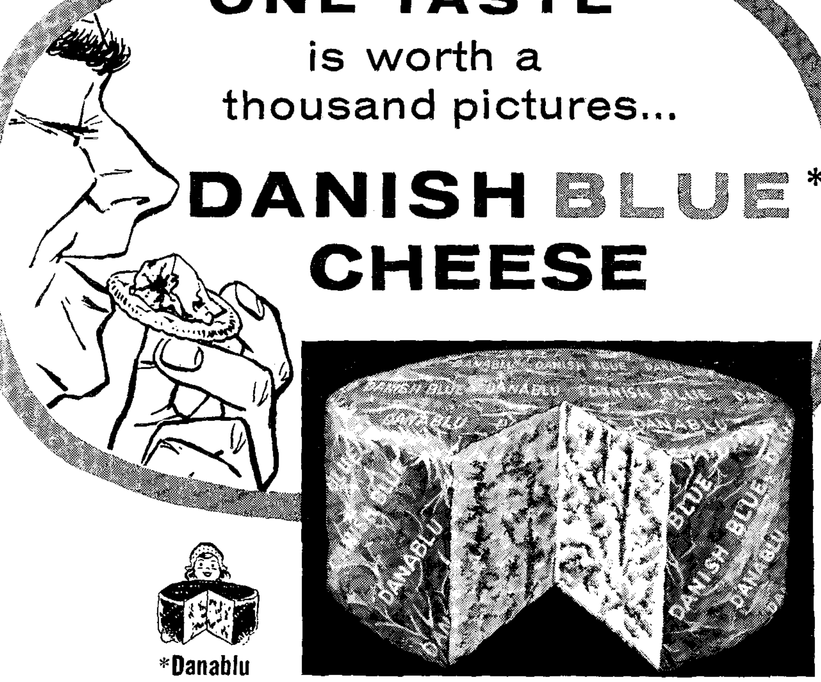
from the Onagonda Onion Producers, Inc., who are interested in his idea of bottling onion juice. The news of his luck races through the tenement; the mirage of success shimmers. Max is rewarded, in the end, with a five-pound bag of onions. Munves marries Max's sister, Rita—a marriage made possible, ironically, by Coblenz's winnings on the horses—and Ruth finally drags Max off to see Joan Crawford at the Miramar. Mr. Balkan, the clown, sums up in a serious coda:

> Then he knew what it was that had been troubling him vaguely before. In his wife's earthly guffaws he recognized the clamorous demands of the world, its insistent calls for resignation and surrender, and he knew now that Max would never be the same again. Much had gone out of Max, aspiration, hope, life. His son would grow old and aging, die, but actually Max was dead already for now he would live for bread alone. That was the rule and few men were strong enough to disobey it. It had happened to Mr. Balkan himself, he knew, and now it had happened to his son. And regretting the way of the world, Mr. Balkan realized that he had witnessed the exact point at which his son had changed from youth to resigned age. Walking out of the house and shifting the shoulder straps to get the signs comfortably settled, it seemed to the old man that this death of youth was among the greatest tragedies in experience and that all the tears in America were not enough to bewail it.
>
> But all the same the evening sun that day went down on time.

In "Homage to Blenholt," Fuchs found the ideal way of using his material. Starting out as a social realist, saturated in his subject but with no way of commenting on it, he evolved into a satirist. Because satire not only heightens reality but criticizes it, Fuchs was able to transfigure reality without making it overtly symbolic. Max's inventions are subtle mockeries of the myth of the self-made man; the portrait of Munves rings changes on the plight of the intellectual in America; and



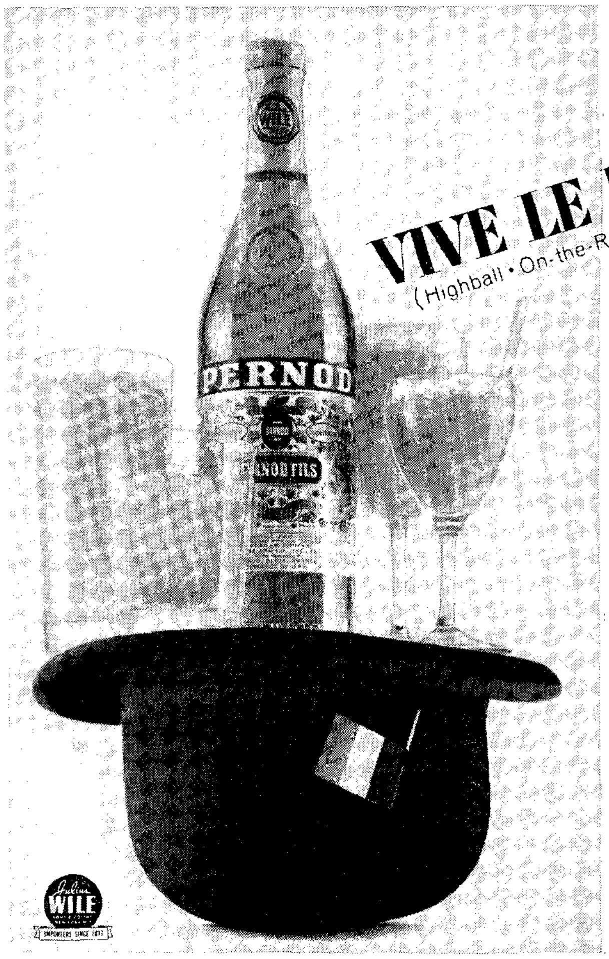
ONE TASTE
is worth a
thousand pictures...
DANISH BLUE*
CHEESE



One delicious bite reveals a new world of taste sensation—with this unique, **individual** flavor. Danish Blue captures the character of continental cuisine at its finest. Zesty, tangy...yet full-bodied and mellow—Danish Blue Cheese is delightfully different. For the life of your meal...and the meal of your life—try **genuine** Danish Blue—it's only a few pennies more per pound.

DENMARK CHEESE ASSOCIATION

Free Recipe Booklet. Write P. O. Box 1279, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.



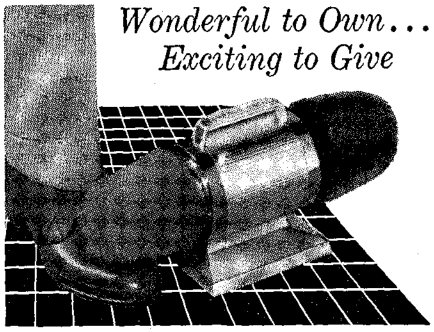
VIVE LE PERNOD!
(Highball • On-the-Rocks • Suissesse • Frappé)

Bonjour Suissesse!
Enjoy the cocktail
of connoisseurs:
2 oz. of Pernod anis,
white of an egg,
barspoon of sugar,
shake with cracked ice,
strain and serve.
Cocktail or highball,
on-the-rocks or frappé,
le bon mot est Pernod!

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N.Y. MADE IN U.S.A. FROM GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, ANISE AND OTHER FLAVORS, SUGAR, AND COLORED WITH U. S. CERTIFIED COLORS. 90 AND 100 PROOF.

HOTEL Drake
New York*
is now under
the personal direction of
MAX BLOUET
formerly
DIRECTEUR
of the
GEORGE V, PARIS

*Park Avenue at 56th St., N. Y.
PLaza 5-0600



Wonderful to Own...
Exciting to Give

Dremel **ELECTRIC SHOE POLISHER**

Now . . . an electric shoe polisher that eliminates the fuss and bother of hand polishing. Only daily care brings out the glowing luster and richness of fine leather, and it's so easy with the new Dremel. Just tap the foot switch and two polishing bonnets whirl into action (one for black shoes, one for brown). A quick daily buffing makes one shoe paste application last for weeks. It's a walk-up-to floor model —**no bending or stooping, no soiled hands.** Distinctively styled in gleaming chrome. Weighs 7½ lbs. Convenient carrying handle makes it easy to lift or carry about. A distinctive gift for home or office use.

Look for it at better stores. If not available, write for name of nearest dealer or order direct. Only $29.95. Fully guaranteed.

Four "shining" models to choose from — including deluxe *Executive* chrome **$35.00**, gold plated, **$45.00.**

DREMEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 241-L, Racine, Wis.

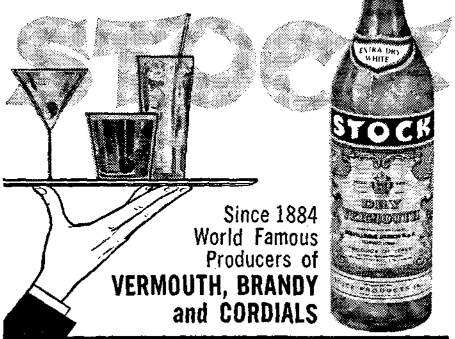
SAD SACS . . . MADE HAPPY!
Dull, worn, soiled alligator and leather handbags . . . cleaned, redyed, glazed, repaired like new again. Handmade needlepoint custom mounted. Sketches, swatches, estimates sent. Send $1.25 for **LEATHERCRAFTER**, home leather cleaner.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C., JU 6-3737

Coblenz, the horseplayer, offers us an unconscious parody of the great adult game of the American economy, the stock market. Mr. Balkan receives wave lengths from two directions: the realism of Label Hayman, and the illusion of the movies. Combining the best features of both, he becomes theatrical without becoming fake. And by making Blenholt the Commissioner of Sewers, the most human of all utilities, Fuchs takes advantage of the most powerful fulcrum of satire—the turning of physical necessity into social absurdity. Where "Summer in Williamsburg" is a truthful description of reality, "Homage to Blenholt" is the real thing, a creation.

"LOW COMPANY" differs from either. It has a depth of perception *not found in the other novels.* It is, technically speaking, the most accomplished—in plotting, character development, and objectification. It is admirable but imperfect. The scene switches from Williamsburg to Neptune Beach (Brighton Beach). Mr. Spitzbergen, a candy-store owner, has rented some of the slums he owns to Shubunka, a fat, crippled, effete crook, who uses them as brothels. A crisis results when a brothel-owning syndicate muscles in on Shubunka. There are two adroit surprises in the handling of the plot: Spitzbergen is murdered instead of Shubunka, and he is murdered not by the syndicate but by Moe Karty, a desperate horseplayer being hounded for money. The humor is no longer satiric but sardonic. "Low Company" is a savage book. Fuchs lays bare the grinning skeleton of the petty-bourgeois world. He knows Spitzbergen inside out; one of the troubles is, we do, too. (This was probably not true in the thirties; since then the sinister little merchant, congealed in his own moral values, has been gone over with a fine-tooth comb.) Shubunka is the real invention here: ugly, narcissistic, cunning, and peculiarly sympathetic. He is another misfit mad for communication and affection. And there are two *minor* characters as good as they come: Shorty, a swaggering, prurient soda jerk, and Madame Pavlovna, a corsetière as ruthless as she is fruity. The scene in which Shorty tries to seduce her is not only hair-raising but chillingly funny. It is comic in the way a George Grosz cartoon is comic: we recognize the victims, we are aware of the appropriateness of the depiction, and we are frightened.

"Low Company" has the nervous rhythms and drive of a good thriller, and a passion the other books lack. But Fuchs makes a serious mistake in "Low

STOCK
More Americans are discovering
STOCK
Imported EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
STOCK
Imported SWEET VERMOUTH,
STOCK
The Matchless Mixer!
STOCK



Since 1884
World Famous
Producers of
VERMOUTH, BRANDY
and CORDIALS

IMPORTED *from* ITALY
U. S. Importer: Distillerie STOCK U. S. A., Ltd.
U. S. Sales Agent, Jack Poust & Co., Inc. N. Y.

Now in book form

ALBEE:
THE AMERICAN DREAM
Paper $1.65; Cloth $2.50

Also available
3 PLAYS BY EDWARD ALBEE
(Zoo Story — Sandbox,
Death of Bessie Smith)
Paper $1.75; Cloth $3.50

At all bookstores COWARD McCANN

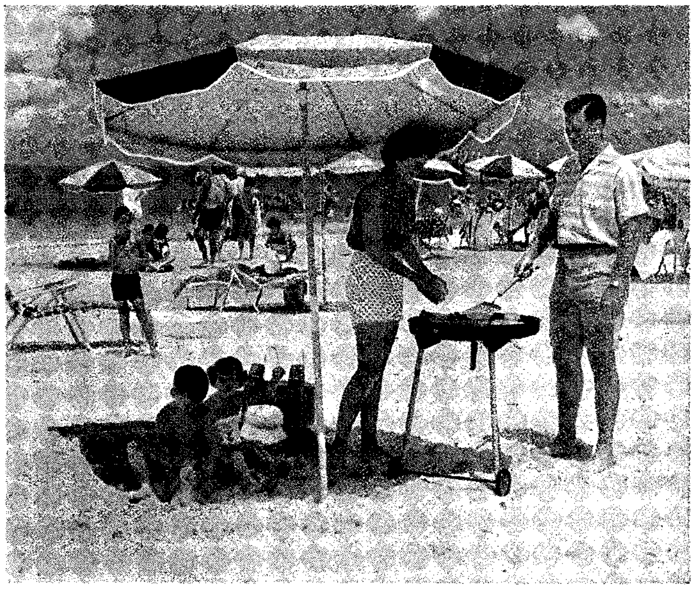
HELEN
ALL ALONE
WILLIAM BUCHAN

"A rollicking thriller
. . . this side and that side
of the Iron Curtain."
— *London Times.*
"Follows in father's 39
steps." — *Sunday Express.*
At bookstores, $3.95

MORROW

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.
Old Mill Inn
On Route 202
OPEN 'TIL MIDNITE—SUNDAYS 'TIL 9
JEfferson 8-1413 BErnardsville 8-1150

This **Florida** you know



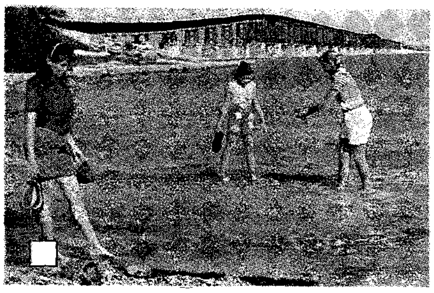
Whatever your holiday whim, you can indulge it in Florida. Soak up your sun beside a luxurious hotel pool or on a public beach. Play golf, tennis and shuffleboard. Fish from boat or beach, bridge, pier, or jetty. Take in thoroughbred racing, the greyhound tracks, jai alai (hi-li). Enjoy a famous restaurant's gourmet meal or a beach cook-out. Hit night spots where name bands play, or attend free concerts. Name your pleasure and your budget. In Florida *you* set your pace.

Now ☑ check which other Florida thrills you want to enjoy

☐ Explore the Everglades by "air boat." The sea of tall sawgrass, alligators, spectacular birds, suggest an unreal world.

☐ Bring along your clubs, play golf on one of Florida's championship courses. (It's golf weather . . . 12 months in 12.)

☐ In February, watch Pirate Krewe storm Tampa during annual Gasparilla Invasion. State Fair time, too.

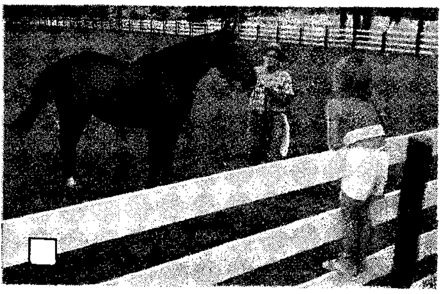


☐ Island-hop by car the 100 miles from Key Largo to Key West—take U.S. #1 to its very end!

☐ Learn to water ski on lake, stream or quiet coastal bay. It's much easier than you think.

In New York City visit the
Florida Showcase
in Rockefeller Center

See your Travel Agent



☐ Visit home of Kentucky Derby winners Carry Back and Needles, at Ocala—near many famous tourist attractions.

There's so much more to *come back to* in **Florida**

Governor Farris Bryant

FREE! New "GUIDE TO FLORIDA VACATIONS" tells where to find new Florida vacation thrills. Mail coupon now!

"*EXECUTIVES:* As Florida's governor I invite you to get facts about Florida's advantages for conventions, sales meetings and for plant locations. Write, on business letterhead, to Florida Development Commission, Box 2113-B, Tallahassee, Florida."

Florida vacations

Mr. Wendell Jarrard, Chairman
Florida Development Commission
Box 2113-B, Tallahassee, Florida

Send FREE Florida Vacation Guide book to

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________Zone_____State________

DRESS AND ACCESSORIES BY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Luxurious adventure—a dram of Drambuie

Moment of moments . . . cordial of cordials . . . a dram of Drambuie! Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a luxurious adventure. Originally the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward, Drambuie has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe. Enjoy Drambuie in the traditional cordial glass—or on the rocks, with twist of lemon peel if desired.

80 PROOF

Drambuie

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base

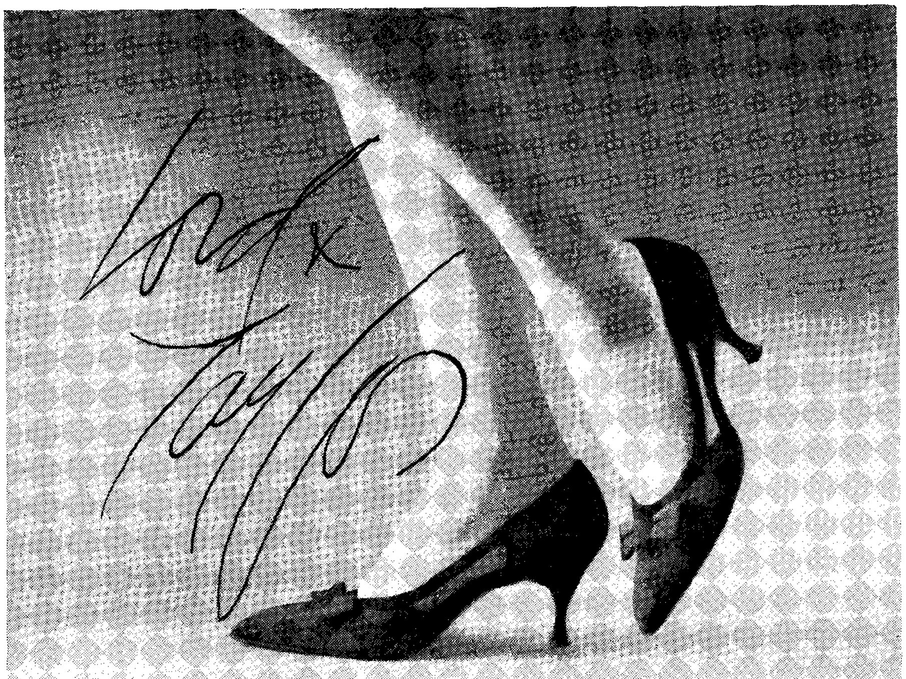
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.—SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

Company." He has learned how to tell a story and he has objectified; he has objectified too far for Fuchs. In place of the intellectual dreamers—Philip, Max, Cohen, Munves—with whom he has a natural identification and sympathy, we have, as the author's stand-in, Lurie, the owner of a dress store, who is in love with one of Spitzbergen's cashiers. Lurie is the merely good and ordinary man. And, unlike the dreamers, he can act. He bears the moral weight of the novel, and it is crushing. The choice of Lurie as a hero leads Fuchs to the one false psychological passage in a thousand pages:

> Going up the hallway, deep in reflection, Lurie found that the mood of despondency which had oppressed him all day had suddenly lifted. Perhaps this was because of his quarrel with Dorothy and the end to plans of marriage, but his strange easy-heartedness, it seemed to him, went beyond the relief here. For once now he felt satisfied and resolved. His old inner distaste for Neptune Beach and the people there had gone. Witnessing the resignation of Shubunka as the man walked to the subway, realizing that he, too, had conscience and recognized in his own peculiar way the justice of his fate, above all, feeling with pity his complete wretchedness, Lurie knew now that it had been insensible and inhuman for him, too, simply to hate Neptune and seek escape from it. This also was hard and ignorant, lacking human compassion. He had known the people at Ann's in their lowness and had been repelled by them, but now it seemed to him that he understood how their evil appeared in their impoverished dingy lives and, further, how miserable their own evil rendered them. It was not enough to call them low and pass on.

This is not only hurried but unconvincing. We are back at the cardboard moral resolution of the novel of social realism—and in a novel that otherwise can make some claim to perfection. In "Summer in Williamsburg," the characters are real; in "Homage to Blenholt," they are significant by implication; and in "Low Company," they are both—except for Lurie. Some personal impetus has been lost by the writer in regard to one character, a character that so much depends on. What Lurie needs is the authority of a character such as Gatsby, who exists convincingly in the world of his novel and achieves a dimension by inference outside it. Lurie is not important; Fuchs tries to make him important. Our interest remains focussed on Shubunka.

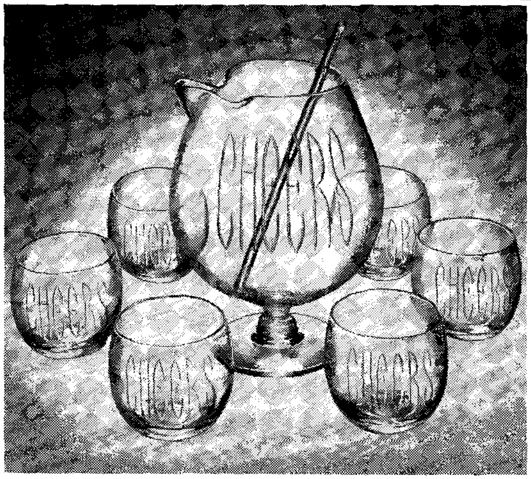
FUCHS, who has been writing for the movies since the early forties, is that rare bird, a writer both witty and loving. He is free of malice at one end of the spectrum and free of sentimental-



Newton Elkin vamps the shoe
to mark the importance of silk
well-met with suede and the shapely lowered
heel, any afternoon now. Black or navy, 28.95
Fourth Floor designer collections, **Lord & Taylor**

the grandest mink is worthless when it's not made to your very liking!

dein bacher AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA SINCE IT WAS BUILT



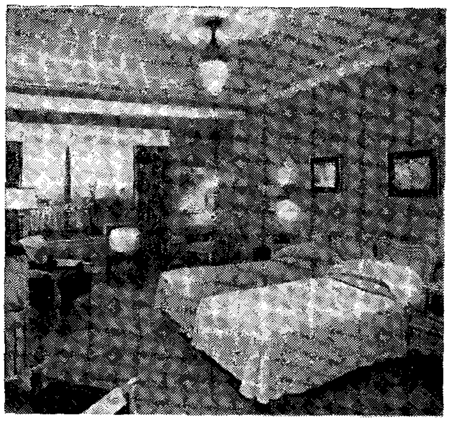
"CHEERS" ALL AROUND

McCutcheon's exclusively...
8-pc. hand-cut crystal set:
60-oz. Mixer, Stirrer and six
8-oz. Cocktail Glasses at a
cheering $12.95.
For on-the-rocks devotees,
eight 11-oz. glasses, $10.

Mail orders filled;
please add 50¢ for handling.

McCutcheon's
16 East 52nd St., New York 22

In WASHINGTON, D.C.



A Room with a view...

You see the White House and the Washington Monument from your room at the Manger Hay-Adams, America's best located hotel . . . and one of the world's finest. Stop with us when YOU come to Washington!

HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
Manger Hotels
(OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE)
16th AT H STREET N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

Tuscan
ENGLAND'S MOST FASHIONABLE BONE CHINA

WHITECLIFFE
Five piece place setting, about $11.

Send 10c for the complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
23rd & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Lillian Sloane
designer clothes / 7 east 57

ity at the other. At a time when no one had a viewpoint and everyone took a stand, Fuchs was talented and intelligent enough to be an exception. His three novels, buried in the thirties, rise up in the sixties and shine.

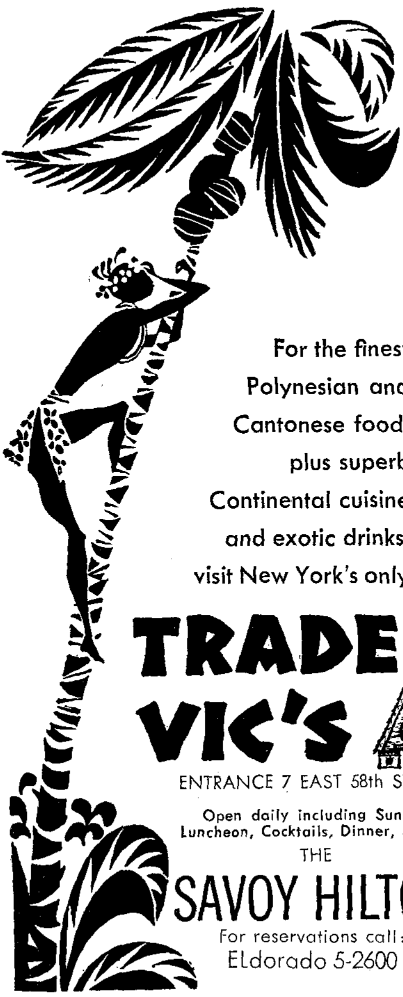
—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ILONA, by Hans Habe, translated from the German by Michael Bullock (Harcourt, Brace & World). This big, romantic, ramshackle novel begins in 1886, in the stationmaster's house in a tiny Hungarian village called Kisnemet, and ends in much more splendid style in New York at the present day. It is the life story of Ilona Horvath, the stationmaster's youngest and most beautiful daughter, who climbs from comparative rags to comparative riches in the conventional unapproved fashion: she sleeps with men who are better born and better off than she is and to *whom she is not married*. Along the way, she does marry a title, but she remains, in her appearance and manner and attitude, so solidly middle-class and unmoved that it is impossible to become really interested in her or in anything that happens to her. The book, which is very, very long, embodies a history of the European scene as it develops during the lifetime and in the orbit of the heroine and her family and her admirers.

THE TOWERS OF LOVE, by Stephen Birmingham (Little, Brown). An extremely unhappy portrait that loses a good deal of its painful effect because the man under scrutiny is *without* spirit or humor. Hugh Carey, thirty years old, returns to the Connecticut mansion where he grew up and where his mother and father still live. He wants to consider his marriage, which has just broken up, and to consider his future—he has just sold his share in the advertising agency where he has been working. He has no idea what he is going to do with himself, and while he is considering, new choices, or crises, present themselves, and he finds himself being forced either to choose among the several women who are reaching for him from nearby and from far away or, his only alternative, not to choose any of them. An event involving his young sister, another weakling, finally pushes him into action, but it is an unlikely event and most unconvincing, and at the end we do not know



For the finest Polynesian and Cantonese food, plus superb Continental cuisine and exotic drinks, visit New York's only

TRADER VIC'S
ENTRANCE 7 EAST 58th STREET
Open daily including Sunday
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
THE
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call:
ELdorado 5-2600

FINE BOOKS IN FINE BINDINGS

SETS and Collected Editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Cooper, Twain and other Famous Authors. All are in excellent condition in beautiful leather bindings priced attractively.

Libraries of fine books, autographs and manuscripts purchased.

J. N. BARTFIELD • 45 West 57th St.
NEW YORK 19, N.Y. PL 3-1830

Straparama®
The authority on Fine leather watchstraps. Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

A most unusual new restaurant
THE BAYBERRY
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
ACROSS FROM THE R.R. STATION GREAT NECK, N.Y.
RESERVATIONS • HU 2-2900

whether our hero has made a choice or has merely followed his lifelong habit of evasion. The writing, like the story, is smooth and without surprise or color. The time is the present and the atmosphere is moneyed.

GENERAL

TEN RILLINGTON PLACE, by Ludovic Kennedy (Simon & Schuster). A brilliant account of what was probably a shattering miscarriage of British justice—the hanging of a dim-witted illiterate named Timothy Evans for the murder by strangulation of his wife and infant daughter in a London tenement (10 Rillington Place) in 1949. Mr. Kennedy's belief in Evans' innocence, which is widely shared by others who have made a careful study of the case, is largely and almost irrefutably based on evidence that belatedly identifies the actual murderer as the seasoned necrophile John Reginald Halliday Christie. Christie, who also lived at 10 Rillington Place, was properly convicted and hanged for strangling *his* wife in 1953. At his trial, he confessed to having strangled, ravished, and then buried in or near his flat at least five other women (a thighbone of one of his early victims was found prosaically propping up a sagging fence in his garden), and he admitted that he "might have" killed Mrs. Evans and the child as well. This is in every sense a horrifying book. For though the picture it offers of a monstrous man is sickening enough, the picture it gives of how wrong (on occasion) the police, a court, and a jury can be is really far more ghastly. Introduction by A. J. Liebling. Photographs and an end-paper map.

THE EYE OF THE WIND, by Peter Scott (Houghton Mifflin). Like his celebrated father, the British explorer Robert Falcon Scott, who died on his way back from the South Pole in 1912, Mr. Scott is a man of action. His vigorous interests, at all of which he seems to have excelled, include hunting, fishing, ice skating, and small-boat sailing (he thrice won the Prince of Wales Cup and participated in the 1936 Olympic races), and during the Second World War he saw much action as an officer in the Royal Navy. He is also, and more notably, an amateur ornithologist, a gifted painter of waterfowl, and the founder and proprietor of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, the great duck, goose, and swan sanctuary in the West of

JOAN SUTHERLAND
in
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

with
RENATO CIONI
ROBERT MERRILL
CESARE SIEPI
and
JOHN PRITCHARD
conducting
ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS
OF L'ACCADEMIA DI SANTA CECILIA, ROME

ffrr mono | LONDON® RECORDS | ffss stereo

Golden Holidays in Jamaica

Golden Head is a magnificent resort, created to tempt you into an informal life of leisure. Luxury rooms, charming private cottages, terraces, air-conditioning, uncluttered views. Reef-protected white sand beach; inexhaustible variety of land and water sports; private cruisers for deep sea fishing; a fleet of cars for island exploration. SEASON OPENS NOV. 17th.

Golden Head BEACH HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
ORACABESSA, NEAR OCHO RIOS
JAMAICA, W. I.
Phone: Oracabessa 235 • Cables: GOLDENHEAD
Gerald Ames, General Manager

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Reps. Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Boston • Chicago • Washington • Toronto • London

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

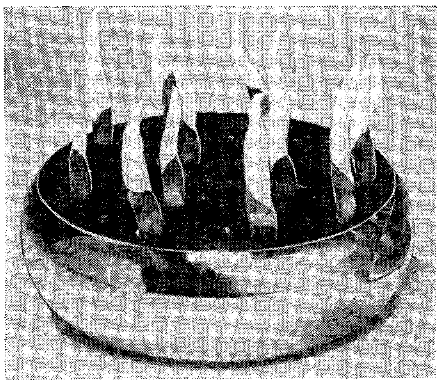
Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

"Meet me at the Obelisk for Cocktails!"

Meet at the Obelisk, in the "new" Commodore's newly redecorated lobby. Enjoy luncheon, cocktails or dinner at one of the delightful Commodore restaurants... the talk of everyone but the Sphinx. Have you seen the new Commodore?

HOTEL
Commodore
42nd St. at Lexington Avenue New York 17, N. Y. • MU 6-6000



Fresh Lily of the Valley
For the Holidays
What more original or gracious gift! Superb imported pips guaranteed to bloom *indoors* in 18 to 21 days—brighten the home with fresh beauty, delicate fragrance. The classic round copper container, 6" in diameter, is a wonderfully useful decorative bowl afterwards. Complete with 10 Lily of the Valley pips $5.95. Pips separately, with planting material, $3.25 per dozen.
All prices postpaid
Mail Orders Filled Promptly
Send for FREE Gift Catalog
Diners' Club and American Express Accounts Honored. Give acct. no.
Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
538 Madison Ave., Dept. 685, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's

LIBORIO
West Side's Smartest Restaurant
Welcomes you to its larger, more luxurious quarters.
150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188

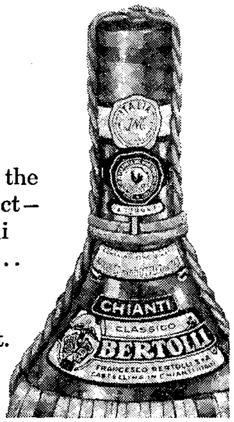
England. This book is his autobiography, and it is workmanlike, straightforward, and, as might be supposed, thoroughly extrovert. He relates, with the infinite detail of a sportsman and descriptive scientist, his infancy, his childhood, his boyhood, his public-school days, his years at Cambridge, his endless hours of stalking, shooting, and collecting birds at home and abroad, his wartime experiences, his gradual break with the English sporting tradition ("It's a lovely morning; let's go out and kill something"), and his emergence as a conservationist. Much of this is tedious and much of it is annoying (he is totally lacking in humility, and he will go to any length to drop a famous name), but since he proceeds on the assumption that anything that interests him will interest us, he writes with a zest that generally holds our attention. Illustrated with photographs, drawings by the author, and four full-color reproductions of his paintings. Ten dollars.

ISHI IN TWO WORLDS, by Theodora Kroeber (University of California Press). Ishi was the last wild Indian in North America—the only survivor of the tiny Yahi tribe, of California. When he stumbled into civilization, in 1911, he was taken in tow by two anthropologists, T. T. Waterman and A. L. Kroeber, and spent the remaining five years of his life at the Museum of Anthropology of the University of California. On the payroll as an assistant janitor, he gave public demonstrations of arrow-point flaking, bowmaking, and other aboriginal crafts; sat with the anthropologists in ethnographic and linguistic sessions; and helped sweep and scrub the museum. He adopted all the best features of our civilization, which in his sensible view were pockets, glue, and matches, and learned to shop for day-old bread and other bargains, to endorse his pay checks, and to tip. He seems to have been a remarkable person, combining genuine warmth with great natural dignity; he achieved close friendships with Professor Kroeber, Professor Waterman (who mourned him as "the best friend I had in the world"), and a surgeon named Saxton Pope (who became an expert Yahi bowman under his tutelage), and his last years might even be called fairly happy. This beautiful and compelling book is by Professor Kroeber's widow, and it combines the ghastly atrocity story of the extermination of the Yahis with the touching and melancholy comedy

AUTENTICO!

Only the true Chianti from Italy bears this seal.

BERTOLLI
CHIANTI CLASSICO



Every bottle of Bertolli Chianti Classico bears the official seal and registry number of the *true* Chianti district—Tuscany... Bertolli *authentic* Chianti... light, dry and mellow... for *genuine* enjoyment.

MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC. • N.Y.C. 17

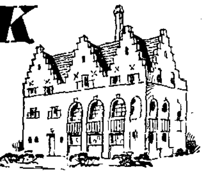
"They used to laugh when I sat down to point..."

... said Percy the Pointer. Then his master got him Vionate for Pets to provide 21 vitamins and minerals. Now Percy's *full of pep and* vigor. Mix new higher potency, better tasting Vionate with food to help promote good health, good bone, silky coat. Get at pet shop or pharmacy — **only 89¢ for 8-oz. size.**

VIONATE® for PETS
VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark

SQUIBB A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

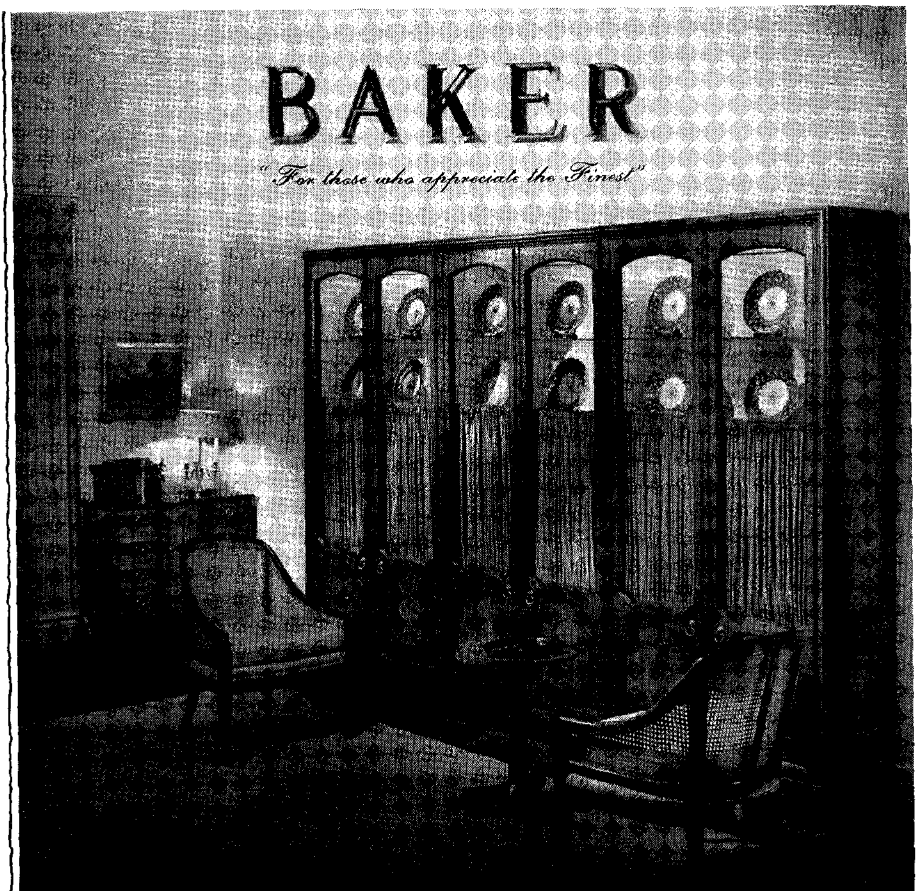
VILLAS & APTS. IN EUROPE
inspected,
photographed,
reserved for you by
AT HOME ABROAD, INC.
travel-rental service
Ideal for relaxed vacation abroad; parents & children; 2nd trippers; groups who want to learn about the people and country they are visiting. Studios, apts., large & small villas. By month. Appt. only. 300 Central Pk. W., NYC. TR. 4-4883

KNIFE & FORK INN...

ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

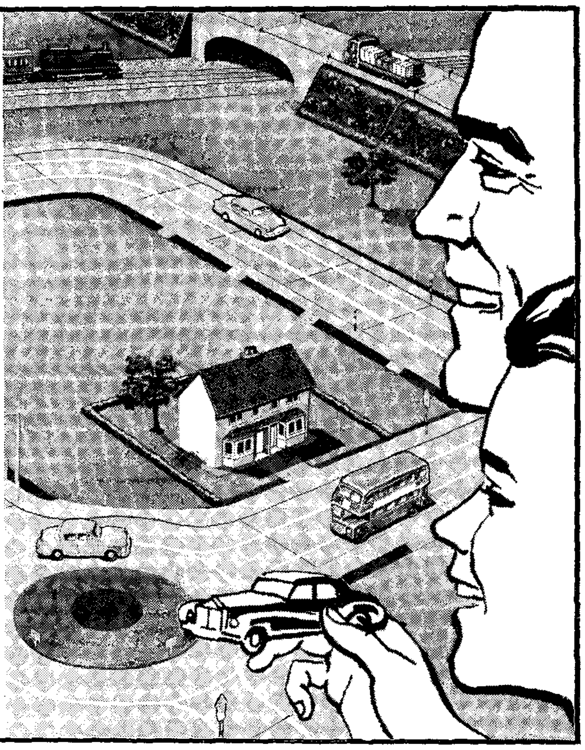
of Ishi in San Francisco. Photographs. Highly recommended.

H. L. MENCKEN ON MUSIC, edited by Louis Cheslock (Knopf). An anthology of Mencken's writings on an art that he cared a great deal about and treated with characteristic bluntness. Some of his opinions on the subject are quite acute and others are a little hard to take, but all are gorgeously prejudiced. He didn't like opera in general. ("To a person genuinely fond of aural beauty, [it] must inevitably appear tawdry and obnoxious, if only because it presents aural beauty in a frame of purely visual gaudiness, with overtones of the grossest sexual provocation.") Then, reversing himself completely, he says, "I believe that 'Die Meistersinger' is the greatest single work of art ever produced by man," and finds that Puccini, "the best of the wops," has been underestimated. He considers Stravinsky a "mountebank" ("So far as I can make out, [he] never had a musical idea in his life"), and dismisses French music, with the exception of Bizet's, as "pretty, but trashy." It is clear from this book that Mencken was no George Bernard Shaw—to whom he was at one time compared. His hand was heavy and his musical knowledge obviously not as extensive as it might have been. Still, his prejudices are forthright, and make amusing reading.

MY WILDERNESS: EAST TO KATAHDIN, by William O. Douglas (Doubleday). The purpose of this book is to show us eleven of the great national forests and other primitive areas that have been wrested from the grasp of commerce, and to identify the forces that still threaten their existence. The enemies of our wilderness, Justice Douglas points out, are of two general kinds. The first is the old-line predator—the cattleman, the sheepman, the lumberman. The other is less easily distinguished, because his depredations spring from what appear to be the best of intentions. This is the drainer of swamps and wetlands for land reclamation, the "pest" eradicator who unwittingly disturbs the balance of nature, and the Robert Moseses to whom a wilderness is mere desolation unless it is threaded with roads, tamed into picnic areas, and equipped with comfort stations. The glories of wild land, as Justice Douglas demonstrates with glimpses of the little that remains (the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming, Baboquivari in Arizona, the Florida



BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 30 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • DALLAS
CINCINNATI • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • CLEVELAND • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS
THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, $1.00



Tri-ang HO MINIC Motorways

Newest Electronic Hobby

MODEL MOTORING IN MINIATURE HO SCALE

All the thrills & excitement of turnpike and freeway cruising — right in your home with realistic Tri-ang Minic HO Motorways. You drive your own magnificent Rolls Royce — Jaguar 3.4 — Humber Super Snipe; even a double deck bus — on realistic snap together roads. Each car powered by its own reliable 12 V. D.C. motor — a masterpiece of electronic miniaturization. Cars are individually controlled at scale speeds from 5 to 125 MPH. — go forward or reverse at the flick of a switch — can be operated as a working part of your HO railway layout. Open stock components include crossroads, traffic circles. Boxed sets from $21.95 ("Minigo" Dual Power unit optional at extra cost). See Minic Motorways at your reliable Hobby Retailer now.

Free colorful brochure
Write Dept. NS
LINES BROS., INC.
236 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N.Y.
LINES BROS GROUP

RANK Mercer County's rank is No. 1 in Retail Sales per Household, says SRDS. The Trenton Times' rank is first by far in newspaper coverage of this top market.
TRENTON TIMES
Represented by Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker

It's summer at The Emerald Beach now! All water sports including game fishing. Longest private beach in Nassau—⅓-mi. Golf, tennis. Entertainment nightly. For free color booklet write Terry Ryan, Mg'ng. Dir.
EMERALD BEACH
HOTEL • NASSAU

Everglades, Quetico-Superior, the Smokies, the White Mountains of New Hampshire), are, in the truest sense, public treasures, and they are available to anyone with the gumption to get out of his car, and get on a horse or launch a canoe or shoulder a pack, and go and see for himself. Drawings by Francis Lee Jaques.

Great Houses of Europe, edited by Sacheverell Sitwell, with photographs by Edwin Smith (Putnam). Photographic samplings of and short descriptive essays on forty magnificent houses, ranging in date from the Middle Ages to the eighteenth century. None of the houses has any useful hints for the contemporary home builder—the splendors of Adam ceilings and Veronese frescoes are now beyond imitation. They are also beyond envy; admiration is the only possible response. The photographs convey the various styles of decorative beauty in fine detail as well as in large perspective. Nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

Birds of the World, by Oliver L. Austin, Jr. (Golden Press). Of the nearly two million species of birds that are estimated to have lived on the earth at one time or another, some 8,650, which ornithologists group into twenty-seven orders and one hundred and fifty-five families, still remain. These hardy (or wary or carefully nurtured) survivors form the subject of this superb picture-and-text study. Dr. Austin, an ornithologist associated with the Florida State Museum of the University of Florida, has arranged his survey by order, presenting the distinctive characteristics that identify its members, and passing from there to the family and, ultimately, to the species. He addresses himself to the general reader—but to an interested reader, who is willing and able to absorb information—and he writes clearly, briskly, and often with humor. The pictures—three hundred paintings, all reproduced in excellent color—are the work of Arthur Singer, and present well over seven hundred different species, each identified by a caption note that includes the scientific name, the range, and significant measurements. In addition, there are many maps and charts, and a representation in scale and color of the eggs of some of the more prominent species. There is no other book quite like this. Fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE

The French, who are probably prouder than anyone of their language, are currently distressed at the number of unwelcome Americanisms that have been creeping into their conversation and their newspapers.

We think this is very unsporting of them. If a word fills a need, let it be used, we say. English has been full of French expressions ever since the Normans started mixing with the Angles and the Saxons about 900 years ago, and surely it is the richer for its sprinkling of French. And perfectly intelligible as well. To demonstrate:

If you're a knowledgeable investor who wants to keep *au courant* of the market, call us for quotes; you'll get them *tout de suite*. If you're a novice in search of stocks to suit your circumstances, our Research Department will do all it can to help you avoid making a *faux pas* in choosing from the *embarras de richesses* of available securities. And if you're simply curious about the inside of a brokerage office, come in and have a look. You'll get a *bon jour* and a *bienvenue* any time you drop in.

So we ask, since English has been much enriched by French, why shouldn't French be enriched with a *soupçon* of English? Then in time we might all—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans—talk like international film stars. And that's—'ow you say?—a consummation devoutly to be wish'd. *N'est-ce pas?*

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK
LONDON........................110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS........................7 Rue de la Paix

Only 80 miles north of Montreal
Mont Tremblant Lodge club and cottages

Learn to ski in our famous L'Ecole de Ski du Mont Tremblant under Ernie McCulloch and his 24 instructors! Ski Weeks from $105 including classes, all lift tickets, meals and lodging. Here, at the highest peak in the Laurentians, are over 50 miles of downhill trails for novice or expert served by double and single chair lifts and T-bars. Accommodations in Lodge, Inn or your own private chalet. Delicious French-Canadian cuisine, movies, dancing nightly. Write today for colour folder!

Mont Tremblant, P. Q., Canada
Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, President and Managing Director

TAVERN SIGNS
of Early America
Decorative Wooden Plaques

SILENT WOMAN
Entertainment

Collectors — Decorators — Discriminating buyers will be attracted to these quaint wall plaques. Each is a replica of an antique sign-board reduced in size—authentically hand-finished in full color. The Tavern Signs make a most original decoration in your office, family room or den.

#1 Sign of the Ship: Oval shape ship scene, dated 1798; **#2 The Silent Woman:** see illus.; **#3 Rules of the Tavern:** 8 amusing rules; **#4 Bartlet Eagle:** Traditional eagle and shield, dated 1798; **#6 Man and Horse:** "Entertainment for man and hors'"; **#8 Rates of Toll:** Old highway sign.

Individually hand colored—Made in wood—approx. 7½" x 12"—Complete with hardware and ready for hanging. • **Immediate Delivery** •

Each Tavern Sign **$5.00;** *set of 6* **$28.50,** *we pay postage—or send 25¢ for illustrated brochure.*

You are invited to visit our showroom gallery.

ART FORUM Dept. NB 112 Fourth Avenue (at 12th St.) New York 3, N.Y.

BE A GOURMET . . . DINE AT
EAST OF SUEZ
For Exotic Dishes of CHINA—JAVA & INDIA
Rec. by DUNCAN HINES, GOURMET, HOLIDAY, etc.
Specialties—RIJSTAEFEL—MANDARIN and MOGUL CURRY DINNERS OPEN 7 DAYS
308 E. 58th (E. of 2nd AVE.) PL 9-4340 EL 5-9382

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prim
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

JAMES THURBER

JAMES THURBER, who died on November 2, 1961, at the age of sixty-six, added more than one man's share to the world's small store of humor and wisdom. In a lifelong act of generosity, he poured out his hundreds upon hundreds of drawings, stories, fables, memoirs, and essays—many of them among the funniest any writer or artist has ever produced—and turned them over to us in the warranted expectation that they would make us laugh, instruct us, shake us up, and keep us going. His work was largely unclassifiable (it was simply Thurber), and by the end it gave him a place in history as one of the great comic artists and one of the great American humorists. *The New Yorker* was privileged to be Thurber's home base. From 1927, two years after the magazine began, until 1933, he was on the editorial staff, contributing not only his writings and drawings but also his exhilarating presence. In the early days, when the magazine was first being formed, he was one of those who helped form it. His tremendously original point of view, his literary style, his peculiar kind of vigor and restlessness all went into the magazine and became a part of its tradition. He was one of the early writers of the Talk of the Town, and, in a sense, was one of its inventors. His influence on the magazine was lasting. Certainly there will never be an issue of *The New Yorker* of which Thurber is not a part. After he left the staff, he continued to contribute his writing and his art, and he contributed until the time of his death. Today, even the sound of his titles can be stirring: "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," "The Departure of Emma Inch," "The Night the Bed Fell," "The Unicorn in the Garden," and on, thank God, and on. Those of us who were his colleagues feel that on Thurber one man in particular can and should speak for us all, and that is E. B. White, so the words that follow are his:

I AM one of the lucky ones; I knew him before blindness hit him, before fame hit him, and I tend always to think of him as a young artist in a small office in a big city, with all the world still ahead. It was a fine thing to be young and at work in New York for a new magazine when Thurber was young and at work, and I will always be glad that this happened to me.

It was fortunate that we got on well; the office we shared was the size of a hall bedroom. There was just room enough for two men, two typewriters, and a stack of copy paper. The copy paper disappeared at a scandalous rate—not because our production was high (although it was) but because Thurber used copy paper as the natural receptacle for discarded sorrows, immediate joys, stale dreams, golden prophecies, and messages of good cheer to the outside world and to fellow-workers. His mind was never at rest, and his pencil was connected to his mind by the best conductive tissue I have ever seen in action. The whole world knows what a funny man he was, but you had to sit next to him day after day to understand the extravagance of his clowning, the wildness and subtlety of his thinking, and the intensity of his interest in others and his sympathy for their dilemmas—dilemmas that he instantly enlarged, put in focus, and made immortal, just as he enlarged and made immortal the strange goings on in the Ohio home of his boyhood. His waking dreams and his sleeping dreams commingled shamelessly and uproariously. Ohio was never far from his thoughts, and when he received a medal from his home state in 1953, he wrote, "The clocks that strike in my dreams are often the clocks of Columbus." It is a beautiful sentence and a revealing one.

He was both a practitioner of humor and a defender of it. The day he died, I came on a letter from him, dictated to a secretary and signed in pencil with his sightless and enormous "Jim." "Every time is a time for humor," he wrote. "I write humor the way a surgeon operates, because it is a livelihood, because I have a great urge to do it, because many interesting challenges are set up, and because I have the hope it may do some good." Once, I remember, he heard someone say that humor is a shield, not a sword, and it made him mad. He wasn't going to have anyone beating his sword into a shield. That "surgeon," incidentally, is pure Mitty. During his happiest years, Thurber did not write the way a surgeon operates, he wrote the way a child skips rope, the way a mouse waltzes.

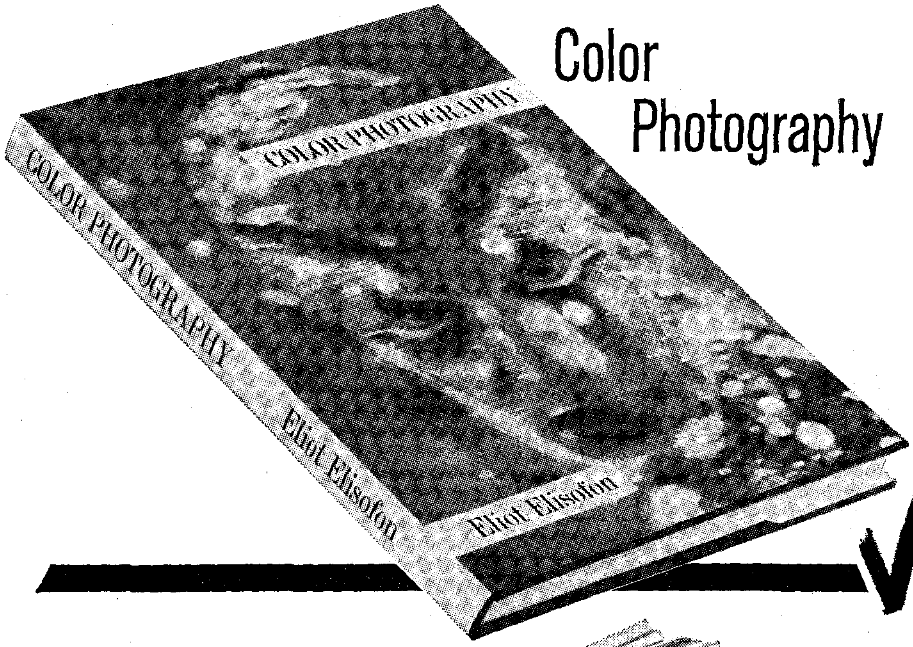
Although he is best known for "Walter Mitty" and "The Male Animal," the book of his I like best is "The Last Flower." In it you will find his faith in the renewal of life, his feeling for the beauty and fragility of life on earth. Like all good writers, he fashioned his own best obituary notice. Nobody else can add to the record, much as he might like to. And of all the flowers, real and figurative, that will find their way to Thurber's last resting place, the one that will remain fresh and wiltproof is the little flower he himself drew, on the last page of that lovely book.

From *Life*'s famous photographer

ELIOT ELISOFON

a monumental new book

This startlingly beautiful book shows in page after full page how the camera—in the hands of an artist—can transform people and objects into something beyond the ordinary. Elisofon's own pictures, with his comprehensive text on techniques and equipment, make this one of the finest photographic art books ever published. *80 pages in color, 9″ x 12″* $10.00



Color Photography

Peter Matthiessen's

WILDERNESS ADVENTURE

The novelist-naturalist author of *Wildlife in America* takes the reader on a fabulous 20,000 mile journey through one of earth's last wildernesses—South America. Filled with observations on wildlife, this book is "beautifully told; can be compared only to the writings of Bates or to Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle.*"
—ROGER TORY PETERSON

With maps and more than 40 photographs. $6.50

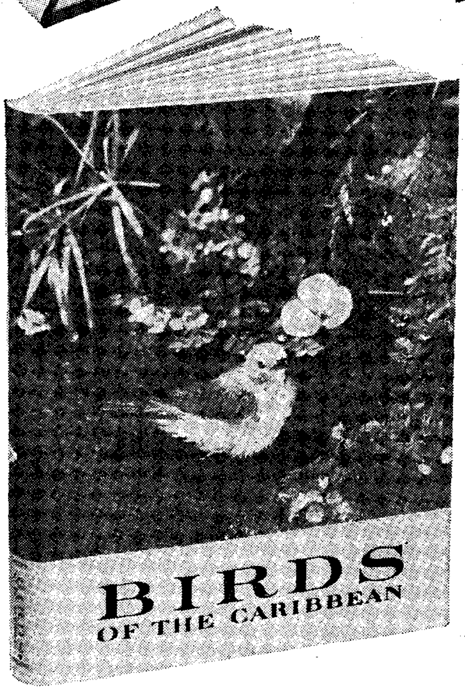
THE Cloud Forest

A Chronicle of the South American Wilderness

Some of the contents of this book appeared originally in The New Yorker

VIKING

A spectacular full-color guide to the exotic birds of the Caribbean lands!



Here, in this amazing book, full-page and double-page color photographs display the breathtaking beauty of these birds—their handsome plumage and gorgeous natural surroundings. The authoritative full-length text by the recent Research Director of the National Audubon Society makes this a perfect gift for nature-lovers and for anyone who loves the Caribbean. *Over 100 color plates, 8¼″ x 11″* $15.00

BIRDS OF THE CARIBBEAN

by Robert Porter Allen

Donald Hall's

NEW ENGLAND MEMOIRS

"Wholly delightful. Not only is it the portrait of a fading Eden, touching but not self-pitying, it also presents a robust and original, solid New England character."—PHYLLIS MC GINLEY

(Two of the book's eleven chapters appeared in *The New Yorker.*) *Illustrated* $5.00

String Too Short to Be Saved

Bisquit
Bisquit
COGNAC
★★★
Bisquit
FINE CHAMPAGNE
Bisquit Dubouché & Co
VSOP
COGNAC
Triomphe du Cognac

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS **AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.** NEW YORK—NEW YORK • 3★★★ 84 PROOF • VSOP 80 PROOF

Holiday pleasure lingers when you give...

I.W. HARPER

PRIZED KENTUCKY BOTTLED IN BOND

in the Celebrity Decanter

Give the gift that makes a celebrity of everyone on your list . . . I. W. Harper in the superb Celebrity Decanter, and sculptured ivory carton with jeweled pine cone corsage and festive ribbon. Or give the familiar round bottle in a lavish holiday wrap. Pints in gift cartons, too . . . same Prized Kentucky Bourbon in all. The Decanter is in limited supply . . . better order early.

. . . always a great pleasure— since 1872

THE GOLD MEDAL BOURBON

100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY BOURBON
BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR DECANTER AND CARTON

FULL 4/5 QUART • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.